

**BRANN'S DEFENSE,
AGAINST
ENEMIES OF CATHOLICISM**

**BY
BRANN, THE ICONOCLAST**

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PREFACE

THE purpose of this book is to show how Brann, in his fight against Wrong and Falsity, took up arms against the anti-Catholic institutions and organizations of his day. The publishers maintain a strictly impartial attitude; and present this book with no special favor to any creed or race. It is only as a matter of historical importance, and to demonstrate the bigness of Brann, that they offer this book to the public.

As the reader goes through these pages he will notice that Brann's strenuous tirades are largely directed against the A.P.A. and its exponents. It is possible that the present generation does not know what this society was; what its aims and purposes were; and why Brann (who was not a Catholic) so fiercely denounced it when it was at the height of its power.

That this book may be more thoroughly understood, a brief history of the American Protective Association; or the A.P.A. as it was commonly called; is necessary.

The beginning of the society is shrouded in obscurity. But authorities agree that it was an outgrowth of the American Party, a political organization born in 1854. Its avowed purpose was America for the Americans; and its leaders bent their efforts towards this goal by advocating the non-admittance of Catholic immigrants.

The stupidity of the party and its aims are well indicated in that the American Party was known as the "Know Nothing" party by other political organizations.

Its un-American ideals fell on barren ground, for during the Civil War it passed out of existence.

In 1870 the American Protective Association was born. It inherited the aims of the "Know Nothings," and added to its unwholesome inheritance other devilish ideals. In addition to restriction of Catholic immigration its leaders proposed the destruction of the Catholic institutions already in America. Its members took an oath not to employ Catholics, not to buy from Catholics, not to vote for any Catholic standing for public office, and to do everything in their power to drive Catholics and Catholicism out of America.

The organization was secret; and its members unknown. For its first twenty years it was of little consequence; its membership never exceeding 20,000; made up for the most part of foreigners.

However, during the '80's the A.P.A. grew to an enormous size in a short time. The reason can be ascribed to two "scraps of paper." Both were forgeries; acknowledged to be such by A.P.A. journals. One purported to be a letter from the Catholics of America to the Pope promising to deliver the government into his hands. The other was supposed to be a Papal bull calling for a general massacre of Protestants on St. Ignatius' Day, 1891; and which also absolved Catholics from their oaths of citizenship to the United States Government.

The effect of these forgeries were startling. In the rural districts of the Middle West especially, farmers and villagers armed themselves in anticipation of the American version of St. Bartholomew's Eve. And as may be supposed, thousands and thousands of fear-stricken people flocked to the colors of the only anti-Catholic organization they knew.

But St. Ignatius' Day came and passed without undue

event; the 80's passed into the 90's and the United States still remained under its own government. The A.P.A. had begun its last years of existence. But like most dying beasts, it fought hardest when its days were numbered.

The Association interfered in politics; placing a seal of excommunication against all Catholics. They did not limit this interference to by-elections for civic and state offices. They were bold enough to force William McKinley, during his campaign for the Presidency, to declare that he had never given political favor to any Catholic while he had been governor of Ohio.

The last spasm of the A.P.A. was marked by the appearance of ex-priests and ex-nuns. Messrs. Slattery and Chiniquy were the best known of a vast host. Some of these ex-priests were what they claimed to be—men who had been thrown out of the pale of the Church for misdemeanors of many kinds. The majority were fakes and frauds, who saw a means of making money easily by delivering anti-Catholic lectures to audiences who wanted to hear exactly the prurient, salacious falsehoods they delivered.

But the poisonous creed of the A.P.A. was its own death potion. True Americans would have none of it, and so, before the new century came in, the A.P.A. was practically dead.

In one of the very few pamphlets devoted to an exposition of this subject the names of Brann and Theodore Roosevelt are linked in their denunciation of the A.P.A.; what it stood for; and its leaders.

The publishers are certain that with this short story of the A.P.A. and its aims present-day readers will better appreciate the high courage that dominated Brann when he entered a fight, single-handed, against an organization that ruled the candidate for President, and whose ten-

tacles spread over sixteen states and territories. They will see in his combat against the agents of this organization the true American spirit which says, "Freedom for All" regardless of race or creed.

Brann was an iconoclast; a breaker of images. But the images that felt the force of his blows were the idols of Evil. And that is why, though he was brought up a Protestant, he launched his bolts against A.P.A.'ism.

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SLATTERY AND HIS DUPES

EX-PRIEST SLATTERY and his ex-nun wife swooped down upon Waco recently and scooped in several hundred scudi from prurient worldlings and half-baked Protestants whose chief religious stock in trade is unreasoning hatred of that church which, through the long intellectual night known as the "Dark Ages," preserved to the world the message of our Lord Jesus Christ. Brother Fight-the-Good-Fight was out in force, and many a Baptist dollar went into the coffers of these brazen adventurers that was badly needed for bread. The audiences were representative of that class of so-called Christians which believes that everyone outside its foolish sectarian fold will go to Hell in a hemlock coffin—a national convention of the Salvation Army could scarce make such a showing of No. 6 hats. According to Slattery's own story he would to-day be an ignorant bog-trotter in his native land, carrying the hod or piling turf, but for the kindly offices of the Roman Catholic church, which, by the blessed power of pauper education, raised him above the station to which he was born. According to his own story, he was a priest for nearly eight years before he discovered that there was aught degrading in the confessional, immoral in the theology or ridiculous in the rites of that church which he is now denouncing as the apotheosis of infamy, the incarnation of absurdity. In other words, Slattery has deliberately signed a certificate to the effect that he's a knave or a fool. He can take either horn of the dilemma

he likes; but, in all kindness, I would caution the Baptist brethren to beware of him, for there's an old truism to the effect that he who is false to one can be the same to two. After eight years' service in the Baptist ministry he may suddenly discover that there's something rotten in that religious Denmark also, and flop to infidelity, where he properly belongs. During one of his so-called lectures here Slattery took occasion to pay his respects to the **ICONOCLAST**, declaring that it stated in its April issue that "the Catholics were the first to establish religious liberty in America," and animadverting upon its "ignorance." The **ICONOCLAST** said nothing of the kind. The Rev. Joseph Slattery, "Baptist minister in good standing," deliberately lied. Not only did Slattery lie, but he defamed this paper by attributing to it his own brutal ignorance of the English language. He further declared, with that bravado peculiar to cowards when surrounded by their sympathizers, that "if the **ICONOCLAST** dared impeach his moral character he would make it prove it in court." It branded him in its April issue, from which he deliberately misquoted, as a "blackguard," "a foul-mouthed calumniator and brazen adventurer." It now repeats those epithets and adds that he is an ingrate and an ignoramus as well, a malicious liar and a blatant bully—and it is ready to "prove it in the courts," whenever it pleases the Rev. Joseph Slattery to call its hand.

* * *

PRICE'S PREDICAMENT

WARREN E. PRICE, editor of the *A.P.A. Magazine*, of San Francisco, the leading journal of the politico-religious dark-lantern conspirators, has just been sentenced to eighteen months penal servitude and to pay a fine of \$500 for sending obscene matter through the mails. Price appears to be a thrifty-minded cuss, for in addition to editing the great organ of the Apes—the sewer through which most of the bigotry and bile of those fanatics and fools pours out upon the public—he conducted a bookstore which served as a “fence” for contraband art and libidinous literature. One would suppose that such merchandise would be kept sub-rosa and displayed only to the aphrodisiacal dames and habitués of the Chinese opium dens; but it developed at the trial that Price had actually sent circulars to school children, calling attention to his unequaled stock of moral corruption. And Price, be it remembered, is one of the high muck-a-mucks of those tearful patriots and pious parrots who are “rallying around the little red schoolhouse” to protect it from the corruptive influence of the Papists! “Angels and ministers of grace defend us!” Set the wolf to guard the lamb, the jackal to keep watch and ward among our sacred dead, and the Apes to protect our innocents! Nor does the attempt of Price to corrupt the school children measure the deep damnation of this moral pervert. It was proved that he had betrayed to the police other dealers in like literature that he might monopolize the sale of such filth in San Francisco. There may be truth among pirates and honor among thieves, but we look in vain for either among those legitimate descendants of Gulliver’s unclean yahoos,

the professional Apes. While corrupting the children Price vented his rheum upon the garments of the brides of God. Page after page of his paper was devoted to the most bestial abuse of the Roman Catholic sisterhood—to branding the inmates of convents as but little better than bawds. I am not surprised that he broke into prison. A man capable of such calumnies as he emitted month after month is equal to any crime requiring no physical courage. Instead of being incarcerated in a well-regulated penitentiary, he should have been hanged in a hair halter and his foul carcass left to fatten kites. Doubtless some honest and earnest people identify themselves with the A.P.A.—ignorance is easily misled by designing demagogues; but I have yet to learn of an Ape leader in whom a cathode ray would discover a good moral character. Warren E. Price and ex-Priest Slattery are fair samples of the fellows who make A.P.Apeism a profession and fatten at the expense of fools. Price is in a federal prison for an offense worse than murder, that of corrupting the very babes for boodle—an infamy that would crimson with shame the brazen brow of Pandarus and add new obloquy to the detested name of Tarquin. Slattery has gone, whither God only knows, and even the Devil doesn't care. He seems to have crawled off the earth after his Texas itinerary, in company with the alleged ex-nun whom he was carting around the country to pander to the prurient appetites of off-color dames by relating naughty tales of desiring nuns and accommodating priests. Slattery didn't get into the penitentiary; but he got out of Waco p. d. q.—and he'll never come back. He came as the avowed exponent of “muscular Christianity,” and promised a congregation—composed chiefly of women—that he'd do something awfully dreadful to any editor who “dared assail his moral character.” Then he undertook to make the same kind of

play at a stag party, but didn't succeed. "His coward lips did from their color fly." He meekly took the fighting lie and canine epithet, then folded his tent like the Arab and made an inglorious sneak. The Apes must indeed be proud of their spokesman. An "American Protective Association" with Price bearing aloft its gonfalon and Slattery enunciating its principles! Think of men, born in Old Glory's sacred shadow, trailing in the wake of a brace of he-bawds who peddle obscene literature to babes and seek to corral the dirty dollar by defaming "The Angels of Buena Vista," those heroic women who are ever ready to do battle to the death with "the pestilence that walketh in darkness." Nor are these bipedal brutes, these professional panders to the prurient, these assassins of reputation, these high-binders in the world of morals, the exception to the rule—the black sheep of the A.P.A. hierarchy. Every professional exponent of A.P.Apeism is either a shameless political adventurer or graceless mountebank who's in the unclean business for boodle. Pick up any paper published in the interest of the catacombers and you'll find the same base innuendoes aimed at the sacerdotal order that has been glorified by a Père Marquette and hallowed by a Father Damien—the same cowardly and unclean flings at consecrated women who would go to Price himself, and minister to him with more than motherly tenderness, were he stricken with the black death and deserted by those to his heart most dear. "By their fruits ye shall know them." The fruits of A.P.Apeism are hate and discord that may yet flame forth in civil strife and desolate the land. The fruits of the Catholic order are love and charity to all, regardless of race or creed, glory or shame. Even a Slattery cannot fall so low that the Sisters of Charity would decline to succor him in his hour of distress. I am no sectarian; I care naught

for the Catholic creed. Nor am I fighting the battles of the priesthood—its members are usually able to give a good account of themselves; but when men professing to be countrymen of mine—guardians of the flag of my fathers—assail with vindictive calumny women whose mission is one of mercy, I long for the power to transform the English tongue into the writhen bolts of Jove and hurl the cowardly and unclean curs to the profoundest depths of Hell.

I am really glad that the A.P. Apes made that foolish “roar” anent placing a statue of Father Marquette among those men whose greatness is America’s glory. It served to recall to the memory of mankind a character that was well nigh forgotten—to remind us how much the New World is indebted to the Jesuit fathers and Franciscan friars. Father Marquette is indeed fortunate. When his noble deeds seemed destined to be forever hidden by the shadows of the centuries, bigotry and spleen rescued his name from oblivion and made it immortal. His greatness is unduly enhanced by comparison with the pitiful littleness of his detractors—our admiration of the man is intensified by contempt of his critics. Nothing exists in vain—even the A.P.A. hath its uses. With such a background, Pere Marquette stands forth transfigured—illuminated by the light of God. He inherited an ample fortune in sunny France, and could have lived a life of luxury. Instead of doing so, he was sent, at his own request, a missionary to Canada, when that country was inhabited by savage beasts and still more savage men. He went, not to accept a high-priced pastorate and syndicate his sermons, but to live among bears and wolves, to sleep in huts and eat boiled dog—to fill the place of priests who had been tortured to death by savage tribes. Armed only with the crucifix, he penetrated 2,000 miles farther into the un-

known forest than white men had gone before. His discoveries were but incidents of his journey—his sole mission was the salvation of souls, his zeal the glory of God. Everywhere he won his way by the magic power of love. Everywhere he was welcomed with rejoicing and parted from with regret. “How bright the sun, O Blackgown, when thou comest to visit us,” cried the chief of the savage Illini, while painted warriors, fierce as hell’s own brood, knelt to kiss the snow that had taken the imprint of his feet. No warship was necessary to force such a teacher upon them, no armed squadrons to protect his mission-house. When he walked they followed him, when he spoke they bent eagerly forward to hear the story of Christ crucified, when he slept they kept watch and ward, stealing up to look at the peaceful face that mirrored his gentle heart. Worn with hardships and sufferings too great for one so gently bred, he passed to his reward, surrounded by his swarthy converts—the night of death came down in those Western wilds ere he had reached manhood’s glorious noon. In the North, as in the South, in Canada as in Texas, the Catholic priests were America’s true pioneers. And now comes a gang of godless ingrates, who enjoy the blessing so largely due to the labors and sacrifices of those dauntless pathfinders—an unclean crew, with Linton of Michigan howling in the lead,—crying out that Père Marquette deserves no honor at Columbia’s hands because, forsooth, he was a Catholic! Why, do not these splenetic pismires know that America was discovered by a Catholic, and that the expenses of his voyage was defrayed by a Catholic queen, who tore the diamonds from her crown to set therein the star of empire? To be consistent, Congressman Linton should introduce a resolution to have the bodies of Sherman and Sheridan exhumed and their heads exposed on pikes because they acknowledged the theological supremacy of the Pope.

BRO. EARLY'S BAZOO

THE FOREIGN MISSION FAKE

I AM always discovering something new and strange. While Prof. Roentgen is experimenting with the X-ray and Dr. Depew is unearthing ante-diluvian almanac jokes, I am bringing to the garish light of day wonderful differentiations of the intellectual doddlebug. I am not wont to boast over-much of my services to science; still it is but fair that I be accorded due credit for having discovered Dr. Jehovah Boanerges Cranfill, where he lay buried in the sub-stratum of the azoic period by the anti-prohibition majority, and the Hon. Whoopee Kalamity Homan, of Dallas, after he had been trodden into the quicksands by the political bull elephant. And now patient research in the field of micrology has been rewarded by the addition to my cabinet of curios of Rev. M. D. Early, superintendent of missions for the State of Texas. He is also managing editor of a Baptist periodical whose name I disremember. My discovery of Early was purely an accident. He was out on my "Katy" road, giving the *ICONOCLAST* a "roast" that made the paint on the car-ceiling curl. He lamented that people persisted in purchasing such a paper, while that into which he poured his sacred lucubrations would not sell. As he talked his indignation grew until he was telling his troubles to the entire car. The tearful lamentations of Jeremiah and the uncanny yodel of Jonah were as nothing to the heartache which Supt. Early poured forth because of the literary perversity of the American people. He insisted that he had never read a copy of the *ICONOCLAST* and would not do so, yet declared it awfully immoral, which proves that Early is a great man. He does not

have to acquire knowledge by a patient industry like other people, but takes it by absorption as the sponge does stale beer on a mahogany bar, and when he wants to leak it he has only to squeeze his nice soft head. Like the patient ox and the megalophanous ass, Early is guided by instinct.

I regret that the good man cannot secure patrons for his paper. If the copy I have seen be a fair sample, the public is missing much by giving it the frozen face. It is almost as interesting and equally as coherent as the sermons of Sin-Killer Griffin, or the editorial page of the *Houston Post*. Reading it were like standing in the vortex of chaos and trying to size up the phenomena. It is the province of intellectual topsy-turvy, where the living lie dormant and the dead do gibber in the streets. When the writers are serious the reader is convulsed, and when they uncork their wit the wooden tobacco signs weep. It is a journalistic *rara avis* that none with a taste for the bizarre should let go by. Now is the time to subscribe. I am determined to work up such a circulation for the *Missionary Mistake* that Supt. Early need no longer subsist on pennies torn from the toy savings banks of babes. It may be well enough for small-fry preachers to fill their lank bellies with candy money coaxed from kids in the name of Christ; but a man calling himself a journalist should be above such shameful business. Of the hundreds of thousands of dollars collected annually in this country for the ostensible purpose of informing the Ahkoond of Swat that Christ is dead, by far the greater part comes from the thin purse of poverty and the chubby hand of childhood. What becomes of this cash? I am told that \$2,500 per annum goes to pay the salary of this one State Superintendent. That represents 250,000 pennies per year taken from children's pockets. If each state

has a missionary superintendent and Early's is the average salary, here is a snug item of \$112,500 per annum paid men by the very poor to ride about the country and advertise the *ICONOCLAST*. Then there is the national organization, the secretaries and other salaried officers, not to mention the money appropriated to the support of missionary journals guiltless of readers, and to pay pet publishing houses for the printing of tracts and other utterly useless tommyrot. Think of the little tin savings banks despoiled to supply the missionary fund! And not one dollar in three collected ever gets east of Castle Garden, while the small percentage that does sift abroad might just as well be squandered here at home, for the so-called labors of our foreign missionaries have had about as little effect on "paganism" as Bro. Early's paper on the public. It has been estimated by men who have spent much time abroad, that it cost \$14,000 to convert a Buddhist to Protestant Christianity, and nearly double that sum to pull a Mussulman loose from his prophet. Yet while we are peddling high-priced saving grace in pagan lands, our own country is cursed with godless heathen and reeking with crime, and in the garrets of our great cities starving mothers give the withered breast to dying babes. It will be time enough to carry bibles to barbarians when our own children are provided with bread.

The Protestant missionaries have made precious little progress in their attempt to convert the "heathen," but they have done much to engender bitterness and precipitate fanatical outbreaks, such as those recently witnessed in China, and now making a hell of Armenia. As a rule the Catholic missionaries adapt themselves to the customs of the country and win the respect of the people. They have sufficient tact to appeal to the taste of barbarians by impressive ceremonies, and aid their understanding by

the use of religious symbols, while others attempt to cram into the heads of intellectual infants abstruse tenets that puzzled even the scholastics. They substitute the host for heathen charms, the crucifix for the caaba-stone, and, by teaching savage people the gentle arts of peace, bring them gradually to a full realization of the love and power of God. How far "the plotting Jesuit stoops to conquer," what "unholy compromises he makes with heathendom" I do not know; but experience has amply proven that the Catholic missionary is, while his Protestant brother is not, capable of combating successfully the dark superstitions of semi-savagery. The former can go alone among the most murderous tribes and win his way; the latter must be protected from outrage by the double-shotted guns of his government. A Catholic mission makes for peace; a Protestant mission is a storm-center of physical strife. I am not a Catholic—all my education and environments make for Protestantism; but the whole truth should be told, however it may hurt. The reformer, like the surgeon, must sometimes be cruel in order to be kind. The Protestant missionaries begin wrong. They denounce as crass heathendom everything that runs counter to their creed, whether it be paganism or a differentiation of their own religious cult. They affect a superiority to the people they are sent to serve, insult their holiest traditions, and when this brutish folly and unbridled insolence result in violence to themselves, appeal to their home government for protection and preach a war of extermination. They are usually forced upon barbarous nations as was opium upon "Pagan China" by "Christian England," and protected by ships of war while they denounce people who dissent from their religious dogma.

About two years ago a Baptist missionary stationed in Mexico—and living on the fat of the land by the same

means that Dr. Early receives his \$2,500 salary—issued a pamphlet grossly insulting to the people of that Republic. He was mobbed by the outraged populace and sentenced by the courts to acquire the art of courtesy in the penitentiary. Of course a tremendous roar anent this “Mexican atrocity” was made to the American government, and the consul-general succeeded in securing his release. He protected him from the mob and landed him safely on the soil of Uncle Sam, when Mr. Missionary at once began a tirade of abuse of Catholics in general and Mexicans in particular. The diplomat said quietly: “Had Mexico given you your just deserts she would have shot you as a professional mischief-maker or caged you for life as a malicious damphool. I extricated you from the penitentiary and protected you when you were scared to death and afraid to run. My mother was a Catholic. Now take my advice and head for the rising sun.”

That is a fair sample of Protestant missionary endeavor in both the Occident and the Orient. That’s what the kids are giving up their toys and tidbits for! Our theological exportations belong to the same class with Early—men who condemn without investigation; who consider that in the little knots on the end of their necks God has *cached* all the wisdom of the world. They are the intellectual heirs of those Smart Alecks who condemned Christ unheard, poisoned Socrates on an idle supposition and refused to even consider the Copernican theory lest they get an idea into their fat heads that would fracture their theological hats.

CATHOLIC VS. PROTESTANT “CRANKS”

AN unknown correspondent clips from the press a rather sensational account of the supposed appearance of the Holy Virgin to Louise Panniere at Tilly-sur-Seulles, together with the pilgrimings to the spot, and sends it to the *ICONOCLAST* with the following comment and query:

About once a year the Catholics run off after some such crank, thereby bringing religion into contempt and creating Atheists by their religious mummary. Why don't you turn your iconoclastic batteries loose on this *fol-de-rol*? What is your opinion of people who countenance such idiocies?

The man who writes a letter reflecting upon the sanity or honesty of a numerous and patriotic body of American people, should have the moral courage to either sign his screed or burn it. An anonymous “roast” is a cowardly stab in the dark. Publishers do well to waste-basket such communications, as being the emanations of irresponsibles—of people who will say more in a minute than they will stand to in a month. However, as my correspondent has touched upon a subject of interest to many people, I will, in this instance, waive the rule applying to anonymity. Frankly, I think but little of miracles, ancient or modern, and regard supernatural appearances as but the idiosyncrasies of religious neuropathics. Mlle. Poliniere's vision of the Virgin was, in my opinion, but a day-dream, the fond imaginings of a maid with whom religion had become a monomania, her fervor an ecstasy bordering on delirium. Still, I realize that there may be more things in this world than I have dreamed of in my philosophy. In dealing with

the supernatural, as with all things else, it is well to bear in mind the apothegm of Seneca, to the effect that "many persons would have attained to wisdom if they had not presumed that they already possessed it." If the age of the miraculous, of angelic visitations, ever began, we have no special reason for believing that it has come to an end. It is certainly no more remarkable that the Lord should reveal himself to St. Theresa, and the Virgin to the maid of Tilly-sur-Suelles, than that Jacob should wrestle with an angel and Jehovah speak to Moses from the burning bush. If there was ever a time in the world's history when something more than the written law becomes necessary to fix mankind's faltering faith, that time is even now. The man who scoffs at St. Theresa's vision, yet accepts unfalteringly the inerrancy of the Bible, strains at a diatom and swallows an entire drove of dromedaries. There are various reasons why the **ICONOCLAST** does not align its guns upon these so-called supernal visions. I am not aware that they are doing the world any serious damage, and the **ICONOCLAST** assails only those things which it believes to be really detrimental. Furthermore, to brand all such visionaries as "cranks," and those who countenance them as "idiots," were to vilipend the corypheus of the Reformation and deride the Protestant faith. If all who dream dreams and see visions; if all who profess to have seen the supernatural be written down as purveyors of ridiculous fol-de-rol, what is to become of our beloved Luther and his co-laborers? It was not the magic mirror which St. Theresa saw; not the Archangel Gabriel in the Rue de Paradis, nor the Virgin Mother standing beneath an elm in the canton of Calvados that Luther witnessed; such visitants were entirely too tame for that good man who denounced the Zwinglians as "damned fools and blasphemers," insulted the learned Erasmus, called the

doctors of Louvain "beasts, pigs and pagans," incited the people to assassinate the Pope, and otherwise displayed that vigor and virulence which drew after him all the chronic kickers of Christendom. Luther's supernatural visitor was invariably the Devil, and these two worthies usually made it hot for each other. The Prince of Darkness appears to have gotten the best of the controversies, however, for Luther himself assures us that Satan, by his arguments, compelled him to make an important alteration in divine services; also that, on another occasion, his inframundane visitor worsted him in a debate and so terrified him by his voice that he was in danger of death. Zwinglius, the father of Protestantism in Switzerland, relates that when about to be turned down in a religious disputation, a black phantom appeared and helped him out of the hole. Whether this was the same party that amended Luther's creed we are not informed. Nor has this unhappy faculty of seeing the Devil yet been lost by Protestant divines. Entering a Protestant church some years ago at Tipton, Ia., I was surprised to see the pastor engaged in an *ex parte* dispute with an invisible person. He shook his fist and declared that he "*would* pray, despite all the powers of hell." And pray he did. After advising the Lord regarding a number of things of which he was supposed to have no knowledge, and telling him exactly how to manage the universe, he informed us that the Devil had come up to the pulpit and warned him not to call upon the name of the Lord. The name of this wonderful sight-seer was Crismus. At Ashton, Ill., a good old Protestant lady assured me that, upon going into her cellar one day, she was confronted by Satan; that she fell upon her knees in prayer and he disappeared. As she was noted for her sauer-kraut, I have always suspected that the Prince of Darkness was on a foraging expedition. It

were easy to cite hundreds of such visions, related by Protestants, since the days of Luther. There is, however, a marked difference between Protestants and Catholics in this respect: While the former usually see the Devil, the latter content themselves with visions of the Lord or Virgin. Why this is so, I know not; but as a good Protestant, the fact gives me ineffable pain. Some of those terrible Jesuits are liable to suggest that angels and demons, like men and women, usually visit those most in sympathy with themselves. Another remarkable fact which may well give us pause, is that, while the religious ecstasies of the Catholics are usually conducive to peace on earth and good will to men, those of their Protestant brethren are almost invariable trouble-breeders. It does no particular harm for a maid to get an idea into her head that she has seen the Virgin Mother; but John of Leyden proclaiming himself King of Sion, marrying seventeen wives and authorizing most brutal murders, is quite another matter. David George asserted that he was the Son of God; Hermann urged the massacre of all magistrates; Hackett declared himself to be Christ; Johanna Southcote issued passports to Heaven, while scores of others indulged vagaries equally fantastic or dangerous. It must be remembered that these people were not only Protestants, but commanded considerable followings; that many of them demanded and received the worship of *latría*, which the most enthusiastic Catholics have ever withheld from their Popes and saints. True, Luther did not sanction the fierce fanaticism and egregious folly of the Anabaptists; but he was none the less responsible therefor. It was the natural sequence of his revolt against authority, of the doctrine—which is the basal principle of Protestantism—that each individual possesses an inalienable right to put such interpretation upon the Scriptures as he may

please. Protestantism has, from its inception, been the unwilling wet-nurse of Infidelity.

Luther did more to propagate it than did the alleged moral laches of the worst of Popes, the sacred reliques that have been subjected to so much ridicule, the modern miracle, the doctrine of Papal infallibility and so-called "Sale of Indulgences." The Catholic Church is based upon authority, whether real or assumed I shall not here pretend to say. It insists that it is the chosen salvatory and divinely ordained exegete of Christian dogma. We may decline to admit this claim; but we cannot deny that it was the sheet-anchor of Europe for a thousand years; the lone rock upon which Vandal and Visigoth beat in vain; the rallying-point for a society otherwise hopelessly wrecked. In politics, art, science, letters, there was chaos; but amid it the Roman Catholic Church stood immutable as a granite mountain. Suppose that it had faltered; had stopped to argue; had declared that it *believed* instead of that it knew; had implored instead of commanding: Every student of history knows what would have happened—the Christian religion would have perished utterly and Luther's revolt been against the Imaum of Islam. This authority once overturned throughout a large portion of Europe, the wildest excesses followed. Ignorant and violent men became the founders of sects whose ridiculous doctrines and unseemly orgies disgusted thinking men with the very name of religion. Atheism and Protestantism developed side by side, the scholar following the gonfalon of the first, the ignoramus trailing blindly in the wake of the last. A few learned men of well-balanced minds embraced Protestantism in its infancy; but almost without exception, they drifted into the camp of Doubt or returned to the Catholic Church. It is impossible to find, during the first century of the Reformation, one master mind

which it caught and held. Even Melancthon, the beloved disciple of Luther, and by all odds the ablest of the early reformers, declared that he felt "like Daniel in the lion's den," and was "tempted to take flight." Nor is this all: While the Catholic Church has ever asserted its position and proclaimed its doctrines as those regarding whose truth there could be no doubt, the great Protestant divines have seldom been willing to accept the inevitable sequence of the dogmas they were employed to preach. Professing one thing, they have proclaimed another, or dodged the issue altogether. Beecher's lecture on Evolution is a case in point, being almost as materialistic as even Ingersoll could ask. But it is not alone in these decadent days that we find doubt among the Protestant divines. Luther himself declared that *he did not know whether he taught the truth or not*; and freely admitted that *he could not prevail upon himself to believe what he taught to others!* (The first of the foregoing statements we have on the authority of Luther himself; the latter on the testimony of his eulogist, John Matthei.) How is that for a *soi disant* reformer and founder of a new faith, for one who separated from the Church of Rome because, as he assumes, it had connived at falsehood? It is somewhat remarkable that, while admitting his doubts, first to his *intimes*, then to the public, Luther should have declared: "It is certain that I received my dogmas from Heaven. *I will not allow you to judge of my doctrine, neither you nor the angels in Heaven.*" Yet, as before stated, individual liberty of Biblical interpretation was the basic principle of Protestantism! Is it any wonder, in view of these inconsistencies—not to say absurdities—of the prime mover of the Reformation, that Protestantism should be to-day a mere jumble of contradictions, which repels men of analytical minds and leaves them to choose between Catholicity, Deism and Infidelity.

Doubtless there were Atheists in the world before the Reformation, before the inauguration of the Christian era; but there were few in Europe until Luther began to preach toleration while persecuting, to demand abject submission to dogmas which he himself doubted. The Catholic Church had to deal with many schismatics before the Reformation, but it was reserved for Protestantism to wage a war of extermination on avowed Atheists—Cronus devouring his own children! The learned Gruet was the first “infidel serpent” to be strangled by the infant Hercules. His offense was greater even than that of Servetus—he not only disagreed with Calvin, that avatar of “toleration,” but had the audacity to criticize him! Theodore Beza, contemporary of Luther and Calvin, and apostle of the Reformation in France, makes a declaration which proves that the Protestant leopard has not changed its spots during the past three centuries—that it was the same provocative of Infidelity at its birth that it is to-day: “On what point of religion (he plaintively asks) are the churches which have declared war against the Pope agreed? Examine all from beginning to end, and *you will hardly find one thing affirmed by the one which the other does not directly cry out against as impiety.*”



A WAIL FROM THE A. P. A.

CRITICISING THE ICONOCLAST

“EDITOR ICONOCLAST: Having for several years been a reader of the ICONOCLAST, I am constrained at this late day to take issue with you respecting an article appearing in the July number of your magazine, under the caption: ‘Catholic vs. Protestant Cranks.’ I take issue with you, not because I am a Protestant, but rather despite the fact that I am not. I am of neither persuasion, but believe in giving the Devil his due. That you should espouse the cause of ‘Romanism’ is a thing not only to be discredited, but likewise to be marveled at. And yet from the tenor of the article in question one can only conclude that such is the fact. I shall not speak disparagingly of anything good or commendable that the Catholic Church may have accomplished in this world. A good deed will always outlive a bad creed. I am addressing myself to the foundation of Romanism. It claims to be the only true interpretation of Christ’s teachings or Christianity and regards all other sects as being unbelievers and traitors to the cause of Christianity. From the fact that the columns of your magazine are not open to contributors, I harbor the inference that you do not invite criticism. Be this as it may, journalistic courtesy should prompt you to give even a dissenter, whether religious or political, a fair hearing through the columns of the ICONOCLAST, and I trust you will do as much for me. But to return to the issue. From the article in reference I glean enough to convince me that you are either an avowed champion or an apologist in the cause of Romanism. Whether you are this from personal convictions or for personal and pecuniary gain, is no affair of mine. Your abuse and denunciation

of certain advocates and leaders of the well-known A. P. A. were, I opine, quite amiss. In doing this you are waging a warfare upon persons, not principles. Abuse is no argument and to indulge in disparaging personalities were not elegant. It is certainly evident to you that the Catholic Church in this country openly violates the Constitution by demanding a portion of the free school fund for the support of their parochial schools. Will you please explain why Catholics persistently attempt to have nuns placed in our public schools as teachers, whereas it is a notorious fact that Catholics regard the public schools as institutions of ignominy and hotbeds of infidelity? And, furthermore, why it is requested that they (the nuns) be permitted to wear their convent garb? Please tell us this rather than dilate upon the alleged colloquy between Luther and the Prince of Darkness! If perchance you should be harassed with doubt as to the veracity of these statements, I can adduce sufficient evidence to verify the same. And facts that may or can be established by strong and sufficient evidence should not be discredited. It is, furthermore, a notable fact that all nuns and communicants of the Catholic Church are bound by allegiance to an infallible (?) Pope. Any one subject to the authority of any foreign potentate or power cannot, in my opinion, at the same time be a loyal and patriotic citizen of this great commonwealth, unless he be traitor to his religious convictions. It is incumbent upon you as an advocate and champion of the rights and liberties of the American people, and as an outspoken enemy of all that encroach upon our Constitution, to raise the lance in warfare against them. You have as much as asserted that it is your lifework to fight frauds, humbugs and their kindred. In doing this you should not allow sectarian preferences to influence you. A Catholic fraud is as bad

as a Protestant humbug, and vice versa. In your reply to the anonymous screed which appeared in the July number of the *ICONOCLAST* I note the following: 'I am not aware that they (speaking of supernal visions) are doing the world any serious damage; and the *ICONOCLAST* assails only those things which it believes to be really detrimental.' Now, since this is your honest purpose and intention, why do you not assail an institution which is trying to undermine the public school system of our country? You should evince enough fairness to swallow the Catholic whale if you persist in straining at an insignificant little Protestant gnat. Once you pose as a disciple of John the Baptist, and in the next breath you denounce the sect that received its name from this distinguished scriptural personage.

“ ‘*Tempora mutantur, et nos mutamur cum illis.*’

“GEO. C. KNOLL.”

Weimar, Texas, *en route*, July 20, 1896.

Having read the *ICONOCLAST* so long, has my correspondent yet to learn that with dogmatical dispute between Protestantism and Catholicism it has nothing to do? “Romanism” may claim what it likes in matters theological, and “Lutherism” deny it until the crack o’ doom for aught I care. I concern myself only with their deeds, leaving to others the disputation anent the respective merits of their *creeds*. Pope expresses my sentiments exactly when he says:

“For modes of faith let graceless zealots fight;

His can’t be wrong whose life is in the right.”

I care never a copper whether people regard the Pope as the Vicar of Christ or anti-Christ, so long as their theology does not prompt them to interfere with my religious privileges or political prerogatives. A man suffi-

ciently learned to successfully assume the rôle of critic should know that an editor who—"whether from personal convictions or for pecuniary gain"—becomes "an avowed champion or apologist in the cause of Romanism" Catholic Church. I am, sir, an "avowed champion" of would scarce give his journal a name so distasteful to the *every* religion that has pierced Life's dark shadows with one ray of sunshine. I am an "avowed champion" of every American citizen whose civic rights are invaded because of his religious convictions. Should the Catholic conspire to exclude from the honors and emoluments of office either Protestants, Jews, or Agnostics, because of their supposed theological heresy, I would never cease denouncing them until either I or the damnable conspiracy were dead. In the dozen years of my editorial ministry I have assailed no religious faith, howsoever much I may have criticised its professors. A man's theology is his own affair, his political acts are the concern of every citizen. It was only with the *political* phase of this organized warfare upon Catholicism that I concern myself. Nor do I pretend to unselfish patriotism. If the civic rights of Catholics are circumscribed, may not Jews and Agnostics next fall under the ban? May not I wake up some morning and find myself ineligible for office, because I am a disciple of John the Baptist, instead of John Calvin? Once this proscription begins, where will it end? "Eternal vigilance is the price of liberty." In assisting the Catholics to preserve their rights, I strike a blow in defense of my own freedom.

I was not hitherto aware that the A. P. A.'s considered "abuse and denunciation" as cardinal sins. If it be a grievous error into which I have fallen, it is the fault of their own bad example. The A. P. A.'s are the Theresitæ of the century. The advocates of no other cause depend

so much on denunciation and so little on logic. They cannot speak of the Catholic Church without coupling it with a curse, nor mention the Pope without a malediction. And do members of this order, which has filled the land with the fumes of sulphuric acid, complain that I have proven too apt a pupil—that my vocabulary of invective is abnormal? Disparaging personalities are not to be commended—but who began the thing? I was combating the principles of the order well within the pale of polemical courtesy when these modern Chesterfields proceeded to serve me much as the Yahoos did the unfortunate Gulliver. Nor did they stop at “abuse and denunciation.” They were not content with outcursing Caliban and overdoing Termagant, but resorted to the scurrilous methods of the pot-house politician, “answered” my courteously worded objections to their order much as Sid Williams did the criticisms of Ingersoll—by the deliberate concoction of stupid calumnies. And must I retort with the soft answer that turneth away wrath, while spewed upon by such featherless buzzards, such moral hyenas as Slattery and Hicks? I could never make a success in the rôle of other-cheek Christian. Like Sancho Panza, I object to having my face handled by hoodlums. That’s why I have unearthed the records of some of the arch-angels of this great “American order.” It might be well for the A. P. A.’s to get the bridge beams out of their own eyes before reaching for the diatoms in the optics of others.

I may presume that a man who “gives the devil his due” would not deliberately create a false impression regarding even the Catholics. Now, will Mr. Knoll kindly turn to his copy of the Federal Constitution and inform us what article and section these dangerous Romanists “openly violate by demanding a portion of the free school fund for the support of their parochial schools?” I am

unalterably opposed to such diversion of the free school fund—even in a community where the Catholics pay nine-tenths of the taxes; but before shelling the Vatican and assassinating the papal legate, I want to know wherein such “demand” is subversive of the fundamental law of the land. Because I disapprove a thing it does not follow, as a matter of course, that it’s either *malum in se* or unconstitutional. What in the name of Lindley Murray has the Federal Government to do with the school system of a sovereign state? It doesn’t even prohibit Texas setting up a religious establishment and supporting it by general taxation. The public school fund of Texas is the property of the people, to do with as seemeth unto them best. The Catholics, as a portion of the people, have a right to be heard in the matter, but must bow to the will of the majority. So long as they do the latter they are patriotic Americans, true to the principles of democracy. They have as much right to ask that nuns be employed as teachers and that they be permitted to wear their convent garb as I have to ask the appointment of Baylor graduates and that they be compelled to wear bloomers. It must be remembered that the American citizen—of whatever creed or no creed—is a sovereign to the extent of his vote and influence. He has a perfect right to urge the enactment of such laws as he may like, whether state or national, and the amendment of all charters and constitutions that may do violence to his opinions. If the Catholics regard the public schools as “hotbeds of infidelity,” can they be blamed for urging the employment of teachers “sound in the faith”? Does my correspondent consider it a crime for Catholics to combat infidelity here at home while we Protestants spend millions of dollars in our fruitless tussle with it abroad?

And why, pray, am not I privileged to dilate upon the

historical "colloquy between Luther and the Prince of Darkness," when worthy A. P. A.'s complain to me of the celestial visions seen by Catholic virgins? Have I no right to comfort the souls of Protestants by citing the history of our great prototype as evidence that it is no sin to dream dreams and see visions? Suppose that Satan should suddenly appear to my correspondent. Would he not be pleased to know that his vision was eligible for A. P. A. membership—having induced Luther to counsel the assassination of the Pope? Nay, sir; you shall not thus summarily deprive me of my occupation as counsellor and consoler to the Protestant clergy. But please tell us something more about the Constitution "rather than dilate upon the alleged" endeavor of the Catholics to stamp infidelity out of the public schools. State, I pray, for the benefit of a benighted editor—who has failed to worship at the sacred shrine of Whiskey Bill Traynor and absorb his patriotism from unfrocked Irish priests who apostrophize the British flag—to what kind of "foreign potentate or power all communicants of the Catholic Church owe allegiance." Is he some Cæsar or Alexander with vast armies and navies at his command? or is he a frail old man, having kings and princes for his subjects in matters spiritual, yet bowing to the authority of the humblest magistrate in matters temporal? What have the religious convictions of a Catholic to do with his political allegiance? Cannot I recognize the sovereignty of Jesus Christ without getting up in the middle of the night and pulling the tail feathers out of the American eagle? Catholics regard the Pope simply as the representative on earth of One who said, "Render unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's and unto God the things that are God's." If the Pope be eager for temporal power, and all Catholics owe him paramount allegiance in mat-

ters political as well as spiritual, why doesn't he grab Italy, France, Mexico and all the nations of South America and set up a new and greater Roman Empire? Why doesn't he take his 235,000,000 subservient janizaries and conquer the earth? If the A. P. A.'s be telling the truth, the Pope could blot Protestantism out of existence, subdue all political opposition and rule the world with a rod of iron! Excuse me! I don't mind tackling a bucking broncho, but I'm tampering with no earthquakes! As "a champion of the rights and liberties of the American people," I do not propose to rise the "lance of warfare" against the Pope unless he crowds me.

And why should I, as a Protestant, war on Catholicism any more than a homeopathic doctor would take a fall out of Hippocrates? It may be antiquated, but it is respectable. It constituted our only hope of salvation for long ages before we succeeded in evolving the holiness fad, the camp-meeting jerks, or even the blessed doctrine of the Anabaptists, just as the old-school practitioners were our refuge in measles and mumps ere the dawn of Christian Science, the coming of Schrader or the invention of the microbe mitrailleuse.

It is well to sometimes remember that but for these selfsame Catholics we might have no beloved constitution to worry about. When they wrung the Magna Charta from King John they became the grandsires of the American Government. True, we are not altogether indebted to them for the development of our institutions; but the part played by them in our great national drama has been very important. They decreed religious liberty in the new world—whether before or after the Roger Williams rescript is of no particular moment. They were among the first—if not indeed the first—to move for the independence of the American colonies. They sanctioned—and

signed—the Declaration. They poured their treasure into the coffers of the new-born nation and their blood upon its battlefields with an enthusiasm that called forth a letter of thanks from even the phlegmatic Washington. Many prominent Catholics, like Baron de Kalb and Marquis de Lafayette, crossed the sea to fight for American liberty. When all seemed lost, Catholic France sent her chivalric sons to draw about the cradle of liberty a lethal circle with the sword. In our own day American Catholics have ever been ready to set foot as far as who goes farthest in defense of the old flag. I don't give a d—n what may be their creeds about “allegiance to a foreign potentate or power”; there's the *record* of my Catholic countrymen—seamed with fire and sealed with blood! With that before me, it will require something more than prattle about nuns, frocks and “hotbeds of infidelity” to silence the guns I have aligned upon the Guy Fawkes' conspiracy engineered by the A. P. A.

And can I not be a devout disciple of John the Baptist without approving all the practices of a people who have adopted his agnomen—perhaps to signify that they have no head? John was something of an iconoclast himself, and—like his Lord—somewhat addicted to “denunciation.” I can but wonder that his allusion to the eminently respectable Pharisees and Sadducees as a “generation of vipers” has not called forth a withering rebuke from honey-tongued A. P. A. orators. Albeit he was somewhat addicted to “abuse,” I heartily approve his creed and cheerfully commend it to those whom religious intolerance has led to depart from time-honored American principles. “Repent ye—every tree which bringeth not forth good fruit is hewn down and cast into the fire.” That's all there is to it—and it's enough.

I have fought the A. P. A. from its inception; not that

I approve the Catholic creed, but because I approve that clause in the Constitution which declares that no religious test shall ever be required as a qualification to any office or public trust under the United States; not that I accept either papal infallibility or the apostolic succession; but because it were a violation of the principle of liberty, equality and fraternity—our political trinity—to circumscribe the rights of the humblest citizen because of his religious opinions. The privilege of defending my own prerogatives obligates me to sacredly respect the rights of others.

If I have exhibited aught of “sectarian preference” it was not altogether my fault. As a citizen, I place our political constitution above all religious creeds—the rights of life above the hopes of death. I have judged Protestantism and Catholicism—as political forces—not so much by reading their professions as by observing their practice. For ten years the Protestant clergy have waged unrelenting warfare upon me for presuming to exercise the American prerogative of free speech—for disagreeing with them have denounced me with far more vigor than they brought to bear on the Devil. They have demanded my discharge from editorial positions and advocated boycotts on newsdealers who handled papers on which I was employed. Yet I never spoke disparagingly of their religion or denied their Deity—I simply criticised people who confess themselves “the chiefs of sinners” and “poor miserable worms of the dust.” I have dissented from Catholicism also, but its priesthood have ever treated my rights as a citizen with the utmost respect. Doubtless the Pope would place many of my articles in the *Index Expurgatorius*; but no Catholic priest or prelate has ever tried to deprive me of employment or to injure my business by means of that most cowardly of all un-American

weapons, the contemptible boycott. Reasoning by induction, how could I avoid the conclusion that Catholicism is far more friendly than is Protestantism to intellectual liberty—to “freedom of speech and freedom of the press?” When I find prominent in the councils of the A. P. A. men who, for years past, have striven to suppress my pen and seal my lips for questioning their theological infallibility, am I likely to look to that order for the preservation of my American prerogatives, and turn, like a wolfish hound, upon those who never planned me harm? Believing—with such cogent reason—that the A. P. A. is a conspiracy against liberty of conscience, is it not my duty to war upon it to the death—to denounce its every advocate as a potential Benedict Arnold, a political Judas Iscariot? And must I be careful not to wound the sensibilities of these teachers of high treason, these political heretics? Should I regale them with oil of Smyrna and honey of Hymettus? No; I prefer to imitate the example of our Lord, and scourge with a whip of cords those who would make the temple of my fathers a den of thieves.

I put it to you, sir, and to every member of your order; could a devout Catholic, even though his ancestors were at Runnymede and penned Maryland's first proclamation of religious toleration; even though his gran'sire signed the Declaration and helped frame the Federal Constitution; even though he had sacrificed his fortune and risked his life in defense of our liberties—could such a Catholic, I say, be elected president of this country? You know he could not. You know that a Catholic wife would be an almost insurmountable handicap to even a lineal descendant of Cromwell or Calvin. And why? Protestant prejudice. Yet in those cities, counties and districts—both in Europe and America—where Catholics predominate, Protestants are frequently advanced to the post of honor.

Could "Pagan Bob" Ingersoll be elected president? He could not. Why? Protestant prejudice—the admixture of religion and politics by those clamoring for "complete separation of church and state." We know that Ingersoll is a man of superior intellect. His patriotism is above suspicion. The Constitution is his Bible, the Declaration his Confession of Faith. While Cleveland was saving the country by proxy and wiping away the tears of buxom widows, Ingersoll, at the head of 800 Illinois troopers was cutting his way through Forest's redoubtable cavalry corps numbering more than 8,000 men. Were he nominated for chief magistrate, Jews, Agnostics and Catholics would promptly divide on political lines. They would not ask his opinion of the Immaculate Conception, but rather his position on the tariff and currency, and act accordingly, but the Protestants would mass against him almost to a man, regardless of political predilections. Three-fourths of their preachers would thunder at him from the pulpit, while the Epworth Leaguers and Christian Endeavorers, the Y. M. C. A. and B. Y. P. U. would all sweat their boots full of blood. The Pastors' Association of Dallas would stand appalled; Sam Jones would predict the Day of Judgment and Doc Talmadge fall into the opening of his own face; while all the sectarian advertising grafts, like Hayden's *Holy Fake* and Cranfill's *Weekly Slumguillion* would bristle with double-headed diatribes against the damning disgrace of making an Agnostic chief magistrate of a "Christian country." Don't you know they would? Don't you know that J. D. Shaw—as stainless a man as God ever made, couldn't be elected Governor of Texas though he possessed the combined statecraft of Washington and Webster, Clay and Calhoun—simply because he doesn't know so much about God as does Sin-Killer Griffin? Don't you know that the

A. P. A. would vote almost solidly against him—while bellyaching about religious liberty and damning the Catholics for objecting to casting their children into “hot-beds of infidelity”? Don’t you know that if the Protestant priesthood could have its way, it would transform this nation into an intolerant theocracy and disfranchise every Jew and Catholic, every Atheist and Agnostic—“for the glory of God”? If you do not, you have read the signs of the times as inattentively as you have the constitution. *Auf wiedersehen.*

. . .

An A. P. A. paper, after giving The ICONOCLAST four columns of valuable advertising, under the impression that it was accomplishing utter annihilation, strikes an Ajax attitude and asks: “What about the female Pope who was delivered of an illegitimate child in the streets of Rome?” What about it, indeed? The kid didn’t belong to me; I can prove an alibi. What about Ananias and Sapphira? “Pope Joan” is not mentioned by any reputable historian except to brand the story of her existence a fable born in the realm of fraud. The man who attempts by means of that oft-exploded fake to discredit the Church of Rome, signs a certificate in the presence of all the world, and calls the immortal gods to witness, that he’s either a small-bore knave or a .44-caliber ass.

McKINLEY AND THE APES

THE A. P. Apes of Illinois recently declared against Candidate McKinley, alleging that he was a "papal sympathizer" and, as governor of Ohio, had appointed Irish Catholics to office. I at first supposed that McKinley's managers had hired the leaders of that un-American dark-lantern organization to denounce him, and thereby supply him with an "issue" that would draw to his support all manly men. It would have been a shrewd campaign trick, and could have been easily carried into effect. With the Apes fighting McKinley, no power on earth could have prevented his election. He would have been loved for the enemies he had made. The American people would have rejoiced at the opportunity to stamp out of existence that congeries of fools and fanatics who demand the disfranchisement of men because of a difference of religious dogma. But it appears that the noisy chatter of the Apes was not the result of a conspiracy. Perhaps the leaders of the simians had struck the McKinley management for money and had been refused. They are notoriously "out for the stuff," and the report had gone abroad that the McKinleyites have boodle to burn. Failing to make a "deal" with the Buckeye candidate, they proceeded to denounce him. On no other hypothesis can I account for their sudden discovery that McKinley was an emissary for the Pope. Instead of treating their noisy clamor with contempt, the new "Napoleon" rushes into print with his Protestant pedigree and a tearful denial that he had appointed Catholics to office. He deliberately destroyed valuable political capital that had been cooked up for him free of cost. McKinley is an ass. By this act of political cowardice he has forfeited the respect of the

American people. A manly man would have sent the Apes word that it was none of their d—d business in what church he worshipped, or what the religious affiliations of men he had seen fit to elevate to office. He would have told them that he wanted the support of no conglomeration of fanatics who would deny liberty of conscience to American citizens. He would have reminded them that the Catholics were the first to enact laws in the New World permitting religious liberty, and that many of the bravest defenders of the old flag lived and died in that faith! He would have advised them that their secret oath-bound politico-religious society was a conspiracy against the peace and dignity of the government founded by the Conscript Fathers, and that, if elected, he would use his best endeavor to root it out and imprison the ringleaders. Instead of doing so, however, he figuratively fell on his knee before this gang of political highbinders and brainless bigots to explain at length that his family had been Protestant for ages past, and that he had neither political, social nor religious affiliation with Catholics. His position is well nigh as pitiful as that of Bradley, of Kentucky, who got a presidential bumble-bee in his bonnet and became so frightened by the mowing of the Apes that he was initiated into that unclean order of idiots.

* * *

FRIED IN HIS OWN FAT

MAJOR WILYUM MCKINLEY has deliberately "busted" his presidential boom. When his fingers were actually closing on the coveted persimmon he slipped on his own banana peel. He may be the presidential nominee of the Republican party, but he will never be chief magistrate of this mighty nation.

McKinley might have been elected world without end had he possessed the courage of a true American; but if nominated now he will be beaten in spite of hades and high water. Every self-respecting white man will vote against him regardless of party—his following will consist only of buck niggers and pie-eaters, fanatics and fools. The scurviest Democrat to be found between the two oceans, with a segment of chaos for party creed, can relegate the new "Napoleon" to Salt River, enroute to the Isle of Elbe.

McKinley has not only hoist himself with his own petard, but has emasculated the Republican bull elephant—placed the entire party in the bouillon. Unfortunately for this presidential aspirant, he hath at last found a real live issue which he can neither straddle nor dodge. Like Marc Antony, he has been conjuring with a corpse—calling the attention of the unthinking rabble to the Democratic rents in his Protective Tariff tyrant. It is always safe to eulogize the dead, and McKinley was strictly in it as a funeral orator. While he bewailed his slaughtered Cæsar there was a tendency to overlook his cowardly position on the currency problem; but he has just given an exhibition of pusillanimity that cannot be forgotten or forgiven. He has proven himself a pitiful poltroon with no more backbone than a banana, less moral

courage than a cottonfield "coon." He has demonstrated, not only that he would rather be president than right, but that he is willing to commit a foul outrage on millions of American patriots to gratify his prurient itch for office. When the Aggregation of Pusillanimous Asses pronounced him "a tool of the Pope," the country expected to see him treat the impudent charge with contempt. The heart of every true American warmed to him—he was loved for the enemies he had made. The fact that the subcellar assassins of American citizenship were his foes made his calling certain, his election sure. But while the freemen of this land were preparing to fall in behind him in solid phalanx and trample the sawdust out of the un-American monster, he was composing a frantic bid for A. P. Ape support,—laboriously tracing the Protestant pedigree, not only of himself, but of those he had elevated to office—preparing to convince the Ape that he had given neither political aid nor comfort to Catholics. His pusillanimous plea was duly printed, and admiration changed into contempt. But it was not enough that he should thus publicly bow the knee to the Ape—he must lick the feet of the unclean animal. The supreme council of the political cut-throats held a powwow or scalp-dance in Washington a few days ago. It "investigated the charges against Major McKinley and found them groundless." What charges, forsooth? That, as governor of Ohio, he had not discriminated against Catholics in making appointments! Major McKinley publicly denied that he had been guilty of this sin of omission, this damnable iniquity; but the supreme gyasticuti, being professional falsifiers themselves, were unwilling to accept his unsupported word, so they investigated the charges, found them groundless and assured the country that it could vote for the major without incurring the wrath of this native Mafie, these religio-

political Danites. How consummately refreshing, how awfully kind! Had we presumed to support the Buckeye before the Ape removed the ban there's really no telling what dreadful things it would have done!

A special committee was sent to interview Major McKinley, and it reported "that he fully and unequivocally indorsed the principles of this order."

And the American people, a cardinal tenet of whose confession of faith is religious freedom, are expected to elevate this slave of the Ape to the presidency—to choose as their chief magistrate a man who thus announces that he would sign a test act in defiance of the fundamental law of the land—a bilious bigot who would debar good citizens from the honors and emoluments of office because they have the audacity to dissent from his religious dogma!

God of our fathers! Why doesn't somebody turn the hose on this political tramp?

McKinley has thus given fair warning to all American Catholics that he is their enemy—that, if elected, he will put a sign on his office door, "NO IRISH NEED APPLY!" Nay more: It is a warning to all Americans, of whatsoever faith, that if they would preserve inviolate that religious freedom bequeathed them by their fathers, they must give it to McKinley's candidacy where the bottle got the cork. Once the work of disenfranchisement because of religious differences is begun, who can predict the end? If the Catholics are put under the ban a pretext can be easily found for the disenfranchisement of Jews and atheists as public enemies. When the American body politic is purified of all its Jeffersons and Paines, and Sher-mans and Sheridans, a war of extermination may be expected among the various Protestant sects. The big fish will eat up the little ones until the largest has the sea to itself—America will become a theocracy instead of a re-

public, a special interpretation of the New Testament will succeed the Constitution!

"Eternal vigilance is the price of liberty." Scotch McKinley. He's either a religious bigot or a political bawd. In either case he's not fit for the chief magistracy of a nation whose shibboleth has ever been, the equality of all men before the law.

. . .

A party at Georgetown, who neglects to sign his name, sends the *ICONOCLAST* the following newspaper clipping, said to have been the utterance of Abraham Lincoln: "The Pope and the Jesuits are the only organized powers in the world which have recourse to the dagger of the assassin to murder those whom they cannot convince by argument or conquer with the sword." The Georgetown unknown asks: "What does the Pope-worshipping *ICONOCLAST* think of that?" To be candid, it thinks it a d—d lie. Lincoln, the just and loving, never made a brutal and unprovoked assault upon any religious sect, nor displayed such egregious ignorance of the English language. It thinks further, that the "Ape" is apologizing for its unnecessary existence by a futile attempt to fasten upon the honored dead a shameless falsehood. It thinks that a man who will write an insulting anonymous letter is a creature so craven that it were a libel on every canine in Christendom to insinuate that he was begotten in a backyard and born in a kennel.

HENRY CLAY AND THE APES

THE anurous A. P. Apes are welcome to draw what comfort they can from the following utterance of that sturdy American patriot, Henry Clay:

“ There are some foreigners who always remain exotics (he was referring to the English) and never become naturalized in our country; whilst, happily, there are many others who readily attach themselves to our principles and our institutions. The honest, patient and industrious German readily unites with our people, establishes himself in some of our fat lands, fills his capacious barn, and enjoys in tranquillity the abundant fruits which his diligence gathers around him, always ready to fly to the standard of his adopted country, or if its laws, when called by the duties of patriotism. The gay, the versatile, the philosophic Frenchman, accommodating himself cheerfully to all the vicissitudes of life, incorporates himself without difficulty in our society. But of all foreigners, none amalgamate themselves so quickly with our people as the natives of the Emerald Isle. In some of the visions which have passed through my imagination, I have supposed that Ireland was originally part and parcel of this continent, and that, by some extraordinary convulsion of nature, it was torn from America, and, drifting across the ocean, was placed in the unfortunate vicinity of Great Britain. The same open-heartedness; the same generous hospitality; the same careless and uncalculating indifference about human life, characterize the inhabitants of both countries. Kentucky has been sometimes called the Ireland of America, and I have no doubt that, if the current of emigration were reversed and set from America upon the shores of Europe, instead of bearing from Europe

to America, every American emigrant to Ireland would there find, as every Irish emigrant here finds, a hearty welcome and a happy home!"

What a crying shame that the Great Commoner died before the Knownothing party could explain to him the necessity of repealing our naturalization laws; before the A. P. Apes could inform him that the French, Irish and Dutch, with their religion of papal diabolism, were sending this nation to the dickens! Poor old Clay! How much he might have learned had he been born a few years later!

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While the preachers were hustling out of the fever infected districts of Louisiana, the Sisters of Charity were hurrying in from points as far distant as San Francisco. And what were the A. P. Apes doing? They were standing afar off, pointing the finger of scorn at these angels of mercy and calling them "prostitutes of the priesthood." In this land every man has a perfect right to entertain such religious views as he likes; but those who defame women who cheerfully risk their lives for others' sake should be promptly shot. "By their fruits ye shall know them," says the Good Book; and while the Church of Rome is producing Good Samaritans to wrestle with the plague, the A. P. Ape is filling the penitentiaries. I care nothing for the apostolic pretensions of the Pope or the dogmas of the Priesthood; but I'm strongly tempted to make a few off-hand observations with a six-shooter should these papaphobes speak disrespectfully of the Sisters of Charity in my presence.

BRANNAN VS. SEASHOLES

WAS ST. PATRICK A BAPTIST?

POOR Ireland! For more than seven centuries Catholic Ireland has borne many trials, sorrows, humiliations and crosses; but none of her enemies, however ferocious and relentless, however bigoted and intolerant, have endeavored with imperturbable and audacious effrontery, to rob her people of the sweet and happy recollection that through the ministrations of their patron, St. Patrick, their ancestry received the glorious gift of faith which has descended to them in undiminished lustre.

Her enemies have stolen everything else from her but her religion; and it was reserved for a citizen of Texas, in the nineteenth century, in the city of Dallas, and a Baptist preacher, Rev. "Pat" Seasholes, to lay impious and barbaric hands (*animus furandi*) on St. Patrick, its most illustrious and transcendent exponent.

St. Patrick a Baptist! It was hardly necessary for the Rev. Seasholes to premise his silly and puerile sermon in endeavoring to make St. Patrick a Baptist, by this acknowledgment: "In treating of the character of St. Patrick I am compelled to overturn much of the popular belief respecting him." We think so.

In one sense, in a strict and etymological sense, every Pope, bishop and priest is a Baptist, because in this sense it means one who baptizes. In this sense St. Patrick was a Baptist, but in no other.

Baptist, as applied to the designation of a church member, means one who denies the doctrine of infant baptism, and holds that baptism ought to be administered to adults or believers by immersing the body in the water. The word Baptist is a contraction of Anabaptist. We first

hear of Anabaptists in 1522, their leader being Nicholas Stork, who was at first a disciple of Luther. St. Patrick lived more than a thousand years before the advent of the Anabaptists and Baptists, and it is not very likely that he belonged to a sect that did not exist in his day and generation. This would surpass the snake story incorporated with his memory. Now what is the distinctive and pivotal feature of Baptist belief and practice outside of a belief in Jesus Christ? That it is wrong to baptize infants, and all those who do not or cannot express a belief in Jesus Christ; and also that no baptism amounts to anything save by immersion. Now, strange to say, they teach that baptism is not at all necessary for salvation. If this be true, why lay so much stress upon the manner in which it is performed? How does it become important in what manner you do a thing, if the thing done, in any manner, is not necessary to salvation? It comes then to this: Baptists exclude people from membership in their church, which they call the kingdom of God on earth, unless they are immersed or baptized, and at the same time tell them that God won't exclude them from the kingdom of heaven even if they are not baptized at all! In other words, a man may be good enough to be a child of God in the kingdom of heaven without baptism, but can't be a child of his kingdom on earth unless he is baptized. Can the same God be presiding in both these kingdoms? And does He make it less onerous to get into His kingdom than Baptists make it to get into their church? Now while some of the Baptists strenuously insist on being immersed and being members of the church, I find some who don't think either is important or necessary. The *Fort Worth Gazette* of February 20, 1896, quotes a Baptist minister as saying: "A man may be a Christian and not a member of the church." This is an emanation from the Rev.

Morgan Wells, if correctly reported, who is considered, I am told, a stellar luminary of the first magnitude in the Baptist firmament. Now, St. Patrick never taught anything like the foregoing, and the best evidence of it is that none of the Irish people believe a word of it.

The Rev. Seasholes says that the Bible is his only rule of faith. "Thus saith the Lord" is the command we follow." That's all very nice, but let us see how true it is. I take it for granted that Rev. Seasholes believes that we cannot enter the kingdom of God unless we keep His commandments. One of the ten commandments is: "Remember thou keep holy the Sabbath day." Now, every man who makes the slightest pretensions to informations knows that the Sabbath day is the seventh day of the week, and that Sunday is the first day of the week. Now, I wish to know why Rev. Seasholes keeps the first day of the week, Sunday, holy, without a "Thus saith the Lord," when we have "Remember thou keep holy the Sabbath day" (Saturday) with a "Thus saith the Lord." Jesus Christ, up to the time of His death, kept Saturday holy in conformity with the law, because it was a commandment. If the Bible is his rule of faith, I would like to know where it can be found in it that the Sabbath day, or Saturday, was abrogated and Sunday instituted in its stead. To stimulate the activity of our Baptist brethren, I promise to pay one thousand dollars to Rev. Seasholes for a "Thus saith the Lord" in the Bible regarding the keeping of the first day of the week holy instead of the seventh.

Yet they lay great stress on being baptised as Christ was, conceding for argument's sake that he was immersed, yet teaching that baptism is not necessary for salvation, but no stress whatever on keeping holy the day Christ kept, although it is necessary to keep the commandments to enter into the kingdom of God.

St. Patrick, like all Catholics, believed that Baptism means something serious. Not something that may be administered or not, the result being the same, so far as salvation is concerned. Acts 2, 3, 6, 6, 8 shows the necessity of baptism when Peter told those who had repented to be baptized for the remission of sins. Certainly the remission of sins is a very important thing, and if baptism remitted sins in the days of St. Peter, why not now? 1 Peter 3, 18, 19, 20, 21, where Peter compares baptism to the ark of Noah. That as the ark saved Noah and his family, so "baptism, being of the like form, now saveth you also." Acts 22, 1 to 16, we find St. Paul felled to the earth sorrowful and repentant for his sins, right in the presence of Jesus Christ. Did Christ forgive his sins? He sent him to Ananias in Damascus, and among other things Ananias said to Paul "why tarriest thou? Arise and be baptised and wash away thy sins." That's the kind of baptism that St. Patrick administered, and which his people have received for 1500 years. And why should not infants be baptized? St. Paul says we are all born children of wrath. If a child is born a child of wrath, without knowledge of that fact, why could not that stigma be taken away from him without his knowledge also. Is it not more in conformity with God's mercy to take away this stigma without the knowledge of the child than to let it remain, and thus debar him from His kingdom? Certainly a child of wrath cannot enter the kingdom of God, and if nothing is done to obliterate the stain in which we are born, we still remain children of wrath, therefore it is easy to see what St. Peter means when he says we are saved by water, and what Ananias says of it in connection with washing away sins.

The Baptists are a wonderful people according to Rev. Seasholes. He says they have followed St. Patrick since

300 years before he was born, and have followed him ever since. How a man could accomplish the intellectual or pedestrian feat of following a man 300 years before he was born, I leave to the gigantic intellect of the Rev. Seasholes to explain. However, since he has assailed the unified and crystallized affirmative sentiment of 1500 years that St. Patrick was a Catholic, in endeavoring to make a Baptist of him, he will feel equal to the lesser effort of showing how Baptists followed a man 300 years before he was born. And yet, who ever saw a Baptist wear a shamrock? A sham effort to make St. Patrick a Baptist, but a shamrock, never! But I must be reasonable. How could it be expected that St. Patrick should be honored as a Baptist until the fact was discovered? The new discovery will be sufficiently heralded by the 17th of next March, and I am satisfied the Irish Catholics of Dallas will be invited to take a back seat while the Rev. Seasholes walks at the head of a Baptist procession, with a shamrock in his hat, the green flag of Erin floating over his head, and keeping step to the magical and inspiring air of "St. Patrick's Day in the Morning." Oh, the bitter irony of fate! A procession on St. Patrick's Day without a Catholic, or an Irishman, or a man named "Pat" in the whole outfit.

It's painful to dignify the matter by a serious reply to such trash as Rev. Seasholes has written. When a man becomes a candidate for the shafts of ridicule, he always makes his election sure.

If, as Rev. Seasholes says, St. Patrick did not believe in infant baptism, will he be kind enough to explain why the Catholic Church canonized him, placing him on the calendar of saints, when the church has always taught a different doctrine? The Catholic Church has declared: "If any one should say that children having received baptism

should be numbered among the faithful because they have not actual faith, and therefore when they come to the years of discretion that they should be rebaptized, or that it is better to omit baptism than to baptize in the faith of the church alone those who have not actual faith, let him be anathema." Now then, if St. Patrick was opposed to infant baptism, we have here the anomaly of the Catholic Church canonizing and anathematizing the same man. What need of going further to annihilate the pretensions of Rev. Seasholes?

I once read of a judge who asked of a bystander why a certain witness was not present in court. He replied that there were a great many reasons why the witness was not present, the first of which was that he was dead. The judge said he didn't care to hear any more. So there is no use in wasting further ammunition on Rev. Seasholes when he's killed by one shot. I am sorry for our Baptist friends that they have no saint of their own, but I'll see to it that Rev. Seasholes shall not lay larcenous hands upon the great saint of the Emerald Island, who brought to my ancestry the beautiful truths of the Christian religion. Besides, I wish to shield my parents from the imputation of ignorance, who, according to Rev. Seasholes, named me for a Baptist, supposing that he was a Catholic. It is certainly an anomaly in nomenclature that so many Catholics are called after a Baptist saint, and yet no Baptist will take the "Pat"-ronymic. But then, I must be reasonable, since the discovery that St. Patrick was a Baptist is only a week old. I am afraid Rev. Seasholes, if he wants a Baptist saint, will have to fall back on Mr. Brann of the great Baptist monthly, the *ICONOCLAST* of Waco. The Catholic Church is very deliberate in canonizing Catholics, requiring, sometimes, more than one hundred years; but Mr. Brann canonizes some Baptists once

a month; and if the necessity became at all urgent or imperative he could do it while you wait.

If St. Patrick was a Baptist and taught Baptist doctrine to the Irish people, what caused the whole nation to abandon him and become Catholics? If he was a Baptist, they repudiated the religion he taught them, and upon this hypothesis how can it be explained that they love and revere the memory of a man who taught them a false religion? If they had not believed it to be false, certainly they would not have become Catholics. How many Baptist churches are there in Ireland? Where are they and how long have they been there? How many Baptist churches are there in Palestine, the cradle of Christianity, and how long have they been there, if any?

The Baptist pretensions to antiquity is on a parity with the extravagant folly of trying to make a Baptist of St. Patrick.

Where are your bishops? Rev. Seasholes says: "Each Baptist church has its bishop whom we call a pastor, but our Baptist scholars call bishop." So it seems that to enjoy the privilege of calling a Baptist pastor a bishop, the Baptist who does it must be a scholar. Governed by this criterion I have never yet met a Baptist scholar. Rev. Seasholes withdraws himself from the category of scholars when he says "*we* call him pastor." I am glad to see this expression of humility. It extenuates, to some extent, the brazen effort to make a Baptist of St. Patrick, because if he had been a scholar, which he acknowledges he is not, he never would have made this ridiculous and abortive attempt to make a Baptist out of a Catholic saint. I don't see why Rev. Seasholes and the common Baptists cannot employ the term bishop whenever it is meet and fitting to do so. I think I know why they don't use it. In 20 chap. of Acts, 28 v. we find: "Take heed to your-

selves and to the whole flock wherein the Holy Ghost hath placed you bishops to rule the church of God which he hath purchased with his own blood." It seems, then, that the plan of the church of God is that the Holy Ghost places bishops in a church to rule it. Now, our Baptist people boast of being democratic, and say that no man shall rule over them. So that when they say to a Baptist preacher, come! he may come, and when they say go, he has to "pull out." So, instead of what Baptist scholars, alone, call bishops, ruling the church, the church rules them. No wonder they have expunged "bishop" from their ecclesiastical vocabulary. If Bishop, elder, and pastor are synonymous, why is it said of bishops only that they rule the church of God?

We suppose all this is compensated for by the fact that the richest man in the United States is a Baptist, so Mr. Seasholes seriously informs us. Jesus Christ had no place to lay his head, and furthermore he said that it is as easy for a camel to go through the eye of a needle as for a rich man to enter the kingdom of Heaven. And yet his disciples are boasting of their rich men!

However, we will take courage. We are still further assured that the largest man in the world is a Baptist. This fact nearly scared me off when I started out, because I am a small man; but as I never heard of Captain Bates living in Texas, I thought I would write and risk it. Think of men with beard on their faces seriously claiming it as a badge of distinction that muscularity and adiposity, to make a word, are in some occult way, related to sanctity. Now, if it can be shown that "Jack, the giant killer," was a Baptist, I will throw up the sponge and quit the fight. I wish to do Rev. Seasholes complete and ample justice. I would willingly rob no man of the eulogium which always belongs to truth. Truth is weighty and has a

tendency to go to the bottom, so, under a mountain of chaff, I have found at the bottom of his sermon the precious and scintillating gem of truth. He says: "St. Patrick is dead." Now, if he will acknowledge a fact which everybody else knows, that his abortive attempt to make St. Patrick a Baptist, is as dead as St. Patrick, the world will continue to honor the memory of their patron since he has made the candid acknowledgment that he is not a scholar.

Somehow or other I feel that the Irish Catholics of the world may forgive him for his temerity, more especially saint, even those in Dallas. On each recurring 17th of March the Irishman in every country and every clime goes back in spirit to the land of his birth. He reads its tragic history in the deserted town, the wretched poor-house, and the flapping canvas of the emigrant ship. He remembers the coffinless graves of his poor fellow countrymen: he reads in letters of fire and blood the words upon the red pages on which a cruel fate has written the destinies of his country. He sees the children of forty generations entombed in premature graves, or driven by cruel laws to beg from strangers that protection which was denied them at home.

He hears upon the zephyrs these plaintive words which are an epitome of his country's history:

" 'Sad is my fate,' said the heartbroken stranger,
The wild deer and wolf to a covert can flee;
But I have no refuge from famine and danger,
A home and a country remain not for me,' "

But his faith and the memory of the glorious saint who brought it to his kindred are with him eternal and im-

perishable; and they are the silver lining to the dark clouds of sorrow which envelop him. Or, as Ireland's sweet poet expresses it:

“The gem may be broke by many a stroke,
But nothing can cloud its own native ray,
Each fragment will cast a light to the last;
And thus, Erin, my country, though broken thou art,
There's a lustre within thee that ne'er can decay,
A spirit that breathes through each suffering part,
And smiles at the pain on St. Patrick's day.”

PATRICK F. BRANNAN.

Weatherford, Texas, July 17, 1896.

Were it possible for religious intolerance to destroy a nation, Columbia would soon pass from the map of the world, for in all God's universe there is not another so cursed with stupid bigotry and intolerant bile. If a man is a Catholic the Protestants want to disfranchise him; if a Jew he is compelled under pains and penalties to observe as the Sabbath a day which he does not consider sacred; if an Atheist he is ostracized politically and boycotted commercially; if a Deist he is between the devil and the deep sea, a target for the shafts of everybody, for the Christians fear him more than they do the Atheist, while the Atheists regard him as the Hector of Superstition's stronghold. And this is “the land of religious liberty!”

AS TO FREEDOM OF SPEECH

THE A. P. A. professes to be distinctly an American organization, its mission the conservation of the fundamental principles of this government, chief of which are liberty of conscience, freedom of speech and freedom of the press. I do not agree with the order that American principles can be best preserved by means of a dark-lantern, oath-bound organization which would debar people from the honors and emoluments of public office because of their religious opinions. I have said so. I have opposed the order from its inception; not because the objects of its proscription are Catholics, but because they are Americans and privileged to worship God according to the dictates of their own conscience. I have gone somewhat into the private and public records of the apostles of Apeism to prove it an organization with which no reputable white man can afford to affiliate. I am ever ready to make the *amende honorable* when my information misleads me, to an honest man's injury;—but no A.P.A. has ever asked it. The Texas law—both civil and criminal—is an ironclad; but, although the ICONOCLAST is financially solvent, I have never been called to answer in the courts. Not a single Ape has cocked his ear to hear the jingle of the guinea which “heals the hurt which honor feels.” Not one of them has gone gunning for me. Slattery did threaten something of the kind—but that was before he was advised to keep off the streets of Waco, unless he desired to have the bosom of his pantalettes filled with patent leather. The Apes have selected a very unique method of playing for “evens” with the “Apostle.” They write me insulting anonymous letters and decorate them with skulls and cross-bones—to remind me—I presume,

that "in the midst of life we are in death." Some of these epistles are quite interesting—orthographically considered; but none are redolent with the odor of sanctity. The following—mailed on the train to disguise the post-office—is a fair sample of the A.P.A. epistles which reach this office.

Nebraska, U. S. A.

To My A.P.A. Friend:

I have been privileged for some time past to read copies of the *ICONOCLAST*, and I find in almost every issue of that periodical an attack is made upon some member of the order. Allow me to inform you that long after your *foul* mouth has bitten the dust, after the maggots have eaten their way through your flesh to your black heart, and then turned away in disgust, the A.P.A. will still live and flourish. They pay as little attention to your contemptible *lying* as though you were howling to the wind. Watch lest some unseen hand strike you down. "Sic semper trannus."

W. H. Brown.

What "sic semper trannus" means, I haven't the remotest idea. It may be Dog-Latin, School-girl Greek, Squaw-man Choctaw, or an A.P.A. idiom equivalent to Pat's report of J. Wilkes Booth's famous exclamation—"I'm sick, send for McGinnis." Or it may be one of the thaumaturgic incantations employed by the Apes in secret conclave, and signify "No Irish need apply." Perhaps it is a hoodoo, or another of the Galveston *News'* Norman maxims. Or it may be one of *Snap Shot's* esoteric witticisms, or the key to McKinley's private opinion of the currency problem. However that may be, I shall certainly look a leedle oud—shall watch lest some hidden hand make a cold, clammy, uncomfortable corpse of me while the must is still upon the grape, the bloom upon the

rye. An order which makes war on women is well calculated to breed assassins, curs who bark at longest range and cowards who strike in the back. In dealing with the Ape I shall imitate the lightning bug and wear my headlight on my caboose. I have had some little experience with the Mafia, and it will stand me in good stead in dealing with this new Association of Pusillanimous Assassins—organized to preserve freedom of conscience and freedom of speech. I may die one of these days of excessive goodness, or be executed for doing the Joseph act; but if I live until an A.P.Ape musters up sufficient “sand” to shoot me in the back, old Methuselah won’t be a marker. But if die I must, at the hands of these desperate men, I trust that my remorseless executioners will at least tell me what “sic sempter trannus” means.

. . .

The New York *Wail and Distress* attributes Spain’s decadence to religious intolerance. Which proves that the present editor of that epicene Sunday-school organ is a worthy successor of Elliot F. Shepard, whom his father-in-law used to say, “could be more kinds of a d——d fool than any other man in America.” Three centuries ago Spain was practically mistress of the world, sovereign on land and sea. The same church was in the ascendancy and was far more intolerant then than it is to-day. If the Catholic church is responsible for the fact that Spain is a nation of impudent beggars and crummy cutthroats, why did it not have the same effect in the Sixteenth century? The editor of the paper in question is one ass. Nations, like individuals, have their youth, their lusty manhood and their decay. There is no religious creed or form of government that will make a nation immortal. Assyria and Egypt, Rome and Greece

were pagan when at the zenith of their glory. From the Euphrates and the Nile the march of civilization has been westward and northward, and its path is strewn with the ruins of deserted cities and the wreck of dead empires. After the civilizations of Italy and Hellas, which a thousand years ago were in their dotage, that of Spain is the oldest in Europe. It is dying simply because its race is run. I trust that Uncle Sam will have no war with Spain; it were too much like slapping a corpse, or rifling a sepulchre. The world once rocked beneath the tread of Spain's resistless infantry; now she cannot breed men equal to the half-naked niggers and mongrels of Cuba. The average "proud Castillian" of the present hasn't sufficient energy to keep the lice off his person. After a Spanish editor has hurled a *defi* at this country he has to be treated for brain fag.

Those who deny God's existence usually call themselves Freethinkers—meaning thereby that they think as they please while denying to others the same privilege. They are as intolerant and bigoted, and not infrequently as ignorant as the net product of a Methodist campmeeting. Atheism attracts unto itself all the cranks and monomaniacs of the country, and they examine the Bible, verse by verse, with a compound microscope—much like Carlyle's critic fly passing upon the architecture of the Parthenon. Is the New York *Truth Seeker* really seeking the truth? Not on your life! It is straining and sweating to give vraisemblance to the atheistical opinions it is peddling. Bob Ingersoll does not sit as a court to impartially determine the merits of the Book of Books. He attacks it as a prosecuting attorney. Bland was not available as a presidential candidate, because his wife is a Catholic; Ingersoll could not be governor of Illinois, because he thinks when

Christ was killed he remained a corpse; Cranfill doesn't want the good Baptist brethren to deal with a merchant or employ a mechanic who believes he can sneak into heaven without being held under water long enough to soak out the original sin; the unco guid of scores of cross-roads towns are trying to exclude the **ICONOCLAST** because it has mentioned the Catholic Church without calling it the "Scarlet Woman," pointed out that Tom Paine was a devout worshipper of the Deity; and suggested a broader basis for faith in God than a string of doubtful miracles. Were the Presbyterians, Methodists or Baptists so powerful in America as the Catholics in Spain, I'd get a touch of the Inquisition before I was many hours older. Jews and Catholics would have to recant or leave the country. We'd have an established church, a test act, and other unpleasant reminders of "Reformation" times. Were the Atheists all-powerful, a man could not publicly worship God without being informed that he was a superstitious idiot, and otherwise insulted.

"KING CHARLES THE MARTYR"

ANGLOMANIACISM RUN MAD

IT is a trifle difficult for an American to discuss in polite language the recent canonization of Charles I. by the Episcopalians of this country. One scarce knows whether to laugh at the ridiculous mummary or be angry with the miserable toad-eating unAmericanism of the Episcopal prelacy. It is by no means easy to contemplate in a spirit of toleration, the existence in this country of a church that has ever been the pliant tool and obsequious apologist of tyranny. Episcopalianism in America is like the presence of a pebble in the works of a watch. It is a foreign and disturbing element, and could, like polygamy, be prohibited by law without doing violence to our fundamental principle of religious freedom. Neither individuals nor governments should be expected to ignore the law of self-preservation, and to republican institutions Episcopalianism is a perennial fount of poison. It is the fecund mother of Tories, Anglomaniacs and traitors. From the time when this church was born of the lustful bowels of that royal brute, Henry VIII., to this good hour, it has been the uncompromising foe of freedom. True, it has produced a few American patriots—men who were better than the church to which they belonged; but its tendency is no more toward human liberty than that of Anarchism is toward human law. Scratch a title-worshiper, an Anglomaniac or a snob, and you are pretty apt to find an Episcopalian. Had Charles' beatification, canonization or whatever it may be called, been the horse-play of some obscure prelate of A. P. A. proclivities, it would have merited no attention beyond a *lunatico inquirendo*; but such was not the case. It occurred in Philadelphia, with

two bishops officiating in full canonicals, while other prominent prelates sent regrets, assuring the mimers that they were "in cordial sympathy with the occasion." We must accept the unveiling of the portrait of "King Charles the Martyr" as expressive of the religious views and political tendencies of American Episcopalians, hence it may be well to inquire: Who was this "King Charles the Martyr," whose life is so solemnly recommended to Americans as worthy their emulation? He was the victim of that very "Reformation" inaugurated by pious King Henry VIII. —at once defender of the Catholic faith and chief of schismatics. He was devoured by the legitimate spawn of that illegitimate monster begotten in Henry's bedchamber and known to history as the Church of England. He was a king who persecuted Calvinists because they would not reform to the Cranmer-corrupted rites of Rome, and persecuted Catholics because they would not accept him as their pope. Although Ireland was true to the House of Stuart, and in every great crisis the mainstay of its throne, he was more cruel to Ireland if possible, than was Cromwell. In religion he was a nondescript, in politics he was a petty tyrant and a professional perjurer. What a pity the solemnly blessed portrait of "King Charles the Martyr" was not accompanied by a few descriptive lines from Macaulay, as passport to the association of Saints. Macaulay, be it remembered, detested "Popery," and described the Anglican Church as the crowning glory of Protestantism; hence we may suppose he was lenient as possible to the royal head of the Anglican hierarchy. He says in part:

We think his sentence describes him with perfect justice as "a tyrant, a murderer, and a public enemy." . . . They had to deal with a man who made and broke promises

with equal facility, a man whose honor had been a hundred times pawned and never redeemed. . . . The Puritans were imprisoned. They were whipped. Their ears were cut off. Their noses were slit. Their cheeks were branded with red-hot irons.

Yet when these same Puritans, many of whom did so much to make America what it is, brought the author of these hellish outrages to the block, he became a "blessed martyr" in the eyes of the Anglomaniacs whom we permit to fatten beneath freedom's flag! This is the man who trampled beneath his feet the constitutional rights of our fathers; yet before his portrait an audience of fashionable Americans prostrated themselves while Bishops Coleman and Perry prayed the good God to make us all like unto "Thy servant and martyr, Charles." How do the descendants of the Puritans relish having such an insult flung into their faces by the spawn of those Tories who were prating of "divine right" and preaching the doctrine of "non-resistance" while the streets of Boston were slippery with patriotic blood? How do American Catholics relish this apotheosis of the royal master of Laud and Stafford—the kite and vulture who together preyed upon the vitals of Ireland? Of all the monarchs who have swayed the English scepter, of all the men who have posed as religious hierarchs, "King Charles the Martyr" was perhaps the meanest. He was true neither to friend nor foe. He had "just ability enough to deceive and just religion enough to persecute." He was selfishness personified, ready at any time to give up his favorites to the vengeance of his foes in return for a parliamentary grant of gold. Persecuting Puritans and Catholics impartially, he was unable to determine his own religious convictions. I could never work up much admiration for the English "Gospelers." At this distance they appear to have had a

virulent attack of pseudo-religious *mania a potu*; but I have been ever grateful to Cromwell for bringing that sublimation of selfishness, that incarnation of cruelty, "Charles the blessed Martyr," to the block. As a liar he outranked Ananias; in treachery he could give Iscariot instruction; as a hypocrite he was equalled only by Bishop Cranmer, the first primate of Episcopalianism.

When we consider the history of the Church of England—known in America as the Protestant Episcopal Church—we can scarce wonder that its devotees should beatify a brute, that Charles I. should be accorded a place in its calendar. Conceived in sin and brought forth in iniquity, it still bears unmistakable impress of its parentage. Begotten between incestuous sheets, it has been nurtured from its birth on the fruits of robbery and the milk of perfidy. Upon its unclean altars tens of thousands of human beings of both sexes and all ages have been freely sacrificed. The best and bravest of England's children have been passed through the fire to glut the pitiless maw of this modern Moloch. William Corbett, himself a communicant of the Anglican Church, confesses in his "History of the Protestant Reformation," that it was "established by gibbets, racks and ripping knives." A cross between perverted Catholicism and fanatical Calvinism, it inherits the virtues of neither while rank with the vices of both. Its father was a wife-butcher, its mother a bawd—and an evil tree cannot bring forth good fruit. Doubtless we have in America many worthy people who are Episcopalians; but they are communicants of that church only because ignorant of its origin. I have neither time nor inclination to write a history of the Church of England—to trace Episcopalianism from its genesis to the enrollment of Charles among its "blessed martyrs" by alleged Americans; but in view of the Philadelphia epi-

sode, a few words of explanation may not be out of place. To fill in the outlines were too much like writing the annals of a combination slaughter-house and honk-a-tonk. The Anglican Church came into being because the Pope would not divorce Henry VIII. from a virtuous wife that he might marry Anne Boleyn—his own daughter by a disreputable drab! Because the Pope would not play Pandarus to Henry's unholy passion, the latter proclaimed himself the head of the Catholic Church in his Kingdom, made Cranmer his primate and Thomas Cromwell his vicar-general or chief gyasticutus. In the whole world there was but one man more brutal than Cranmer, and that was Cromwell; but one constitutionally meaner than Cromwell, and that was Cranmer; but one more bestial than either, and that was King Henry. And upon these three pillars rests the entire superstructure known as the Anglican Church, or Protestant Episcopalianism! Should Oofy Goofy, the Yellow Kid and the editor of the *Houston Post* essay a revision of the Code Napoleon or Justinian Pandects, it wuld be neither so impudent nor ridiculous as the attempt of this gallows-faced triumvirate of black-hearted rascals to bring about a religious "Reformation." Having in the meantime gotten Anne Boleyn with child, Henry secretly married her before obtaining a divorce, or even a semblance thereof, from Catherine, thereby becoming a bigamist as well as an adulterer. Henry had been criminally intimate with Anne Boleyn's mother, and we have it on the respectable authority of Dr. Bayley that she warned him previous to the marriage that his intended was his own daughter. Cranmer, who divorced Henry from Catherine, subsequently relieved him of Anne by declaring the marriage—which had been a second time solemnized—was of no effect, thereby bastardizing Elizabeth, the too early fruit of the union. In

this view both houses of parliament concurred, alleging the invalidity of his marriage with Anne "because of certain just and lawful impediments." These "certain just and lawful impediments" were urged by both Cranmer and the King, but they do not appear to have worried the pious pope of the Anglican Church until he caught daughter-wife dallying with the gentlemen of his household when she was charged, among other frailties, with incest with her brother, and promptly beheaded. The next day Henry was happily wedded to a new wife! And from such a source sprang the Anglican Church, which numbers Charles I. among its "blessed martyrs," and has Bishop Coleman and Perry for apologists! The Episcopalians indignantly deny that Anne Boleyn was Henry's daughter; but that she was so, and that both she and Henry knew it at the time of their marriage, there is indisputable documentary evidence. Lady Elizabeth Boleyn, Anne herself, Cranmer and King Henry confessed the consanguineous relationship. Probably Lady Boleyn did not know to an absolute certainty who Anne's Father was, any more than Anne knew for a surety who Elizabeth's father was; but in cases of this kind we must, perforce, accept the testimony of the mother as final. Lady Boleyn's daughter Mary was likewise the Anglican pope's leman; but one possible case of incest more or less on the part of such a great religious "reformer" is a matter of small importance. With the subsequent marriages, divorces and beheadings of the apostle of the Anglican faith we need not concern ourselves. They are familiar to everybody but Episcopalians.

Bigamy, incest, uxoricide and adultery are not the only crimes of which the founder of this new faith stands convicted. For nearly nine centuries England had been a Catholic country. The Church of Rome had transformed the English race from a race of barbarous root-diggers,

who fled like scared rabbits before the legions of Cæsar, into a nation at once civilized, prosperous and powerful. Crime and pauperism were practically unknown. It was the boast of an English king that jewels hung upon the trees by the roadside were safe as though encased in vaults of stone and iron; that within his realm there was no beggar, none suffering for shelter or bread. Beef, pork and mutton were described by prereformation historians as "the meat of the poor." This was the age in which Albion received the name of "merrie England," in which she won that reputation for hospitality and good cheer which for more than three hundred years has been but a shadow of a shade. It was during this epoch that Ireland became famous as the seat of learning to which the crowned heads of Europe sent their sons. A considerable portion of the arable land of the two islands was owned by monasteries, their tenants enjoying almost freehold privileges. These monastic institutions educated the youth and cared for the aged. This was not alone their pleasure; it was their legal duty, for it was at that time recognized that the landlord held natural resources in trust; that every person, howsoever poor, was entitled to a subsistence from the soil. Judged by our present economic ideas, the system was bad; but with all our wisdom we have as yet been unable to put a system in practice that produced such beneficial effects. Good or ill, the system was there, the people had become accustomed to it, and the most callow kindergarten statesman knows that it is suicidal to violently subvert immemorial custom. Henry, having proclaimed himself the Anglican pope, despoiled the monastic institutions of their land, robbed their churches and divided the booty among his favorites, leaving no provision for the education of youth or the sustenance of age, thereby flooding the Kingdom with ignorance, beggary and

crime. Dr. Sharpe declares that the despoliation of the religious houses of London "causes the streets to be thronged with the sick and poor." Such was the immediate fruit of the Protestant "Reformation." From beef, pork and mutton being the "meat of the poor," labor in England began to live on black bread and water, in Ireland on water and boiled potatoes. During his lifetime this incestuous monster, aided by Cromwell and Cranmer, cruelly persecuted all those who refused to recognize his spiritual as well as his temporal supremacy. They invaded convents and tore down altars to secure gold and silver with which they were ornamented, ransacked chests and destroyed valuable books for the sake of the gilt binding. The monastery of St. Austin, called the Apostle of England, was plundered, the tomb of Thomas-à-Beckett despoiled of the pious offerings of pilgrims, and the sainted dust of the dead were hurled to the four winds of Heaven. Protestants and Catholics were tied together in pairs, one of each, back to back, dragged through the streets and consigned to the flames as heretics. Priests and priors were hanged, drawn and quartered, their hearts and entrails cast into the fire, their bodies parboiled, their hands nailed up before the doors of monasteries as a warning that the paramour of Anne Boleyn would permit no trifling in matters of piety. Sir Thomas Moore, the most learned lawyer in the Kingdom, and Bishop Fisher, who had been the privy councillor of Henry's father, suffered death for declining to accept this bloody-minded butcher as God's vice regent on earth! But enough! A magazine ten times the size of the *ICONOCLAST* would be thrice filled by printing in the smallest possible type the names of those who suffered death for no other reason than a positive refusal to apostatize. We may dismiss Thomas Cromwell, the new pope's vicar-general, in a paragraph:

He was simply another brutal, ignorant Jack-the-Ripper. He seems to have been a servant in the household of Cardinal Wolsey, and by treachery to his old master recommended himself to the good graces of Henry. But Cranmer was a man of a different stripe—intellectual, foxy, ambitious. He is another “blessed martyr” of the Episcopalians. I will not trust myself to paint his portrait, for I despise the unctuous old scoundrel so heartily that I should do him injustice—if it were possible to heap upon the head of an imp of Hell merited ignominy. I leave that labor of love to Macaulay, the hater of Catholicism, the eulogist of the “Establishment,” the sweet singer of the glory of Elizabeth, England’s virgin (?) queen, feeling assured that he will let him down as easily as his conscience will allow:

“Cranmer rose into favor by serving Henry in the disgraceful affair of his first divorce. . . . He attached himself to Cromwell (Thomas) while the fortunes of Cromwell flourished. He voted for cutting off Cromwell’s head without a trial when the tide of royal favor turned. He conformed backward and forward as the king changed his mind. While Henry lived he assisted in condemning to the flames those who denied the doctrine of transubstantiation. When Henry died he found out that the doctrine was false. He was, however, not at a loss for people to burn. The sanguinary intolerance of a man who thus wavered in his creed excites a loathing to which it is difficult to give vent without calling foul names. Equally false to political and religious obligations, he was first the tool of Somerset, and then the tool of Northumberland. When the former wished to put his own brother to death, without the semblance of a trial, he found a ready instrument in Cranmer.”

And of such material are Episcopalian martyrs made. This is the party that helped Henry VIII. establish the Anglican Church; this is the saint to whom our Episcopalian brethren are indebted for their Book of Common Prayer! This is he "of glorious memory," who, before the Anglican priesthood were permitted to marry, imported a wife from Germany, nailed up in a box, and while primate of the new church kept her concealed in his palace. Mary, Henry's legitimate daughter, was a Catholic. Fearing that if she ascended the throne she would compel them to restore the property of which they had despoiled the "Popists," the Godly, headed by Cranmer, attempted to change the succession, well knowing that to do so meant civil war. Failing in this, Cranmer and the rest of the canting crew, crawled to Mary's feet like abject curs. Cranmer recanted as a matter of course. Entirely of his own volition, he made six recantations in six weeks, each more pitifully abject than its predecessor. He declared that the doctrine he had enforced with gallows' ropes and branding irons and disemboweling hooks was false as Hell, asked Mary's forgiveness and the prayers of the Pope. Finding that Mary was determined to make an example of him, he recanted his six recantations and died "a blessed martyr." The church planted by Henry VIII. and Cromwell and Cranmer—triumph of infamy!—was tenderly nurtured by "Sainted Edward VI.," "Good Queen Bess" and "King Charles the Martyr." I am not writing a complete history of England just at present; but I'll just spike the gab-traps of those pious Episcopalians who have so much to say about "Bloody Mary." Like most other Protestants, I was taught early to believe that Queen Mary had scrambled Episcopalian brains for breakfast and slept with her bed floating in a vast tank of Puritan blood. True, "Bloody Mary" burned old Cranmer; but

as he was headed for Hell anyhow, it was a mercy of acclimation. She made matters uncomfortable for several other people; but during her entire reign she caused fewer deaths for opinion's sake than did "the sainted Edward" in a single year. Where Mary let a drop of blood in the name of Catholicism, Elizabeth spilled a pint in defense of her own spiritual supremacy. Such is the testimony of the public records of England. I am not the apologist of either Queen Mary or St. Dominic. Catholic persecution is far more inexcusable than Protestant persecution, for the simple reason that the Mother Church is old enough to have learned wisdom. Its priests are usually learned men, and we have a right to expect better things of them than of the fanatical blatherskites who, like Sam Jones, were educated in a mule seminary, and who spout their religious theses from the tops of tubs. We can forgive Calvin for burning Servetus, for we can expect nothing better of a God-intoxicated savage with a scant thimbleful of sense; but Cranmer was a man of a different kidney, one who had brains and erudition in abundance. Luther was a man of some learning, but of disordered intellect. Were he living to-day, he would be adjudged insane and sent to the asylum. The assumption that he was crazy is the mildest construction that can be placed against his performances. Having rebelled against Rome because of its "indulgences," he proceeded to grant a more remarkable indulgence than the worst of Catholic prelates ever dreamed of. He authorized Philip of Hesse to have two wives at the same time—"in order to provide for the welfare of his body and soul, and to bring greater glory to God!" Although Luther did and Cranmer did not sanction polygamy, no one who has carefully studied the character of the two men will believe for a moment that Henry could have made of the first an

obsequious pander to his passions. Luther was a religious crank, an ill-balanced, irresponsible enthusiast; Cranmer was a subtle plotter, an unprincipled scoundrel. And the difference between the representative men of the opposing sects extended to their disciples. The Puritans persecuted because they were, as a rule, ignorant men who had been wrought up into a religious frenzy; the Anglican Church persecuted with a view to political power and pecuniary profit. I have said that Luther was crazy; but his opinion of Henry VIII. well-nigh destroys that hypothesis. He declared that the founder of the Anglican Church was "a pig, an ass, a dunghill, the spawn of an adder, a basilisk, a lying buffoon, a mad fool with a frothy mouth and a w——hface"—which demonstrates that, like Hamlet, he could tell a hawk from a heron-saw when the wind was in the right direction.

"Bloody Mary"—whose victims numbered less than 300 all told, including Cranmer and numerous other rogues whom the world could well spare—was succeeded by Elizabeth, Anne Boleyn's scrawny brat. To her dying queen she swore to adhere ever to the Church of Rome, and prayed that the earth might open and swallow her up if she broke her vow. Her coronation oath made her defender of the Catholic faith, yet she was scarce seated upon the throne ere she apostatized. It must be comforting to Episcopalians to reflect that for five-and-forty years their church had a she-pope, a vinegar-hearted old virago who turned her palace into a den of vice. Faunt says at her court "all enormities reigned in the highest degree." Lingard avers that she assigned to her favorite paramour "an apartment contiguous to her own bed-chamber, and by this indecent act proved that she had become regardless of her character and callous to every sense of shame. "The court," he naïvely adds, "imitated

the manners of the sovereign." And for nearly half a century this was the Anglican Vatican—with Dudley, Raleigh, Blount, Oxford, Anjou, Simier, Hatton, *et id genus omnes* as College of Cardinals! Under such happy auspices the H'english Church was brought to its present state of perfection—flourished like a green bay 'orse! Old Liz seems to have persecuted Puritan and Catholic with rigid impartiality and a cruelty scarce equaled by Cranmer. Her favorite method of dealing with men who denied her spiritual supremacy was to hang them up until half dead, then rip out their bowels with grappling hooks. This was "Good Queen Bess," that "Virgin Queen" to accommodate whose sexual idiosyncrasies parliament decreed that any brat she might happen to have, by whatsoever syndicate of sires, should succeed to the sceptre. But the act was useless—the cake had too many cooks. In those days a man couldn't loll around in slippers and dressing gown on Sunday morning and peruse the papers. So deeply consecrated was the Queen for his immortal soul that if he failed to show up at her church she fined him 20 pounds for the first offense, and kept doubling the dose. If that failed to bring the contumacious sinner to time she sawed off his head and flung his internal economy into the fire. Her pursuivants burst into private houses at any hour of the day or night and ransacked them from top to bottom for "Popish" paraphernalia, and woe betide that unlucky wight whose possessions suggested the Papal See! She crammed the prisons with recusants, confiscated their estates and kept the rack, the gibbet and the persuasive bowel-hooks in constant operation "for the greater glory of God!" Corbett says:

"One greedy and merciless minion after another was

sent to Ireland to goad that devoted people to acts of desperation, and that too, not only for the obvious purpose, but for the avowed purpose, of obtaining a pretense for new confiscations. The 'Reformation' from its very outset had plunder written on its front; but as to Ireland it was all plunder, from the crown of its head to the sole of its foot. This horrible lynx-like she-tyrant could not watch each movement of the Catholics there as she did in England. She could not harass them in detail; therefore she murdered them in masses."

This is but a glimpse of the portrait of "Good Queen Bess," as drawn by the pen of a Protestant. That this little sketch of the founders of Episcopalianism might be eminently conservative, I have excluded the testimony of Catholics and Puritans, the objects of their persecution. It is doubtful if all the savage atrocities perpetrated by the followers of Knox and Calvin, added to all the cruelties chargeable to the Catholics in every age and clime, would equal the outrages sanctioned by this red-headed old harlot in less than half a century. There have been bone-breakings and tongue-borings and burnings by Puritans and by Catholics; but they were the result of mistaken zeal; those perpetrated by the Anglican Church have not that excuse. It were an insult to common sense to urge that an old wife-butcher like Henry, a bawd like Elizabeth, a liar like Charles had any genuine regard for religion or morals. What Puritans and Catholics inflicted they were willing to suffer—and frequently did suffer—rather than recant; but look at Cranmer and the rest of that unclean crew who have persecuted in the name of the law-established Church of England—not a man of whom but was ready to recant at a moment's notice to save his worthless

necks, or for his pecuniary profit! Queen Mary was always a Catholic. To preserve her faith she defied her unnatural half-brother and her still more unnatural father. The one threatened her life, the other disinherited her; but to her life and crown were as nothing to the chrism and the cross. Elizabeth was a devout Protestant when Edward VI. was persecuting Catholics, and an equally devout Catholic when Mary was persecuting Protestants. Branded by Parliament as an illegitimate, and tacitly acknowledging herself a strumpet in consenting to the act of "natural" succession, this old heifer was for nearly half a century the "Anglo-Saxons'" first lady of the land! No wonder Englishmen assume airs of superiority—that Episcopalianism has become such a hot favorite with our own Anglomaniacs. It is not every church that can trace its lineage back in an unbroken line to the amours of Anne Boleyn and 'Andsome 'Arry! Every man to his taste; but I prefer crazy Luther, who says he slept with the devil, to Henry, who wedded with his daughter; St. Dominic's thumbscrews for heretics to "Good Queen Bess'" disemboweling hooks. I really don't care to mix up with a family of religious reformers in which a fellow is likely to discover that he's his own grandfather.

Elizabeth shone like Luna, by borrowed light. The glories of her age are not her glories. During her reign English literature reached its zenith and gilded her throne with an adventitious glory. It was the high noon of intellect; but it was the twilight of religion and the midnight of morality. The Augustan Age was not that of Rome's political glory or commercial greatness, but the beginning of her decay. Those brilliant minds that made the times of Elizabeth memorable were the fruitage of kindly Catholic culture. You may trace British literature from the days of Alfred, step by step, onward and up-

ward, to that imperial height where Shakespeare lifts his brow, bound with the anademe of immortality—but beyond him is the blank abyss! The fruit of the Elizabethan Era was Apples of Hesperides, but the tree was dead! The accursed “Reformation” of King Henry had pauperized the once fruitful soil and withdrawn the kindly dews; it lifted its leafless branches into a leaden sky and struck its withered roots into rocks and ashes. The founders of the Anglican Church left England bankrupt, both in money and brains. When Henry VIII. ascended the throne it was a powerful and prosperous nation; but the time it was done with “Charles the blessed Martyr” it was little better—if we may believe Lingard, Cobbett, Lever and others—than a congeries of criminals, beggars and bawds. It declined in wealth and power until the Puritans kicked the immortal ichor out of the “Establishment.” Under the Lord Protector it regained somewhat of its old-time political prestige, only to sink still lower when the Anglican religion was re-established. The regime of “Old Noll” was doubtless fantastic, cruel and despotic; but he made the flag of England again respected in every land and on every sea. If he devastated Scotland and Ireland, he humbled Holland and Spain. He was the father of England’s maritime greatness and her colonial empire. We hear a great deal of “glorious Queen Bess”; but what she contributed to England’s greatness other than, by her meddling to provoke the so-called “massacre of St. Bartholomew” in France, and by her treachery, to bring the Spanish Armada down upon her poverty-stricken shores and escape destruction only by the intervention of a storm, I do not now remember.

If the reign of the Puritans was savage, it was because the long-continued cruelties and innate cussedness of the Anglican church had made men mad. Those who had had

their ears clipped and their noses slit; those whose property had been confiscated and their relatives butchered by Charles, could scarce be expected to cast bouquets at him and his henchmen when they got the inhuman hyenas grabbed. The Episcopalians have no cause to complain of the Puritans. They were the natural sequence, the inevitable result of Henry's "Reformation." When he broke away from the authority of Rome he unloosed a power which he could not control. By his rebellion against the Pope he proclaimed the right of private judgment. He started the avalanche but could not stop it. If one man might ignore the spiritual authority of Pope Clement, others might, with even greater propriety, deny the spiritual supremacy of King Henry. Finally his bastard Catholico-Protestantism degenerated into Puritanism, and the throne of Britain, like Frankenstein, was destroyed by a monster of its own making. Had old Henry kept his concupiscence under control, there would have been no Protestant Episcopal Church to transform American hermaphrodites into Anglomaniacs, no illegitimate Elizabeths, or "blessed Charles the Martyr." Protestantism and Catholicism would have met in a fair field in Britain as they did in America. Men would have adopted one or the other, instead of a compound of both, acceptable to neither Deity nor Devil—a religious mulatto or moral mule. Tens of thousands of lives would have been saved. England would not boast a few great fortunes, offset by a million registered paupers; and Ireland, fruitful as the gardens of the gods, be a synonym for poverty and suffering. I trust that Bishops Coleman and Perry will pardon the suggestion that, as Anne Boleyn's beauty was the inspiration of Episcopalianism, its divine revelation, so to speak, and as she was the first to die for its sake, she should have the post of honor in its hagiology.

THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND

THE GALLED JADE WINCES

IT appears that my little sermon, entitled "King Charles the Martyr," has stirred up the Anglicans, and that, like Jonah, they feel that they do well to be angry. I hadn't the remotest intention of offending these good people by relating the history of their church organization. As I did not make said history, but only summarized it as I found it set forth in their own chroniques, I fail to see wherein I have given cause for offense. I freely conceded that the Anglicans, or as we call it in this country, the Protestant Episcopal Church, contains many excellent people—those who have risen superior to a spiritual environment which has ever been the handmaid of kingcraft and the enemy of human liberty. Intelligent Episcopalians understood this, and were no more offended than though I had stated any other historical fact; but in every institution, sectarian or secular, there are ignorami impatient of legitimate criticism, and who mistake calumny for religious zeal and insolence for logic. From this class I have received many letters, and I select from the lot one for the edification or amusement of my readers. I have expunged some matter not germane to the subject, and much unfit for publication because of its bestial obscenity; but it is still sufficiently rank to demonstrate the truth of that evangelist's thesis who declared there is no necessary relation between morality and religion. The writer, by himself considered, is unworthy an introduction to an intelligent audience, being a cross between King Cambyzes and Caliban, but as all his arguments and much of his misinformation are stolen bodily from a series of lectures delivered last March in New Orleans by Bishop Thompson,

I am afforded an opportunity to vicariously correct that distinguished prelate by the very satisfactory expedient of pulling the tail-feathers out of his parrot. It was once the practice of some royal princes; hence there is precedent for making a blockhead suffer for the sins of a bishop:

Memphis, Tenn., April 22, 1897.

MR. W. C. BRANN:

I shall presume to address you a communication regarding an article appearing in the April number of the *ICONOCLAST*, an article to which I must take exception—"King Charles the Martyr." The impression with me has been that the mission of your paper was to search for the truth concerning all things. After reading the above-mentioned article the conclusion is irresistible that if truth really be your object, you go not far beyond your limited knowledge in quest of it. I must emphatically dissent from your statements regarding the origin of the Church of England. To all intelligent people, excepting the leaders of the Papal hierarchy, the claim of the Roman Church to priority and supremacy is absurd. To prove this let us consider briefly a few important facts in connection with the birth and spread of Christianity with which the Catholic Church has been so prominently identified. It is cheerfully conceded by all Christians, regardless of sect, that Jesus of Nazareth founded the Christian Church at Jerusalem about 2,000 years ago. Catholics assert that after the resurrection, Christ remained on earth for forty days instructing his disciples. The New Testament records that these disciples remained in Jerusalem for ten years after the Ascension, perfecting their principles of worship and government. Then from Jerusalem, as from a common center, they radiated in all directions, bearing the gospel

of a new dispensation. Some reached Rome—there is no historical evidence to prove that Peter was among them—succeeded in introducing Christianity, and from the Eternal City, as a second center, their followers spread over the vast domain of the Roman Empire. The same zealous souls that preached “The Kingdom of God is at hand” in the streets of Rome carried the joyful news to Britain—some claiming St. Paul himself went thither. The simple inhabitants of that lonely isle eagerly received the glad tidings. The incursions of the Angles and Saxons soon followed. The simple faith was swept before these heathen invaders into the mountain fastnesses of Wales and across the waters into Ireland, and there confined until Augustine, a Roman monk, sent thither by Gregory I converted the Saxons. Under and after Augustine, almost all of England was Christianized, and at the time of the Norman conquest the church was firmly established and known as the Church of England, on an equal footing with the Church of Rome and the Church of Constantinople. A short while prior to the conquest, the Bishops of Rome, called Popes, were beginning to assert their supremacy over all other bishops, Rome being the chief city of the then civilized world. The Church of England, though certainly recognizing the Bishop of Rome as primate, the holder of the first see of the Christian world, denied his supremacy, either temporal or spiritual, steadily resisted the growing encroachments on her rights, and stoutly affirmed the independence of her clergy. That up to the time of the Norman invasion her independence was unquestioned, is clear from the fact that the Pope blessed the Conqueror’s enterprise, on condition that England be held as a fief of St. Peter. Not, however, until some years later, did England really become a vassal of the Pope. Hildebrand’s claim to supremacy had met with determined

opposition in every quarter, but Rome was powerful, and aided by the dissensions, jealousies and petty quarrels of reigning princes succeeded in establishing her claim. Spain early lost her independence, Portugal soon fell, and with Spain has been down ever since. Almost all Continental Europe followed. England alone held out. The East, with Russia and Greece, could not be coerced. Here occurred the first great schism. The Greek Church withdrew from communion with the Roman and recognized the Bishop of Constantinople as primate. Now doubtless you can tell who founded the Greek Church, since you seem to regard any church not in communion with Rome as heterodox. The Church of England could be moved neither by threats nor bribes. Bulls and anathemas alike were unavailing. Possibly she would never have yielded to Papal influence had there not appeared in the person of her king, a traitor, false alike to both church and country. This King, John I, in return for certain concessions, promised to hold England and Ireland as a vassal from the Pope, and to pay yearly a thousand marks. Thus by force of a king's arms was Papal power extended over the Church of England. This degradation of the Church and State so enraged the bishops and barons, already indignant at John's disregard of their rights, that they mustered their forces and proceeded to make war on the king, who, unable to defend himself, was reluctantly forced to grant Magna Charta, the foundation of English constitutional liberty and forerunner of the American Declaration of Independence. One of the provisions of this instrument declares that the Church of England shall be free and clergymen secure in their rights. This charter the Pope annulled, claiming his rights were invaded.

It is true that during the next four centuries England

was Roman Catholic, but only in the sense that the Pope of Rome was the head of the church, his authority upheld all the while by the king's bayonets. When Henry VIII quarreled with the Pope he withdrew from the support of Papal supremacy the arms of the State, and the Pope unable to maintain his authority was forced to relinquish his claim. The Church simply changed her head. Bad as Henry VIII is conceded to have been, the Pope of Rome was no better. Henry having refused to be longer the pliant tool of the Papacy, it was simply a case of "when thieves fall out honest men get their dues." The Church of England so long held down, threw off the yoke, shook herself free from the errors and superstitions that had crept in during papal administration, revised the book of Common Prayer and became again what was before John—the third great branch of the Catholic Church. Henry VIII was no more her founder than is the editor of the *ICONOCLAST* the originator of the vile calumnies he flings against her. Luther's opinion of him was rendered while he was proudly wearing the title "Defender of the Faith" and it is a well-known fact that he was born and died a Papist. The above are the authenticated facts of history, and the sneers of the ignorant, the denunciations of the half educated and the sophistry of the cultured can no more affect them than can the gentle winds that blow out over the gulf stay the tides that sweep the sandy shores of Texas. The whole of your article is so grossly exaggerated, so shockingly indecent, so scurrilously bitter and so outrageously false, that I scarcely know whether to regard it as the irresponsible slobberings of a drunken fool, the ravings of an idiot, or the mouthings of a Jesuit. Had you gathered all the accounts of the inquisition and the records of massacres by savage Indians, selected the most inhuman practices and impossible cruelties, changed

names and dates to suit your purpose, and applied the resulting infamy to the Anglican Church and its record after the Reformation, you could not have fathered a more deliberate falsehood than you did. The article purports to be a resume of the history of the Church of England. From the manner in which the events alleged to have been connected with its origin are described, it is evident that you are about as capable of presenting truthfully anything connected with England and the English as the devil of telling the story of heaven or an ape picturing the thoughts of angels. Instead of writing the truth, your effusion is simply a sewer through which the flotsam and jetsam of a prejudiced mind and corrupt imagination has been spewed. Penned from the standpoint of an Irishman, it is not surprising that truth should be ignored and prejudice allowed full play. If there is anything an Irishman loathes with all the intensity of his nature, both as an Irishman and Catholic, it is England and her established church. This feeling is so strong as to blind him to the most patent facts of history and common knowledge. Thus when you say the Church of England is the apologist of tyranny you overlook the Magna Charta; that it is a foreign element you forget the father of his country and his numerous compeers who were members of this church. Possibly you regard the Roman Church as indigenous to American soil. With the mass of its following ignorant Irish, the offscourings of a nation, Spaniards and Dagoes, the refuse of European immigration, with an American name as rare among its priesthood as truth amid the columns of the **ICONOCLAST**, its only reason for existence in this country is to hold in check the fierce passions of the turbulent element that supports it. The Roman Church, however, this everlasting rock you prate about, is now strong only in benighted Spain and degraded Portu-

gal, decaying fossils of the 16th century. With its worship of dead men's bones, images and relics it has been relegated to the lands where it belongs, the dying embers of once fierce fires. Half breed mongrels in South America dance half naked around its expiring corpse, while its mighty and infallible head having lost all temporal power, is now virtually a prisoner in the Vatican, receiving his mails by the grace of the Italian government. Why is this? Simply because in days gone by it undertook to map out and define science and philosophy as well as theology until no man could open his lips without peril of heresy. No opportunity being left for progress, every avenue of intellectual development being closed and freedom of constitutional government an impossibility, men were driven to revolution. Any kind of freedom was preferable to a bondage that contradicted the instincts of human nature, and no religion at all seemed better than the hard, narrow, mechanical, corrupt religion produced by such a policy. Being infallible, the Church could not admit its error and has had to suffer the consequences.

You claim the Anglican Church has ever been the uncompromising foe of freedom and display about as much knowledge of the subject as of the Single Tax. According to your own statement, England has been dominated by the power of this church since the time of Henry VIII. Can you point in the wide world, or in the pages of history, "reaching back into the twilight of fable," to any nation or aggregation of individuals that enjoyed the priceless boon of liberty to the extent that do the English people of to-day, and those with whom English influence has been or *is* paramount? If to Republican institutions it is a perennial fount of poison, a mother to tories, anglomaniacs and traitors, is it not a little strange that the greatest of all instruments designed for the preservation of human

rights and liberty—the Constitution of the United States—should have embodied the principles of government long practiced by the Anglican Church? But if it be true, why cannot the same thing be said of the Roman Church? Take away from this Church its Pope and its infallibility, its ideas of purgatory and absolution, its errors and its superstitions, and tell me where lies the essential difference in faith, dogma, practice and government. The vast difference which you will probably ignore, and which after all is the great difference, is this—that while the Anglican church to a great extent embraces the culture and refinement of this country, the Roman Church is supported by the lowest classes, the mental slaves of American society, else papal infallibility, indulgences, relic worship and cannibalistic transubstantiation could not for a moment endure the light which the strong common sense of American people would direct against it. Episcopalianism, occupying the middle ground between the fanaticism of Protestant orthodoxy, and the superstition of Catholic infallibility, holds in trust all that is best and truest, purest and noblest of the teachings of Jesus. It stood sponsor at the birth of the English nation, and if Democracy and its twin attributes, liberty and equality, are indebted to any church for being, it is, through the English nation, to the Church of England at Runnymede.

I recognize the unalterable fact, that as a church, planted upon the tradition of the life and death of Jesus, and rooted in his teachings, the Catholic Church, with its three great branches—Roman, Anglican and Greek—is the only one with the slightest claim to authority in matters religious. All others are interlopers, the ignorance of their ministers, the character of their teachings and the barrenness of their efforts having done and now doing more to bring God and Religion into contempt than all

the persecutions of the Catholic Church throughout the ages. The Roman Church, as a religion, to guide men to immortal life, is a back number, a voice from the past, a spirit of the tombs, a last lingering buzzard hovering over the whitened bones of its countless victims. You boast that you have associated much with the Jesuits. The association is evident, as you have become an adept in two of their most striking characteristics, falsehood and deception. It is also quite apparent that you are not unfamiliar with the society of the bagnio and saloon, since your writings clearly indicate an unusual proficiency of the vernacular that obtains in these avenues to hell. In conclusion let me suggest that if you would not appear ridiculous, that you steer clear of a subject about which you are lamentably ignorant, but in treating which the vindictive character of your spleen is only too apparent. I would also voice the hope that you permit the influence, neither of the wily Jesuit nor the subtle Bacchus to again prompt you to an effort so asinine, so brutal and so mean, and would commend to your voluble Fraudulency the observation of the experienced Solomon: "Even a fool when he holdeth his peace is counted wise," though it would take no ears to prove that you could be the father of a mule.

H. H. MANGUM.

Whether such an outward evidence of inward grace will convince the American people of the divine origin of Anglicanism, I cannot undertake to say; but it is a trifle suggestive that nearly all the vicious letters I received treat of religious subjects. How this godly man so readily recognizes the "vernacular of the avenues of hell" he does not see fit to inform us; but we may assume that he was educated in argot by reading the biography of that

Anglican saint, Queen Elizabeth. Well might I exclaim with Konig Ottokar:

“I have not borne me wisely in thy world,
Thou great all-judging God;”

But why this fellow insinuates that I frequent bagnios I cannot conceive—unless he suspects that I may be his father. He certainly has just cause to complain of his sire for having left him so poorly supplied with sense; but he need not quarrel with me, for he's no maverick of mine. Nor should he bite his thumbs at the *maison d'joie*, for the Anglican church was born in a king's harem and nurtured in the polyandrous establishment of a red-headed harlot. That such is its birth and breeding every reputable English historian has demonstrated beyond the peradventure of a doubt. Why should Episcopalians turn up their saintly proboscides at me on the supposition that I worship at the shrine of Semele's son? Bacchus was a god; Henry VIII an unclean beast. One was the divinity of wine, blessed in the Eucharist as the Savior's blood; the other the patron saint of uxorcide and incest. *Similis simili gaudet!* My correspondent says:

“Henry VIII was born and died a Papist.”

Now, what in the name of St. Anne Boleyn is a Papist? Webster defines the word as follows: “A Roman Catholic; one who adheres to the church of Rome and the authority of the Pope.” Henry died at the head of a rival church organization, in open rebellion against Rome, denying the authority of the Pope. And this is the fellow who prattles glibly about the “half-educated,” and takes his little typewriter in hand to correct the ICONOCLAST! The anserine

idiot is not only unfamiliar with English history, but unacquainted with the English language. Verily it is true, now and always, that "Even a fool, when he holdeth his peace, is accounted wise." The trouble is that a fool cannot be persuaded to bottle his yawp, but insists on making an indecent exposure of his ignorance. This learned Theban takes a fresh grip on his lungs and thus offends the atmosphere:

"The Church of England, though certainly recognizing the bishop of Rome as primate, denied his supremacy."

According to Webster a primate is "the chief ecclesiastic of a national church." Thus we have a recognized chief whose supremacy is denied. We have the Pope of the Church of Rome duly recognized as chief ecclesiastic of a church which is independent of the Holy See. As primate of the Church of England he is in open rebellion against himself as Pope of the Church of Rome. Let him fight, with Mr. Mangum as referee—it's none o' my funeral. My correspondent declares that "up to the time of the Norman invasion the independence of the Church of England was unquestioned"; that "it was on an equal footing with the Church of Rome and the Church of Constantinople." Now the Church of Constantinople did not become premanently independent of the Church of Rome until the 15th, nor the Church of England until the 16th century. From the 3rd to the 15th century we see the Bishops of Byzantine, the Patriarchs and the emperors, with occasional revolts, acknowledging the spiritual supremacy of the See of Rome, and when these revolts occurred the Pope excommunicated the recalcitrants. The relations of the Greek and Roman churches is a question I did not raise and shall not discuss with a man altogether

ignorant; but let us examine the assertion that, concerning England, "the claim of the Roman church to priority and supremacy is absurd." Whether St. Peter reached Rome or St. Paul visited England are matters with which I have no concern. Who first carried the Gospel to Britain and when, nobody knows; but Rev. Canon Perry, a good Anglican, and author of "History of the Church of England," declares that Christianity was practically blotted out of the island by the incursions of heathen hordes, and that it was reëstablished by Pope Gregory, who sent the Benedictine monk Augustine and 40 companions thither for that purpose. Columbus, the despised "dago," was probably not the first mariner to discover America, any more than Augustine and his "dago" companions were the first to teach the Christian religion in England, but he was the first whose discovery amounted to anything, and is honored accordingly. Just as the world is indebted to a "dago" for its knowledge of America, so England is indebted to "dagoes" for its knowledge of Christ Jesus. Prof. E. A. Freeman (Ency. Brit.) says:

"England was the special conquest of the Roman church, the first that looked with reverence to the Roman pontiff. The Roman planted, the Scot watered; but the Briton did nothing."

What are you jumping me for? Why don't you settle the question of Roman "priority" with Prof. Freeman, and the question of Roman "supremacy" with Canon Perry? The latter says:

"In 1668 Theodore, a Greek, was consecrated bishop of Canterbury by Pope Vitalian. Nearly the whole of the island was now Christian, and all parts of it recognized

and submitted to Archbishop Theodore"—the Pope's appointee. Again. "In 1736 Egbert, bishop of York, obtained the pall from Rome, and was thus constituted a metropolitan."

Yet you tell us that until the Norman invasion the Church of England denied both the temporal and spiritual supremacy of the Pope! Why don't you procure a child's history of England and hide out in a haymow until you learn something about your native land. If Henry VIII did not found the Church of England, who did? William Cobbett ("History of the Protestant Reformation") says: "Our ancestors for 900 years were *Roman Catholics*." Is the Church of England Roman Catholic? If not, somebody must have founded it in the 16th century. God knows I didn't. Swallow this from the *Columbian Encyclopedia*, a rank anti-Catholic publication, and see if it doesn't raise knots in your epigastric region:

"Till the time of the Reformation ecclesiastical affairs would be more properly described as the history of the Church *in* England; from that period the Church *of* England dates her existence."

I might fill forty pages with equally respectable testimony to the effect that from the days of Augustine to the time of Cranmer there was no Church of England in contradistinction to the Church of Rome; yet, because I attributed its genesis to "Old Harry" the uxoricide, Mr. Mangum, having stuffed himself to the bursting point with the foolish prattle of a windy bishop, bestraddles the *ICONOCLAST* as gaily as though it were a feather-bed.

"Oh, great restorer of the good old sage,
Preacher at once, and zany of thy age!

Oh, worthy thous of Egypt's wise abodes,
A decent priest, where monkeys were the gods!"

Prof. Freeman says: "One of the first acts of Henry II. was to obtain a bull from the one English Pope, Hadrian IV., granting him the dominion of Ireland. Henry presently granted the kingdom of Ireland to his son John." He was the party who as king—says my learned critic—"extended the Papal power over the Church of England"; a power recognized by his father and by almost every other England sovereign for a period of nine centuries. It was John's recognition of the Pope's *temporal* power over the English *nation* which provoked the revolt—a revolt led by Archbishop Stephen Langton, an appointee of the Pope. As one good turn deserves another, I would suggest to my correspondent that if he would not appear ridiculous, he steer clear of a subject about which he is lamentably ignorant. "If he would spend more time studying history and less in gorging himself with the sophism of Single Tax slush, he might attain to that beatitude where he could open his face without providing a roomy receptacle for both feet. The English Catholics insisted in maintaining somewhat the same relations to the Vatican in the days of John that American Catholics do in the days of McKinley. During those long centuries there was sometimes friction, occasional departures from Roman dogma, even attempts to set up an independent hierarchy, as did Emperor Zeno in the 5th century; but there was no church of England until the revolt of Henry VIII. I do not deny the right of secession from Rome; I am but reciting history for the enlightenment of Anglican ignorance. The Greek schism was occasioned by disagreement in dogma so radical as to preclude compromise; the English schism solely by King Henry's concupiscence.

The historicity of that statement has never been called in question by any man with an ounce of brains, an atom of information. England was intensely Roman Catholic when Henry ascended the throne of his ancestors, and he proudly wore the title conferred on him by the Pope—Defender of the Faith. He grew weary of his wife, fell in love with his illegitimate daughter, Anne Boleyn (that she was his daughter has been demonstrated by the public archives of England) and applied to Rome for a divorce that he might wed the child he had already debauched. As the Pope declined the role of Pandarus, Henry declared the Catholics in England absolved from their allegiance to the Holy See, and himself their spiritual head. As “an evil tree cannot bring forth good fruit,” it is important to know for a surety whether that incestuous beast, Henry VIII, really founded the Church of England. It is claimed by Episcopalians that he was only “nominally” its head. Such appears to be the idea of Mangum the multiloquent. Canon Perry declares emphatically (*Ency. Brit.*) that, infuriated by the failure to secure his divorce, he demanded of the clergy in England their acceptance of his claim to supremacy over the church, and that after many threats they at last acceded. Now, let us see whether Henry became the nominal or the active head of the new theological infant. Perry continues: “The convocation was called upon to promise that from henceforth no new canons should be made or promulgated without the king’s consent, that a review of the old canons should take place, and that only those ratified by the king should hold good. Henceforth no convocations could be summoned but by the King’s writ. The King had pressed the acknowledgment of his supremacy, and had sacrificed in doing this many victims, and among them two of the most eminent men in England, Bishop Fisher

and Sir Thomas More. In 1536 *the first authoritative statement of reformed doctrine was made. Ten articles were drawn up by the king. In the following year a larger body of reformed doctrine was put forth.*"

"Nominal head" your gran'dam! Henry was not only Pope of the new church, but its entire college of cardinals, and ecumenical council! Thus was the Church of England, according to one of its distinguished dignitaries, established by King Henry's law, supplied by him with a creed, and forced upon the people by his bayonets! What an immaculate thing that church must be which was born between the incestuous sheets of Anne Boleyn! I can scarce wonder that it is the favorite cult of such men as Mangum. During the reign of Edward there was more creed-making, superintended by Cranmer—that saintly soul who subsequently declared that the new faith was false as hell and begged the forgiveness and prayers of the Pope! During the reign of the bastard Elizabeth (King Henry, Parliament and Cranmer so called her) the church took on some more reformation cargo—while Parliament was decreeing that if the "Virgin Queen" could pick up an heir at her royal bagnio it should succeed to the sovereignty, should become the "first gentleman," as she was "the first lady" of the supercilious "Anglo-Saxons!" Verily "the odor of sanctity" emitted by the Church of England is so dense that it can be sawed into slabs. If it was independent of the Holy See before the Norman Conquest, how came all its saints to be Roman Catholics? But I crave the reader's pardon; it's a mere waste of ammunition to turn a Maxim gun loose on a Malodor. I suppose that I ought to feel profoundly grateful to these fresh young men who so kindly propose to supply me with intellect from their Socratean superabundance. Bishop Thompson made one or two remarks in his opening

lecture which my correspondent neglected to steal—that being the only reason his essay isn't even more idiotic. He said: "The Catholic Church is fond of claiming that Henry VIII established the church of England because he could not get a divorce from his first wife. The fact is that under the canon law of the church Henry was not married. The church forbade marriage to a brother's widow, and Pope Julius dispensed the law when he permitted Henry to marry his brother's widow. That particular canon is a law of God, laid down in the Bible, and the Pope had no right to change that for Henry or anyone else. The Roman Catholic Church never had any standing in England."

The most accomplished Jesuit could scarce find smother casuistry in his supposed *Moneta Secreta*. Catherine was only nominally the wife of Prince Arthur, the ceremony having been performed when he was but 15 years old and never completely consummated. After the death of his son, Henry VII proposed to marry Catherine, but her mother refused assent, and the Pope granted dispensation for her marriage with Prince Henry on the ground that she had never been defacto the wife of Prince Arthur. Would Bishop Thompson have us believe that the founder of the Anglican faith would wed with his son's widow—that incest was a family failing? If so I shall offer no objection. But if "The Roman Catholic Church never had a standing in England," why did Henry VIII. appeal to its pontiff to grant him a divorce? Would a Baptist appeal to an Anglican court, or a Methodist tell his troubles to a Presbyterian synod? Brer Thompson is articulating through his episcopal chapeau. It may be that the Roman Catholic Church was not "by law established," as is the Anglican—it being necessary to enforce its doctrines and collect its tithes with a policeman's

club; but that it exercised spiritual, and sometimes temporal authority there for nearly a thousand years there is indisputable evidence. It had a very decided "standing" there—a standing so strong that the princes and nobles were suspicious and perhaps justly so, of its desire for temporal domination. It was not against the Pope as a priest, but against the Pope as a Prince that the Catholic barons revolted and won Magna Charta at Runnymede. While English Catholics were quite willing to import their theology from Rome, and thereby save incestuous princes the trouble of supplying it, they insisted on making their politics themselves—just as American Catholics are doing to-day. The Catholic Church not only had a "standing" in England, but a very considerable commercial rating, King Henry being able to despoil the monasteries of nearly \$200,000,000, leaving the poor unprovided for and the young to grow up in ignorance. Bishop Latimer (Anglican) thus laments the first fruits of Henry's "reformation":

"Marry! they maintained them (poor scholars) and gave them livings that were very Papists and *professed the Pope's doctrine*; and now almost no man helpeth to maintain them. Truly it is pitiful to see the schools so neglected."

Latimer, be it remembered, was one of the divines who decreed Henry's divorce, and was burned as a heretic by Mary. I have not in this, or in any previous day, quoted other than a Church of England man against the "establishment," yet am accused of unfairness. What would my critics say should I print the testimony of Catholics and Puritans who suffered the most dreadful persecutions at the hands of this divine (?) institution which "occupies middle ground between the fanaticism of Protestant orthodoxy and the superstition of Catholic infallibility"? My

Memphis correspondent would assuredly break his puckering string—whatever that may be. Henry having robbed the monasteries and divided the swag with such saints as Tom Cromwell—his vicar general, and Bishop Cranmer, his divorce doctor, young Edward—the second hierarch of the Church of England—despoiled the trade-guilds and hospitals on the plea that they were “Popish” institutions, thereby filling the streets of the cities with paupers, cripples and invalids. My authority? Bishop Stubbs, an Anglican, good sirs. Booty and Beauty seems to have been the shibboleth of those blessed “reformers,” the founders of an institution so sacred that it were rank blasphemy to criticise. I could fill a thousand pages with the story of the Church of England’s infamy, and not employ one word except the testimony of her own communicants. My critic is for once correct: “The editor of the *ICONOCLAST* is not the author of the foul calumnies he flings against her”—that honor belongs to her own bishops.

It were not surprising that an Irishman should “loathe with all the intensity of his nature, both as an Irishman and a Catholic, England and her established church. Were I an Irishman I would hate and abhor England as the thievish despoiler of my country and the cowardly assassin of my ancestors. Were I a Catholic I would “loathe” her mongrel “establishment,” which was conceived in sin, brought forth in iniquity, and foisted upon my people by force. Being an American sovereign and denying the whole body of Roman dogma, including the Immaculate Conception, as well as the Apostolic Succession, I am able to view, if not with indifference, at least with contemptuous pity, “the most dutiful subjects” of a beery old female, and their theological hoodoo inherited from incestuous Henry. I would probably not have con-

cerned myself with a sect sprung from the black heart of an assassin and nurtured by hangmen and harlots had not a gang of sexless Anglo-maniacs, calling themselves Americans, met together in the birthplace of our independence and profaned the very penetralia of the Goddess of Liberty by snivelling like a lot of whipped eunuchs in a nigger harem over that contemptible cutpurse, "King Charles the Martyr." Gods! 'tis a wonder Liberty Bell did not alarm the patriot dead with its clamor, calling the Conscript Fathers once more to the defense of Freedom—endangered not by foreign bullets but by native bots!

Failing to conquer Ireland and Scotland, the Cæsars abandoned England as not worth the cost of its keep. The "offscourings" of surrounding nations then poured in and amalgamated with the abandoned serfs like so many Mangumesque malodors, evolving what is now known as the "Anglo-Saxon" or free-born Englishman. Finally this mongrel brood of mental misfits and moral abnormalities—the offspring of pirates, peons and prostitutes—was wrought into something approaching a civilized nation by the untiring energy and sleepless vigilance of the Church of Rome, which has ever made the conversion and uplifting of degraded peoples and inferior races her special care. After some twelve centuries of progress from subter-savagery toward semi-civilization, England was able, partly by the aid of foreign mercenaries, but chiefly by treachery to subjugate Ireland to make it an appanage of her own Serbonian mire and Bocotian fog-banks—an emerald brooch gleaming on the naked hide of a yaller nigger! She forced her lust-born, harlot-bred religious establishment on the conquered people, destroyed their temples, insulted their shrines, stole their land, confiscated their revenues and decreed that a Catholic caught teaching a child to read should be treated as a common criminal.

And now England, or calf dropped by that breed of cattle, has the supernal gall to sneer at "the ignorant Irish"—to turn up his beefy snout at a country which was Europe's greatest repository of learning before it fell by fraud under the brutish dominion of a church begotten by a wife-butcher and a bawd. It is not remarkable that the Pope who authorized Henry VII. to subjugate Ireland should have been born and bred an Englishman, for only an Englishman could have been guilty of the infamy of trying to make the eagle vassal to the vulture.

"Priceless boon of liberty!" cries my correspondent. Aye! Aye! Won at Runnymede, not by Protestant Episcopalians, but by Roman Catholics. Won at Lexington and Yorktown by men who so "loathed" England that they marched barefoot over ice and snow, armed with scythes and pitchforks, to hurl themselves upon the bayonets of her Hessian hirelings, and with their mangled bodies built a barrier against her damning tyranny while her savage Indian allies were butchering their helpless babies and laying waste their homes! We are told that all this is in the past and that unless we forget and forgive we are "jawsmiths" and "jingoes." I am not an other-cheek Christian like the meek and lowly Mangum, and the record of England's Indian atrocities and other cowardly infamies is writ too deep in the history of my family to permit of pardon. England is a most remarkable apostle of freedom. It was not until the year of grace 1829 that Catholics could sit in the House of Commons or even hold municipal office. In 1851—only 46 years ago—a law was passed by Parliament imposing a fine of \$500 on Catholics who accepted ecclesiastical titles. Previous to 1829—within the memory of men now living—they were excluded from the practice of law and pedagogy, could not purchase land or hold it on long lease, and priests

who endangered the precious souls of Protestants by marrying them to Catholics were executed. Yet the Irish were inveigled into the Act of Union by the solemn promise of an English premier that Catholic disabilities would be immediately removed. That was 97 years ago, and they are not all removed yet—there's no such things as religious liberty in England. There are important secular offices from which Catholics are still debarred because of their creed. Not until 1858 did England remove the civil disabilities of the Jews—yet this stultiloquent idiot has the audacity to intimate that the broad liberty enjoyed in the United States is the fruit of English example! For what freedom Jews and Catholics now enjoy they owe nothing to the Church of England. It bitterly opposed every proposition looking to the removal or amelioration of their civil disabilities; it originated and forced through the infamous Ecclesiastical Titles Assumption Act in 1851—a statute so subversive of liberty, so rankly intolerant, that, enacted in the latter half of the 19th century, it made the name of England a byword and a reproach and a shaking of the head to the nations. The favorite dogma of the “establishment,” time and again promulgated, is *non-resistance* to the sovereign no matter how tyrannical his acts. That's why it bred Tories and traitors among us during the Revolution—yet we are asked to believe that the Church of England—with the dogma of *non-resistance* in one hand and the sword of Gideon in the other, won Magna Charta at Runnymede! Will my Memphidian friend kindly forward before-and-after taking photographs? England feared that, if longer oppressed, the Jews would take elsewhere the capital which gave her commercial supremacy and supplied the sinews of war; that if Catholics were not accorded a larger liberty she might not be able to ensconce herself in time of danger

behind a bulwark of Irish bayonets, so she reluctantly followed the example of the United States.

The man who seriously intimates that "English influence is paramount" in this country should be tapped for the simples. It ceased to be "paramount" more than a century ago—when King George's "most dutiful," etc., struck their flag and were given hours in which to pull their freight. Of the 12½ million immigrants who landed on our shores during the half century ending 1890, England supplied only about 1½ million, and a majority of those came either to ply the trade of thievery or wear livery as the servants of American sovereigns. It is not Ireland or Italy, but England that supplies America with flunkys. I would not be at all surprised if Mr. Mangum had worn brass buttons and danced attendance at some American's door, for he has all the pertness of a Jeames de la Pluche. His wit suggests the *bavardage* of the but-tery. His suggestion that I may be the father of a mule is a particularly brilliant below-stairs *bonmot*; but he need not wave his ears at me—I never grazed in the same pasture with English mares. Perhaps the most densely ignorant, the most hopelessly stupid people on earth are the English. The farming class of that country cannot so much as speak a civilized language. Each district has a barbarous gibberish peculiar to itself, and when people from the opposite shores of the 2 x 4 island meet they have to make signs like different tribes of savages. The great bankers of England are Jews, its great merchants are Irish, its great manufacturers are Scotch, its reigning family is Dutch, while all its great authors and orators, soldiers and statesmen have been either Celts or of Celtic extraction. The genuine "Anglo-Saxon" runs chiefly to beef and brutality and little to brains.

I do not forget the father of my—not yours—country.

In the article which you puked upon like a bilious buzzard because you could not confute, I distinctly acknowledge the exceptions that prove the rule. There have been Cretans who would not lie, niggers who would not steal, Englishmen who were not pragmatic prigs, Single Taxers who were not wise simply in their own conceit—and American Episcopalians who were true patriots; but 'tis the general, not the particular, which proves the truth of a proposition. Washington was not a consistent Anglican, else he would have accepted the pussillanimous doctrine of non-resistance to tyrants instead of waging successful war upon his sovereign. He was compelled to choose between Anglican dogma and American patriotism; and being a man of sense and courage, he chose the better part. It is worthy of remark that while the Anglicans of New York were putting up daily prayers for the success of the king, Washington was thanking the Roman Catholics of the same city for their sacrifices in defense of human freedom. The Anglican clergy in America were *Tory almost to a man*.

It is not my province to defend the Church of Rome against the stupid calumnies of alleged Christians who keep their mouths open so much that the sun shines into 'em and curdles their milk of human kindness; having all I can do to keep my flock of webfoot Baptists paddling against the current. It is quite noticeable, however, that while the Church of England is making no converts among Catholics, the better educated of its own communion are rapidly deserting it for Roman dogma. Bishop Newman was the ablest man the "establishment" could boast. Where is he now? Safe in the bosom of the church which you—like Æsop's snail on the marble monument—are seeking to beslime. Strange that if the Church of Rome be so disreputable, the "establishment" should have

striven so hard to get into closer communion, only to have its prayers denied. Of course the Anglican church "embraces the culture and refinement of this country." It has *you* corralled—and you are the squintessence of culture, the double-distilled extract of refinement, the Gamaliel of the googoos, the Chesterfield of the happies. As Chimmie Fadden would say, you are de tiptoe o' de too-toos, as smart as a spanked kid an' de swellest wot dey is. You suggest some bright papilonaceous creature innocently basking in a perfumed sunbeam, or beauteous bird of the genus *Pavo* artlessly disporting its gaudy plumage in the Gardens of Gul. If we had a few more æsthetical polecats of your proficiency in the art of distilling sweet odors an Oscar Wildean pelingenesis were possible. You have stunk for attention and got it—have crawled out of the unclean ooze of your obscurity to slander the Mother Church and make your name forever more a public synonym for shame. You could not rest content until you found yourself

"Exalted o'er your less abhorred compeers
And festering in the infamy of years."

Having floundered through the blue-back speller, Progress and Poverty and Bishop Thompson's lectures, you must needs set up as a man of learning and weary a gab-cursed world with what you don't know, instead of meekly trailing a pair of your infecund fellows through the lowly cotton-patch. The Anglican church is eminently "respectable"—so much so that were Christ Jesus to appear in his travel-soiled single garment the usher would bundle him unceremoniously into a back seat and the bejeweled congregation ignore him utterly. It looks after the spiritual welfare of Dives, leaving to Rome the care of

Lazarus. It is a Pullman train to the heavenly henceforth and carries the Cross in a baggage-car. It is the—aw—the fashionable church, dontcherknow, the Fifth Avenue of the faithful—a social clearing-house and temple of ease in Vanity Fair. No danger that it will soil its white kids with the world's "offscourings." What I most admire in the Catholic church is its utter disregard of pharisaical "respectability." It is not forever pandering to Plutus, nor does it demand a Persian rug upon which to pray to One who went barefoot and slept in the brush. It seeks the poor who need aid, the ignorant who require counsel, the criminal who want grace. It is the universal Good Samaritan and Angel of Mercy. It holds out its hands to the "ignorant Irish," the "dagoes," the semi-savages of South America, and even to the brutal English crying "Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy-laden, and I will give you rest." It acts on the theory that Christ came, not to call the righteous but sinners to repentance—that the proper mission of the Bride of God is to "hold in check the fierce passions of the turbulent," and teach them the humility of the Master. Its priests are not too proud to follow in the footsteps of the lowly Apostles, nor too libidinous to accept the vow of celibacy sanctioned by the Savior. Pope assures us that religionists "can't be wrong whose life is in the right"; and while such remains the practice of the Church of Rome she cannot fail to command the veneration of all manly men. Sects and schisms are born and live their little life and die; but the Church of Rome is indeed "an everlasting rock." There she stands! as she has stood for nearly nineteen centuries, the civilization of a world growing with her growth and strengthening with her strength. She is the one reliable repository of Christian faith from which all Magilases and Luthers, all King Henrys and Calvins must be fur-

nished forth—the sun of the Christian cosmos from which all these fast whirling planets came, to which they must all return. To paraphrase the ancient boast of the Eternal City,

While stands the Vatican Rome shall stand;
When falls the Vatican Rome shall fall,
And when Rome falls—the world!

. . .

The Catholics have been denied the privilege of erecting a chapel at their own expense on government ground at West Point. This is not a matter of much importance by itself considered; but taken in connection with the fact that the government has a chapel there paid for by the whole people, and that an Episcopalian minister is remunerated out of the public revenues for regularly preaching therein, the affair assumes a very different phase. This being a land of religious liberty, constitutionally considered, what right has government to select a particular church for its patronage, and then deny to others the privilege of erecting and maintaining contiguous chapels at their own cost? And how came it to “establish” as governmental church that particular one which was the nursing-mother of every accursed royalist and “divine-right”-worshipping rascal of the Revolution. The fact of the matter is that this whole chaplaincy business is a brazen humbug that should be abolished. It is simply a scheme to provide at public expense soft snaps for preachers with a “pull”—sanctified pharisees who are too lazy to work and too cowardly to steal. It is in direct contravention of the spirit of the constitution to tax the whole people for the benefit of a religious system which a vast majority believe to be either foolish or sinful. When the government puts its hand into the pockets of Catholics for the support of a

Protestant sect, or into the purses of Protestants to further the dogmas of Rome; when it taxes Jews and Atheists for the benefit of either, it not only violates the principles of religious liberty, but is guilty of infernal robbery. The cadets at West Point are drawn from every part of the country and represent all religions. How then can government provide them with an acceptable chaplain? The religion of the cadets is a matter with which government can have no legitimate concern—there being “no God in the constitution.” It is no affair of Uncle Sam’s whether they be faithful servants of the Lord as long as they are good soldiers. I do not mean by this that all religious worship is folly, but that providing it is nowise a governmental function. Let government shut up its gospel shop and permit the cadets to attend religious services off the reservation. Congress and every state legislature must have a brace of chaplains to mumble a few words every morning, which the legislators do not hear, and the Lord does not heed. Each receives for a two-minute prayer more money than a workingman can earn in a week, and it is paid on compulsion chiefly by men who believe his religious dogma a broad highway to hell. At the national and at all the state capitals there are churches of various denominations to which our public servants may resort for the observance of religious rites; hence there is no excuse for this pulling the taxpayer’s leg that the sanctified pets of political cabals may fill their purse. The preacher who will accept a chaplainship where he knows the service rendered will not be proportionate to the pay, would steal sheep if given an opportunity. Such men are not enlisted in the Army of the Lord; they are but cowardly camp-followers who insult the prisoners and strip the slain—are but foul buzzards whose god is their belly.

A MODERN MICAWBER

Lowell, Mass., July 2, 1897.

MR. BRANN: You express the opinion that Martin Luther, the father of the Reformation, was a combination of fanatic and fool; yet you pay a high tribute to the genius of Charles Dickens, who regarded Luther as a very learned and able man. But perhaps we should expect such inconsistencies from a vicious Papist.

MICAWBER.

Micawber was a ridiculous old guy in Dickens' "David Copperfield," who insisted upon writing letters when he had nothing to say; hence my correspondent is peculiarly happy in the selection of a *nom de plume*. Of course if I am a Papist I am "vicious," there being no other kind of Papists in the view of many enthusiastic Protestants. But if I am a Papist it is a trifle strange that such Catholic journals as the *Southern Messenger* should be wildly—if vainly—imploping their patrons to read none of my writings, lest I crack the mainspring of their credo and plunge them so deep in Purgatory that they cannot be rescued thence by the power of prayer. If I may believe all the papers that come to hand, I am at once a Baptist parson and an Atheist, a Jesuit and a Jew, and, like a stray cat, I'm receiving a shower of missiles from all sides. Fortunately my cuticle is case-hardened, even though I do not wear Mambrino's helmet. Blaze away, Messrs. Polemics, for this is a free country, in which every man, though he be but some miserable Micawber, is privileged to shoot off his mouth. In the meantime the ICONOCLAST, as a matter of public accommodation, will continue to receive subscriptions at the old rate. Patrons will save considerable wear

and tear of their nervous system by not expecting this paper to agree with them in anything, and by remembering that it will cease creeping into their dreary lives like a gleam of celestial sunshine the moment the period they have paid for expires. But to return to this modern Micawber. I have paid no "tribute," altitudinous or otherwise, "to the genius of Charles Dickens," having ever held to the opinion that the grown man who can find nothing better to do than write novels, is very much of an ass. As a manufacturer of fiction intended to kill time that might be much better employed, Dickens stood at the head of his profession, and such honor as may be contained in this fact I accord him as freely as I would praise a trained pig or a ballet dancer. A man of genius may write an entertaining novel, just as a skillful jeweler may hammer out a good horse-shoe; but never did a man of superior intellect follow novel-grinding as a profession. Because Dickens wrote "Nicholas Nickleby" it does not follow that his opinion of public men and measures is of particular importance. The author of "The Vicar of Wakefield" came precious near being a natural. If we may judge by the popular authors, both of the past and present, the knack of successful novel-writing is most frequently possessed by men of little minds. My definition of the word novel does not include such works as "Pilgrim's Progress" and "Don Quixote," there being a vast difference between beautiful allegories and keen satire and the output of the Minerva Press. Men like Bulwer, Scott and Dickens make a great deal of noise in their little day, but their graves are scarce green before they are supplanted by new favorites; the genuine man of genius seldom begins to live until he's been dead some decades. That Dickens was not a man of superior mind was amply demonstrated when he ventured beyond the picturing of rude English life into

the higher realm of history. As a novelist he, Boswell-like, wove together what he saw and heard—was little more than a skillful reporter for the daily press; as a historian it became his duty to estimate men and analyze measures, and in this province his failure was pitiful. He undertook to popularize English history with children; not a very difficult task, one would think, considering the many thrilling adventures of young princes and kings, and the thousand stirring scenes enacted on the island; but instead of making a book which children read with avidity, it is the only one of his collection which old and young systematically avoid. It is 500 pages of the most ridiculous tommyrot that ever came from the press. It is simply a violent anti-Catholic diatribe, shot full of blood and brutality. Events of vital importance are not mentioned, while matters of no earthly moment fill scores of somnolent pages. The French and Spanish, the Dutch, Irish and Scotch, with all of whom John Bull had trouble, are cheerfully misrepresented, while all Popes are written down as malicious rascals. It is a distorted, disjointed, contradictory olla-podrida from which it is impossible to extract an atom of trustworthy information. In this “Child’s History” alone I find Dickens’ estimate of Luther, and will here give it as a sample of the historical methods of the man, as well as an illustration of the evidence upon which the Protestant bases its theory that “the father of the Reformation” was neither fanatic nor fool:

“There now arose at Wittenburg in Germany, the great leader of the mighty change in England which is called the Reformation, and which set the people free from their slavery to the priests. This was a learned doctor, named Martin Luther, who knew all about them, for he had been

a priest, and even a monk, himself. Finding one day, to his great surprise, that there was a book called the New Testament—which the priests did not allow to be read, and which contained truths that they suppressed, he began to be very vigorous against the whole body, from the Pope downward.”

As Dickens is dead, I will not express my opinion of the man who writes for little children a national history from a bigoted sectarian standpoint, further than to say that it smacks of the virulence but not of the wit of Voltaire. Luther made his wonderful “discovery” while studying law at the University of Erfurt. A copy of the Bible (for which he claimed in later life to have sought long in vain) was in the library and seems to have been accessible to all the students. “Chancing to examine it one day,” according to one batch of his testimony, he “saw that it contained more gospels and epistles than did the lectionaries.” He read them, became interested,—and undertook the overthrow of Rome? Not exactly; he became a priest and for some years got along very well with Rome and other members of his profession. He was ordained in 1507 and it was not until 1520 that he was excommunicated for heresy. So late as 1519 we find him writing to Rome “freely confessing that the authority of the church was superior to everything.” This after being sharply jacked up for insubordination. The Roman hierarchy was at that time unquestionably domineering and corrupt. In its thousand-year struggle through the “Dark Ages,” with the ignorance of nations and the barbarism of kings, it had not escaped contamination. Luther objected, and justly so, to the sale of “indulgences,” but there is no doubt that he would have quarreled with Rome had the Pope been the Messiah and all

his cardinals seraphs, for he was the Ossawattomie Brown of the Sixteenth century—a bull-headed crank, a born trouble-breeder. He not only quarreled with the Papal legate, but with every man who attempted to assist him in that controversy. His brutal attack on the learned Erasmus, who supplied the brains while Luther exercised his lungs, evidenced both his ingratitude and his impudence. I freely concede that Luther was honest, for he was not gifted with sufficient reason to be a rascal. Most cranks, and especially those whose hobbies are political or religious reform, are firmly convinced of the impeccability of their cause. They assume for themselves infallibility while denying it to the Pope. Luther probably had some liver-complaint which he mistook for religion: but there was naught in his conduct to suggest the Christ. He was intensely vicious, insufferably arrogant, absurdly inconsistent. He was in open rebellion against the Pope while penning his acknowledgment of Papal authority. While denouncing with the fury of an incarnate fiend those who dissented from his dogma, he was confessing himself sure of nothing. He was so badly cracked that he held controversies with the devil and even threw his inkstand at the prince of darkness. He was not “the father of the Reformation,” but its reverberation. The saying was current in Germany during the life-time of the two men that “Erasmus laid the egg and Luther hatched it.” The efficient cause of the uprising against Rome in England, Germany and elsewhere, was not Luther’s bleating, but the abuses and corruptions that had crept into the church, the protests of Wickliffe, Occam and others together with the railleries directed at the priesthood by Erasmus, whose biting pen earned for him the sobriquet of “the Voltaire of the Renaissance.” It is worthy of remark that Erasmus, universally conceded the most learned man of his

age, declined to read some of Luther's writings, because, as he said, by glancing into them, he had found them exaggerated and offensive to a man of refinement. The "Reformation" would have assuredly come had there been no Luther; but it probably would have failed to develop so many saintly fools and vindictive fanatics.

. . .

A few of the Catholic papers and priests of this country appear disposed to temporize with Spain, presumably because that country is Catholic. Such papers and priests are a disgrace to their nation and a foul blot upon their church. Were there many of them, then indeed would there be excuse for the existence of the A. P. A.; but fortunately these religious bigots and political mongrels are the exception and not the rule. This is not a question of religion, but of national honor, and to their everlasting credit be it said that the great mass of American Catholics are anxious to take up arms in defense of their country's flag. Even the Catholic religion, powerful as it is, is unable to make of Spain aught but an unwholesome conglomeration of impudent beggars and crummy bawds. The Pope himself cannot make a silk purse of the ear of a mangy sow. Rev. J. O'Connor, a Jesuit priest of Cincinnati, voiced Catholic-American sentiment when he declared that for the cowardly destruction of our sailors Spain would have to pay life for life.

CUPID VS. CHRIST

BY ETHELYN LESLIE HUSTON

WHEN Father Damien voluntarily turned his face for all time to the living horror and physical degradation of Hawaii's lazaretto—when his shrinking foot touched the *Molokai haina*, the gray, desolate island with soil reeking with hideous disease, the air heavy with festering, living death, the people ghastly nightmares of rotting limbs with brain and memory chained in a charnel-house of putrid flesh—the whole world rung with his name. He was deified, this humble Belgian priest, who for seventeen long years toiled and suffered till strength slowly sank and his body, too, was sucked into the maelstrom of leprosy. This "coarse peasant," as the Rev. Dr. Hyde of Honolulu, charitably termed him, rose to heights that left the Rev. Hyde and others of his ilk but cowardly pigmies, close to the earth, fattening their porcine bodies and snarling like mongrels at the solitary eagle soaring alone toward the forked lightning of pain and thunderous clouds of blackness and despair. Robert Louis Stevenson wrote an *Apologia*—an open letter to the Rev. Hyde, who traduced Damien as only contemptible envy can, and this letter has been published in book form. Stevenson declining all remuneration for his eloquent and most potent defense. Father Damien was human, yet touched the stars. He died a heroic death, but his name has become immortal. It will live in song and story. And on the tonsured head of the dead priest will rest the tender green of the deathless laurel—always.

In the city of New Orleans is the old, old order of the House of the Good Shepherd. Nearly fifty years ago a young girl, fair as a poet's dream, dowered lavishly by

all the graces and with all the luxuries of great wealth and the dazzling allurements of social life before her, deliberately closed the flower-hung gates that opened wide to her girlish form, and laying her wealth at the feet of the Lady of Sorrows exchanged the silvery tissues of the *débutante's* gown for the heavy serge of the sacred order. The world did not heed as the pitiless steel swept the silken hair from the fair brow. There was no breath of reverential awe from ocean to ocean as the heavy shadows of the Black Veil fell over the bright head. There was no acclaim as the low chant sounded its requiem for a maiden's death. There was only silence, profound as the sea at night, as the altar gave back its dead and a pale nun lifted her eyes to the stars.

Father Damien had been schooled in self-renunciation and reared in the shadow of the monastery. Awful as was his sacrifice, yet he but left the bare wall and austere life of the humble priesthood behind him. He faced horror, but he had already renounced the world. This young girl knew nothing of life's bitterness. The world laughed with her and showered its roses with royal hands at her dancing feet. The birds sang round her in delirium of youth and joyous music. Her veins thrilled with the sweet, warm wine of young life and fancies light as Titania's butterflies fluttered through her waking dreams. Life opened a wide vista of wondrous delights, peopled with laughing nymphs and radiant with golden sunshine. Hope whispered her sweetest fairy tales and at her white breast nestled the winged god pressing the pomegranate to her warm lips. But beyond the golden head of the Child she saw visions that startled the girl-dreams forever from her frightened eyes; through the vibrating sweetness of the birds' songs she heard the low wail of lost women and in the golden blaze of a world's glory she saw a veiled

form whose mask was Love and whose kiss was Death. And then her heart wakened to an infinite pity and, like the Belgian priest, she renounced the world and gave her life to ministering in the soul's sweet Lazar-house. From the low voices of culture and sweet laughter of pure women, she turned to the gasping cry of agony and bitter curse of despair. From the Gardens of Pleasure, bright as her girlish eyes, she turned to the Desert of Eternal Night, dark as the souls that cowered, face-downward, naked upon its thorns. From the softness of love's caress and the warmth of love's kiss, she turned to the bare wall and brooding silence of a sacred tomb. She strangled the torturing heart-hunger of her womanhood and with a metal cross crushed back in her breast the yearning pain for the touch of baby lips—the thrilling sweetness of wandering baby fingers. Her girl-life, rich in promise, she crucified upon a cross for women whose lives were lived—who had loved and sinned and suffered and cursed, and in their infamy and shame she buried in pure youth, her life, her hope for all time and there was left only to—wait. Outside of her order few knew of Mother St. Martin. I had heard of her story and in the house of Magdalens, in New Orleans when the black grating swung back, I saw a face still very beautiful, eyes soft and tender, with the fires of the South burning still through the long years of the chill austerity of her holy calling, and an outstretched hand, soft and white and exquisite—the hand of a gentle woman. The black veil contrasted somberly with the creamy serge hanging in heavy folds to her feet and the face and figure of this holy woman, framed in the black bars, was worthy the pen of a Laureate, the brush of a Master. Ritual and dogma, church and creed, belief and unbelief, query and theory, Christian and pagan—all fade and pale into insignificance before the

unwritten history of this woman's life. A worshiper of false gods, a visionist or a Bride of Christ—it does not matter. Before her task strong men would quail. At what she sees, pure women would shrink. From what she has endured good women would turn, afraid and appalled. Her work was not lighter than Damien's, and it has extended over nearly three times the number of years. His was a martyr's death. Hers is a long martyrdom living. He was an humble peasant-priest tending pitifully the diseased in body. She is a cultured woman ministering tirelessly to half a century of distorted minds and leprous souls. Before the nobility of her life, the infinitude of her sacrifice, the sweetness and tenderness of her personality, one pauses, humble and silent. Some may criticize her creed—they must reverence her deeds. Some may revile what she holds holy—they must honor holiness that is sublime. Some may censure the Church—they must bow to the woman. Damien helped tortured wretches to die. She helped tortured women to live. With her delicate, patrician hand she has touched lives that reeked with vileness and degradation, and softly drawn them back from the vortex that casts us ghastly refuse on the slimy slabs of a city morgue. With her soft voice she has silenced the obscene jest and reckless curse and taught instead the tenderness of a prayer. With her pure refinement she has lifted from the gutter's filth these female animals and walked with them through the *via dolorosa* till they were again within the pale of womanhood. But this woman, infinitely great and infinitely pitiful, is almost unknown. The eyes, patient and tender and saddened by the long pilgrimage of pain, are rarely seen beyond the cloister walls. And while there are Dr. Hydes base enough to cast mud at the marble of her order, there is no Stevenson to challenge the defamer and give honor where honor is

due. In ode and epic and history are shrined and immortalized the memories of our Jeannes d'Arc and our Molly Pitchers, our Clara Bartons and our Florence Nightingales, and preëminent among them should be the memory of this white-robed nun who gave her wealth to shelter our homeless Magdalens and her life for their redemption. Over her dead Christ is written *Hominum Salvatum*. Over her brow rests only the black veil. And the silent group of shrouded figures kneeling before the sculptured Nazarene are her only testimony. She gave her life for women and heart and soul to her Christ, and her epithalamium is the saddened chant of cloistered nuns, her arc of triumph the pale sunshine riven by an upright cross.

New Orleans, La., February 12.

Rev. Henry A. Koehler, long a leading light of the A. P. A., has at last become disgusted with his company, cut it cold and confessed under oath that he has uttered a thousand-and-one lies against the Roman Catholic church. Koehler is, or was, a preacher who posed as an ex-priest and revealed to wondering yaps the "awful secrets of the confessional"—for a consideration. He admits that he was never a priest, nor in any way connected with a Catholic institution, and begs the church to forgive his infamous falsehoods. He should be granted absolution at once—then placed in Price's old cell in the penitentiary. It is as impossible to reform such a character as Koehler as to make a good omelet of a bad egg. The rats are simply deserting the sinking ship. The Ape is coming off its perch because the people are weary of its infernal foulness and will no longer feed it for defaming the brides of God and striving to subvert the American government. Its chief apostles have proven

adventurers, ignorami, criminals, or all combined; its papers are rapidly going where the woodbine twineth, leaving behind them large coteries of angry creditors; the howl of its orators is almost hushed, and even its "ex-nuns" are returning to their old trade and peddling lubricity instead of retailing lies.

BRANN'S REPLY TO SLATTERY

[EX-PRIEST Joseph Slattery, in his lecture at Waco, Texas, in the interest of the A. P. A., bitterly denounced the *ICONOCLAST*. During the Slattery lecture Brann rose, pointed his finger at Slattery and said: "You lie and you know it, and I refuse to listen to you." Brann then turned on his heel and walked out. He then hired the same opera house at his own expense and replied to Slattery.]

Fellow Americans: The *ICONOCLAST* does not please ex-Priest Slattery, "Baptist minister in good standing," and I am not surprised. Its mission, as its name implies, is to expose Frauds and abolish Fakes, to make unrelenting war upon Humbugs and Hypocrites; hence it is not remarkable that Slattery should regard its existence as a personal affront. It is ever the galled jade that winces; or, to borrow from the elegant pulpit vernacular of the Rev. Sam Jones, "it's the hit dog that yelps."

Slattery would have you believe that I'm a rank atheist who's trying to rip religion up by the roots and bang it across a barbed wire fence in close companionship with the hides of Protestant preachers. This charge has been hurled at me by various sectarian papers and malicious ministers; but not one iota of evidence has ever been submitted. It is simply a bald assertion born of sanctified malice, a brazen libel, similar to that which charges the Pope with trying to subvert the American government. I defy Slattery and all that unclean brood of moral vultures, assassins of character and thieves of reputation which trail in his wake and applaud his infamies, to produce one line I ever wrote, or quote one sentence I ever uttered disrespectful of *any* religion, Pagan, Protestant or Catholic.

If in the wilds of Central Africa I should find a man bowing down to a dried toad, a stuffed snake or a Slattery, I'd remove my hat as a tribute of respect, not to his judgment, but to his honesty. I have no word of condemnation for any religious faith, however fatuous it may appear to me, that has comforted the dying or consoled the living—that has cast one gleam of supernal sunshine into the dark vale where grope, each beneath his burthen of sorrow, the sons of men. I am not warring upon religious faith, but on falsehood; not upon Christ, but on those who disgrace his cause—who mistake bile for benevolence, gall for godliness and chronic laziness for “a call to preach.”

Nor have I taken the Pope of Rome under my apostolic protection. The Popes managed to exist for a great many years before I was born, and, despite the assaults of Slattery, will doubtless continue in business at the old stand for several years to come. I was raised a Protestant, and—thank God!—I'm no apostate. I learned Protestantism at my mother's knee, and from my father's pulpit; but I did not learn there that the Church of Rome is the “Scarlet Woman,” nuns unclean creatures and priests the sworn enemies of my country. I learned that but for the Church of Rome the “glad tidings of great joy,” which Christ brought to a dying world, would have been irredeemably lost in that dismal intellectual night known as the Dark Ages. I was taught that for centuries the Church of Rome was the repository, not only of the Christian faith, but of civilization itself. I was taught that the Catholic is the mother of the Protestant church, and that no matter how unworthy a parent may be, a child should not become the herald of its mother's shame.

And while being taught my duty as a Protestant, my education as an American citizen was not neglected. I was taught that this was a land of religious liberty, where

every man is privileged to worship God in his own way, or ignore Him altogether: that it was my duty to insist upon this right, both for myself and for my fellows.

That is why I am the uncompromising enemy of the A. P. A.

Any attempt to debar an American citizen from the honors and emoluments of a public office because of his religious faith, or non-faith, is a flagrant violation of a fundamental principle of this Republic. And no patriot; no man in whose veins there pulses one drop of the blood of the Conscript Fathers, or who would recognize the Goddess of Liberty if he met her in the road; no man imbued with the tolerant spirit of the Lord Jesus Christ will aid or abet such an un-Christian and un-American movement. The A. P. A. is the bastard spawn of Ignorance and Intolerance, conceived in sin and brought forth in iniquity.

There may be some honest men connected with the movement; but if honest they should get their heads trepanned to give their brains room to grow. They are as unable as a mule-eared rabbit to comprehend either the broad principles upon which this government is grounded, or its political and religious history. No man—not even Judas Iscariot Slattery—is to blame for his ignorance; so we should humbly pray, Father forgive them, they know not what they do. Nor is the Church of Rome responsible for the shameless apostate's lack of information. It did all that it could to transform him from an ignorant little beggar into an educated gentleman—but even the Pope cannot make a silk purse of a sow's ear. It is no fault of the Church of Rome that he's densely ignorant of the very text-book truths of history; that he knows nothing of that Reformation of which he talks so glibly;

that he is unable to comprehend the genius of the government upon which he has conferred his more or less valuable citizenship. The fault, if fault it be, lies with the Almighty, who gave him a bad heart and a worse head.

* * *

While going from Cincinnati to St. Louis on a recent lecture tour I chanced to be seated with one of those pompous smooth-bore preachers who weep for the sins of the world with one eye while watching the contribution box with the other. He asked me if I was a Christian, and I told him, naw—that I was only a newspaper man. “Oh,” said he. “Then doubtless you’ve met that scoundrel Brann.” I assured him that I had never met the miserable wretch, and that if I had my way about it I never would. That was an open sesame to his confidence, and he proceeded to tell me all about myself. I learned, somewhat to my surprise, that I was a Jesuit in disguise, who had been sent over here by the Pope to raise fourteen kinds of hades with Protestantism. When he had finished I thanked him for the information and expressed the hope that his Waterbury works would stand winding. “W—what d’ye mean?” he gasped. “Why,” quoth I, “the good book assures us that when Ananias was struck down at St. Peter’s feet for lying the young men arose and wound him up.” Whenever a man stands outside the pale of the Catholic church, yet declines to denounce it as the Scarlet Woman and brand the Pope as Beelzebub, he is forthwith denounced as a “Jesuit in disguise.” Were I a Jesuit I’d be too proud of that fact to conceal it. It requires mighty good material of which to make Jesuits, for they are put through a regimen that means death to mental weaklings; but of a bag of wind and a bushel o’ muck you may make a dozen campmeeting spouters and ’sputers.

American Protective Association, eh? That signifies that Uncle Sam is in need of protection. I had hitherto supposed that the gentleman in the highwater pants and star-bespangled cutaway was able to protect himself; but it now appears that unless he crawls under the ægis of the redoubtable Slattery he is—to again borrow from the most popular of all Protestant divines—“a gone sucker.” Think of placing Uncle Sam under the protection of a man who is an apostate in religion and a renegade in politics—of an Irishman who apostrophizes the British flag! Think of that kind of a bird presuming to tell the grandsons of Revolutionary soldiers their duties as American citizens.

Slattery assures us that we need protection from the Pope. There was a time when the proudest monarchs of Europe trembled at the Papal nod; but gradually the Pope has been shorn of temporal power, confined ever more to the realm of spiritual, until to-day he exerts about as little influence on the political destiny of this world as does Dr. Cranfill with his little Prohibition craze. But Slattery will have it that the Pope is gradually undermining American institutions—leads us to infer that, sooner or later, he'll blow our blessed constitution at the moon and scatter fragments of the Goddess of Liberty from Dan to Beersheba, from Cape Cod to Kalamazoo. The Pope, it appears, is a veritable Guy Fawkes, who is tunnelling beneath our national capitol with a keg of giant powder in one hand and a box of lucifer matches in the other. What's the evidence? Why, out in San Francisco, so Slattery says—but as Slattery's been convicted of lying it were well to call for papers—a Catholic school-board was elected and employed only Catholic teachers. The same awful thing happened in Detroit—if Slattery's telling the truth, which is doubtful in the extreme. Then what? With a

pride worthy a more American act, this illogical idiot informs us that "when the Protestants captured the school-boards of those cities they discharged every one of the Catholic teachers and put only good Protestants on guard." And at that Baptist brethren—with water on the brain—who boast of Roger Williams cheered so loudly as to be in danger of lockjaw. In the exuberant imagination of Slattery and his dupes there appears to be a wonderful difference between tweedledum and tweedledee. It doesn't seem to have occurred to them that what is sauce for the Protestant goose should be sauce for the Catholic gander. They damn the Catholics for doing the very thing for which they commend the Protestant. That's the logic of the A. P. A.—the Aggregation of Pusillanimous Asses. In my humble opinion both were engaged in very small business. The only difference in the offenders that I can see is that while the Catholics are saying nothing, the Protestants are loudly boasting of their vicious subversion of the American principle of religious liberty. The circumstance is a sharp reminder that if we are to preserve a government of the people, for the people and by the people, we've got to keep religion of *all* kinds out of our politics, just as the framers of the federal constitution intended that we should do. Mixing religion and politics is like mixing whiskey and water—it spoils both.

Slattery would have you believe that our Catholic citizens are simply emissaries of the Pope, to whom they owe allegiance both spiritual and temporal, and that they will, at the first opportunity, subvert American institutions and make this Nation simply a satrapy of the Vatican.

The American Catholic takes his theology from Rome; he takes his politics from the ecumenical council of his party—from the national convention of that partisan organization to which he may chance to belong.

That there can be no "Catholic conspiracy" against the free institutions of this country must be evident to every man of common sense from the simple fact that Catholics are divided among all the political parties—are continually voting against each other. Now I appeal to your judgment—lay aside your religious prejudices for the moment and look at the matter from a non-partisan, non-sectarian standpoint: If our Catholic fellow-citizens be under the thumb of the Pope politically, as the apostate now evangelizing for the A. P. A. would have us believe; and if the Pope desires to make himself temporal ruler of this land, or in any manner direct its affairs, would they not be found voting as a unit—a mighty political machine—instead of being as badly divided on secular questions as the Baptists themselves? San Antonio is a Catholic stronghold, yet a prominent Roman Catholic was overwhelmingly defeated in the last mayoralty election. And I could cite you hundreds of instances where Catholics have voted against men of their own religious faith and elected Protestants or infidels.

Again: If the Pope is plotting against America; and if all manner of crime be considered a virtue when committed by Catholics in furtherance of his ends, as Slattery would have you believe, then it were well to keep a sharp eye on apostate priests. How are we to know that they are not emissaries of the Vatican, commissioned to stir the Protestants up to persecute their brethren in Christ and thereby solidify the Catholic vote? No one, not even Slattery, has accused the Pope of being a fool; and certain it is that the A. P. A. movement, if persisted in, will have the effect of driving the Catholics of this country to political unity in self-defense. Persecution, political ostracism for religious opinion's sake, will infallibly bring about those very conditions which Slattery, Hicks, *et al.* declare that the Pope

desires. The communicants of the Church of Rome will no longer vote as Democrats or Republicans, but as Catholics—and then? With unlimited wealth, and such a political machine at the command of a man so ambitious and unscrupulous as we are asked to believe the Pope to be, the capture of the federal government and the political domination of this country were as easy as lying! The Protestants, divided into a hundred warring factions, many of them farther apart theologically than Episcopalianism and Catholicism, could offer no resistance to such a political machine, and they would receive but cold comfort from the liberal element, which has suffered so long from their petty persecutions.

And I tell you Protestants right here, that if it be the intention of the Church of Rome to transform this government into a theocracy by fair means or by foul, then the Pope is the real founder of the A. P. A. and Slattery's a Papal spy.

According to the story of this self-constituted protector of the American government, he studied Roman Catholic theology for years, then officiated as a priest for eight more before discovering anything immoral in the teachings of the Mother Church, when it suddenly occurred to him that it was but a tissue of falsehoods, a veritable cesspool of rottenness. His transformation appears to have been almost as sudden as that of Saul of Tarsus—or that of Judas Iscariot. I have no objection to his leaving the Catholic priesthood—his bishop stopped his pay. Like the servant maid caught pilfering, he “gave notice, with the missus a pintin’ at the door.” If Slattery believes that the Protestant Through Line runs more comfortable cars to the great hereafter, he’s welcome to take his ticket over that route; but I would have thought better of him

had he made the change quietly and refrained from assaulting with the vindictiveness of a renegade that church to which he owes his education, such as it is; had he treated the religion of his mother with decency if not with respect.

I thought I had met all manner of men; men hardened in crime—men destitute of even a semblance of shame; but never before did I behold one with the hardihood to stand up before American women and boast that he had incurred a mother's curse. When a man falls so low in the scale of human degradation that his own mother disowns him it were well to watch him. When a creature asks strangers to accept him because his relatives have rejected him; when, for the sake of gain, he snaps like a mangy fice at the hand that once fed him, and stings like a poisonous adder the bosom that once nurtured him; when, to promote his personal ends, he will use his best endeavors to exterminate religious liberty and precipitate a bloody sectarian war, I tell you he was not born a man but begotten a beast.

From the very foundation of this government the Catholics have been its firm defenders. Their wisdom and eloquence have adorned its councils from the signing of the Declaration of American Independence to this good day, and its every battlefield, from Lexington to the Custer massacre, has been wet with Catholic blood. Nine Roman Catholics signed the Declaration of Independence, and the Roman Catholics of New York contributed so liberally of their blood and treasure to the cause of the new-born Nation that Washington wrote them a letter praising their patriotism. Several Roman Catholics helped frame the Federal Constitution, and the interpretation of that wonderful instrument by a Roman Catholic chief-justice to-day constitutes the fundamental law of the land. Yet

Slattery and that ridiculous organization of which he boasts himself a member, would have you believe that the American Catholics would, at a nod from the Pope, ruthlessly trample under foot that flag in whose defense they pledged their lives, their fortunes and their sacred honor—that they would wreck without remorse and ruin without regret that Nation they helped place on the map of the world. How do you old Confederates, who followed Pat Cleburne, relish having this blatant tramp defame your dead commander? Can you believe, on the unsupported testimony of this mendacious mountebank, that Father Ryan's tribute to the Stars-and-Bars was rank hypocrisy—that the poet-priest was the political tool of a foreign power? Sherman died a Catholic. Fighting Phil Sheridan was a Catholic. Old Pap Thomas, "the Rock of Chickamauga," was a Catholic. The "Bloody Sixty-ninth" New York was a Catholic regiment, and its heroism at the Battle of Bull Run forms one of the brightest pages in the military history of this nation. Strange it never occurred to those demoralized Protestant regiments which took refuge behind the bayonets of the Sixty-ninth that they were throwing the Vatican between themselves and the Confederate forces!

Slattery assures us that the number of Irish Catholics on the police force of our great cities is evidence that the Church of Rome is on mischief bent. I am not surprised that an Irish Catholic with a club in his hand should prove rather alarming to Bro. Slattery. But, although he says, "meet a policeman and you'll see the map of Ireland in his face," those same policemen have several times saved his worthless bacon. When he was mobbed in St. Louis for defaming Catholic nuns, the police formed a cordon around his infamous carcass and saved him from a well-merited trouncing at the hands of the slandered women's

relatives. Probably the police did not relish the job overmuch, but they had sworn to uphold the laws, and although Slattery insists that a Catholic oath amounts to nothing, they risked their lives in his defense.

We have many nationalities in this country, and each of them, as every observant man well knows, manifests a predilection for some special occupation. Thus the Jews take to trade, the Germans to agriculture, the Norwegians to lumbering, the French to catering and the Irish to politics. Make a Freewill Baptist or a Buddhist of an Irishman and you do not change his nature—he'll turn up at the next political convention just the same. And the man who's too good to take a hand in practical politics; who's too nice to mingle with the horny-handed at the ward primaries; who's too busy to act as delegate to the convention—who deliberately neglects his duty as an American citizen—finds that Pat's activity has been rewarded with a place on the police force, and blames it all on the Pope.

It is not my province to defend Roman Catholic theology—I suppose that Slattery said all that could be urged in its behalf before he apostatized. Perhaps the Catholics really believe the Pope infallible; and if they do, it is certainly no worse than for certain Waco Protestants to believe that Slattery's infallible. I noticed that at his lecture last week they cheered every charge he preferred against either the Pope or the "Apostle" and that without asking for an iota of evidence. When I arose at the stag party with which he wound up the intellectual debauch, and questioned his infallibility, the good brethren cried, "Throw him out!" Why did they so unless they believed that to question the supernal wisdom and immaculate

truth of aught a Baptist minister might say, were sacrilege—a sin against the Holy Ghost?

Here was I, their fellow citizen of Waco, I had done them no harm; yet when a strolling vagabond, wearing God's livery, and whose forte is the defamation of women, made a statement, which if true, would forever disgrace me in the eyes of the world; when he preferred this charge against me within two blocks of where my babies lay sleeping, they wanted to mob me for branding him then and there as an infamous liar and a cowardly black-guard.

Mark you, I'm no tramp in America. This is the house of my fathers. They helped hew it out of the Virginia wilderness. They helped put Old Glory in the heavens, and to keep it there for more than a hundred years; still it appears that I have no rights in this country which a foreigner with the smell of the steerage still upon him is bound to respect, if he chances to be a Baptist preacher.

Talk to me about the Church of Rome muzzling free speech when the A. P. A. would mob an American citizen for defending his character from the infamous falsehoods of a foreign tramp! "Throw him out!" Why throw him out? I'll tell you: The sanctified buzzards had gone there with appetites sharpened for a mess of carrion, and they were afraid I'd kill their cook. "Throw him out!" But I noticed that those who were splitting their faces as wide as Billy Kersands' were glued to their seats. They wanted somebody else to throw him out. They were anxious to see a gang of three or four hundred sanctified hoodlums trample upon me, but there was not one among the self-constituted protectors of this mighty American Nation with sufficient "sand" to lead the mob. If there were no better Americans than those trailing in the wake of the

Rev. Joseph Slattery, like buzzards following a bad smell, I'd take a cornstalk, clean out the whole shooting-match and stock the country with niggers and yaller dogs. If such cattle were sired by Satan, dammed by Sycorax and born in hell they would dishonor their parents and disgrace their country.

Slattery insists that Catholics believe thus-and-so, and that no man with such a faith concealed about his person can be a good American citizen. I don't know about that; but I do know that if the Catholics act in strict accordance with their religious creed they are the only people in this country that do so. I've learned that you can't judge a man by his catechism. Slattery assures us that he has discarded the Pope and taken Christ for his immediate guide. The latter commands his followers to pray for those who spitefully use them; but if Slattery did any praying for the "Apostle" during his sojourn in this city he managed to keep that fact a profound secret. Christ enjoins patience and humility. He tells his followers to turn the other cheek to the smiter; yet Slattery assured the ladies Wednesday night that he was "a great believer in muscular Christianity." Then he placed his 250 pounds of stall-fed beef in fighting attitude and declared he'd "like to have his enemies come at him one at a time"—to be prayed for, I presume. If Christ taught "muscular Christianity" I have inadvertently overlooked a bet. Christ commands us to love our enemies, but doesn't suggest that we should manifest our affection by lying about 'em. He rebuked those who tattled about a common courtesan, yet Slattery defamed decent women. No, you can't judge a man by his creed. If the allegiance of the Catholics to the Pope is of the same character as that of Slattery to the Lord Jesus Christ, Uncle Sam need not lie awake o' nights to worry about "Papal plots."

Had Slattery been truly a Christian, instead of black-guarding me when protected by the presence of ladies, he would have put up a fervent prayer for my immediate conversion to the Baptist faith. But his milk of human kindness had soured—he was short on Christian charity and long on gall.

“Faith, hope and charity,” says St. Paul; “and the greatest of these is charity.” And he might have added that it’s also the scarcest. Perhaps that’s what makes it so valuable—the supply is never equal to the demand.

Speaking of charity reminds me of my experience with the Protestant preachers of San Antonio, some of whom, I understand, are aiding and abetting this A.P.A. movement, “designed to preserve the priceless liberty of free speech.” While editor of the morning paper of that city I was in the habit of writing a short sermon for the Sunday edition, for the benefit of those who could not go to church, I supposed that the ministers would sanction my clerical efforts, but they didn’t. They wanted no assistance in saving souls, considered that they should be accorded a monopoly in that line and were entitled to all the emoluments. They proceeded to thunder at me from the pulpit, and sometimes three or four perspiring pulpiteers were pounding away at me at the same time—and incidentally making me very popular. I dropped into a swell church one Sunday morning to get a little grace—a building that cost up in the six figures while people were living in \$4 jackals and subsisting on 50 cents a week within sound of its bells—and the minister was holding a copy of the *Express* aloft in one hand and a Bible in the other and demanding of his congregation: “Which will you take—Brann or God?” Well, they seemed to think that if they couldn’t have both they’d best take God,

though some of the sinners on the back seats were a trifle subsequent in making up their minds.

I kept hammering away—preaching to my little congregation of fifteen or twenty thousand readers every Sunday, as I now do to ten times that many a month—until finally the Ministerial Association met, perorated, where-ased, resolutely and wound up by practically demanding of the proprietor of the *Express* that I be either muzzled or fired. And all this time the Catholic priests said never a word—and San Antonio is a Catholic city. But the Baptist ministers were running a sneaking boycott! Yet the Church of Rome is the boa-constrictor that's trying to throttle the American right of free speech!

The Y.M.C.A. invited me to lecture on Humbugs, and that scared the Ministerial Association nearly to death. They thought I was after 'em now sure, so they went to the officials of the Y.M.C.A. and made them cancel the date. And the only Protestant minister in the entire city who did not join in this attempt to throttle free speech was an Episcopalian—and the Episcopalians are not Protestants to hurt. Yet when these ministers, who are now so fearful that the Church of Rome will muzzle somebody, found that they couldn't drive me out of town; that they couldn't take the bread from the mouths of my babes because I had dared utter my honest thoughts like a freeman; that I was to continue to edit the *Express* so long as I liked, they came fawning about me like a lot of spaniels afraid of the lash! But not one of them ever tried to convert me. Not one of them ever tried, by kindly argument, to convince me that I was wrong. Not one of them ever invited me to church—or prayed for me, so far as I could learn. Perhaps they thought I was past redemption.

Slattery cautions you not to send your children to convent schools, declaring that he "never yet saw a nun who was an educated woman." That statement, standing alone, ought to convince every one blessed with a thinking apparatus that Slattery's a fraud. Some of the best educated women in this world have entered convents. Women upon whose tuition fortunes have been expended are now making convent schools deservedly popular with the intelligent people.

He says ignorance is the correlative of Catholicism, and points to Spain as proof of this startling assertion. There was a time when Spain stood in the very forefront of civilization, in the van of human progress, the arbiter of the world's political destiny,—and Spain was even more Catholic then than it is to-day. Nations and civilizations have their youth, their lusty manhood and their decay, and it were idle to attribute the decline of Spain to Catholicism as the decadence of Greece to Paganism. The Catholic church found Spain a nation of barbarians and brought it up to that standard of civilization where a Spanish monarch could understand the mighty plans of Columbus. It was her Catholic Majesty, Queen Isabella, who took from her imperial bosom the jewels with which to buy a world—who exchanged the pearls of the Orient for the star of Empire. The Catholic church found England a nation of barbarians and brought it up, step by step, until Catholic barons wrung from King John at Runnymede the Great Charter—the mother of the American Constitution. It found Ireland a nation of savages and did for it what the mighty powers of the Cæsars could not—brought it within the pale of civilization. But for the Roman Catholic Church Slattery might be wearing a breech clout, digging roots with his finger nails and gorging himself with raw meat in Ireland to-day instead of in-

sulting the intelligence of American audiences and wringing money from fanatics and fools by warring upon the political institutions of their fathers.

Slattery was horrified to learn that some of the nuns were inclined to talk about each other. I sincerely trust that he will find none of the Baptist sisters addicted to the same bad habit.

From what I could gather of his discourse,—before I was “put out”—and from the report of his alleged wife’s lectures, I infer that this delectable twain impeach the virtue of the Roman Catholic sisterhoods. Malice, like death, loves a shining mark, and there is no hate so venomous as that of the apostate. But before giving credence to such tales, let me ask you: Why should a woman exchange the brilliant parlor for a gloomy cell in which to play the hypocrite? Why should a cultured woman of gentle birth deliberately forego the joys of wife and motherhood, the social triumph and the freedom of the world and condemn herself to a life of labor, a dreary round of drudgery, if her heart’s impure? For shame!

Who is it that visits the slums of our great cities ministering to the afflicted, comforting the dying, reclaiming the fallen? When pestilence sweeps over the land and mothers desert their babes and husbands their wives, who is it that presses the cup of cold water to the feverish lip and closes the staring eyes of the deserted dead? Who was it that went upon the Southern battle-fields to minister to the wounded soldiers, followed them to the hospitals and tenderly nursed them back to life? The Roman Catholic sisterhoods, God bless them!

One of those angels of mercy can walk unattended and unharmed through our “Reservation” at midnight. She can visit with impunity the most degraded dive in the

White-chapel district. At her coming the ribald song is stilled and the oath dies on the lips of the loafer. Fallen creatures reverently touch the hem of her garments, and men steeped in crime to the very lips involuntarily remove their hats as a tribute to noble womanhood. The very atmosphere seems to grow sweet with her coming and the howl of hell's demons to grow silent. None so low in the barrel-house, the gambling hell or the brothel as to breathe a word against her good name; but when we turn to the Baptist pulpit there we find an inhuman monster clad in God's livery, saying, "Unclean, unclean!" God help a religious denomination that will countenance such an infamous cur!

As a working journalist I have visited all manner of places. I have written up the foulest dives that exist on this continent, and have seen Sisters of Charity enter them unattended. Had one of the inmates dared insult them he would have been torn in pieces. And I have sat in the opera house of this city—boasting itself a center of culture—and heard a so-called man of God speak flip-pantly of the Catholic sisterhoods, and professing Christians applaud him to the echo.

Merciful God! if heaven is filled with such Christians, send me to hell, with those whose sins are human! Better everlasting life in a lake of fire than enforced companionship in Paradise for one hour with the foul harpies that groaned "awmen" to Slattery's infamous utterances. God of Israel! to think that those unmanly scabs, those psalm-singing vultures are Americans and our political brethren!

. . .

I know little about the private lives of the Catholic priesthood; but this I do know: They were the first to plant the standard of Christian faith in the New World.

They were the first to teach the savages something of the blessings of civilization. I do know that those of them who were once Protestants are not making a specialty of defaming the faith of their fathers. I do know that neither hardship nor danger can abate their holy zeal and that hundreds of them have freely given their lives in the service of the Lord. And why should a man devote his body to God and his soul to the devil? I do know that one of them has given us the grandest example of human sacrifice for others' sake that this great world affords. Even Christ prayed in the Garden of Gethsemane, "If it be possible, let this cup pass from me"; but Father Damien pressed a cup even more bitter to his own lips and drained it to the dregs—died for the sake of suffering mortals a death to which the cross were mercy.

The Protestants admit that they are responsible for the inoculation of the simple Sandwich Islanders with the leprosy; yet when those who fell victims to the foul disease were segregated, made prisoners upon a small island in the mid-Pacific, not a Protestant preacher in all the earth could be found to minister to them. The Lord had "called" 'em all into his vineyard, but it appears that he didn't call a blessed one of them to that leper colony where people were rotting alive, with none to point them to that life beyond the grave where all the sins and corruptions of the flesh are purged away and the redeemed stand in robes of radiant white at the right hand of God. I blame no man for declining the sacrifice. To set foot upon that accursed spot was to be declared unclean and there confined until death released you—death by leprosy, the most appalling disease in all the dreadful catalogue of human ills, the most dreaded arrow in the quiver of the grim Destroyer. Yet Father Damien, a young Roman Catholic priest, left home and country and all that life holds dear,

and went deliberately forth to die for afflicted barbarians. There he reared an humble temple with his own hands to the God of his fathers, there, through long years of confinement, he ministered to the temporal and spiritual wants of the afflicted; there he died, as he knew he must die, with his fingers falling from his hands, his flesh from his bones, a sight to appall the very imps of hell. No wonder the Protestant ministers held aloof. Merciful God. I'd rather be crucified!

We are all brave men when the war-drum throbs and the trumpet calls us to battle beneath the eyes of the world,—when, touching elbows with our fellows and clad in all the glorious pomp and circumstance of war we seek the bubble of fame e'en at the cannon's mouth. When the music of the battery breeds murder in the blood, the electric order goes ringing down the line, is answered by the thrilling cheer, the veriest coward drives the spur deep into the foaming flank and plunges, like a thunderbolt, into the gaping jaws of death, into the mouth of hell; but when a man was wanted to go forth alone, without blare of trumpet or drum, and become a life-prisoner in a leper colony, but one in all the world could be found equal to that supreme test of personal heroism, and that man was a Roman Catholic priest. And what was his reward? Hear what Thos. G. Sherman, a good Protestant, says in the *New York Post*:

“Before the missionaries gained control of the islands leprosy was unknown. But with the introduction of strange races, leprosy established itself and rapidly increased. An entire island was properly devoted to the lepers. No Protestant missionary would venture among them. For this I do not blame them, as, no doubt, I should not have had the courage to go myself. But a noble Catholic priest consecrated his life to the service of the

lepers, lived among them, baptized them, educated them, and brought some light and happiness into their wretched lives. Stung by the contrast of his example, the one remaining missionary, a recognized and paid agent of the American Board, spread broadcast the vilest slanders against Father Damien."

So it appears that the world is blessed with two Slat-
terys.

There are three kinds of liars at large in the land: The harmless Munchausen who romances for amusement, and whose falsehoods do no harm; the Machiavellian liar, whose mendacity bears the stamp of original genius, and the stupid prevaricator, who rechews the fetid vomit of other villains simply because he lacks a fecund brain to breed falsehoods to which he may play the father. And Slattery's a rank specimen of the latter class. When he attempts to branch out for himself he invariably comes to grief. After giving a dreadful account of how Catholics persecute those who renounce the faith, declaring that they were a disgrace to the church while within its pale, he produced a certificate from a Philadelphia minister to the effect that he—the Philadelphian—had visited Slattery's old parish in Ireland and the Catholics there declared that he was a good and faithful priest! What Slattery seems to lack to become a first-class fraud is continuity of thought. He lies fluently, even entertainingly, but not consistently.

The apostate priest would have the various Protestant denominations throw down the bars that separate them and mark off their theological bailiwicks "with little beds of flowers." The idea is a good one—and I can but wonder where Slattery stole it. Still I can see no cogent reason for getting all the children together in happy union and leaving their good old mother out in the cold.

Throw down all the bars, and let every division of the Great Army of God, whether wearing the uniform of Buddhist or Baptist, Catholic or Campbellite, Methodist or Mohammedan, move forward, with Faith its sword, Hope its ensign and Charity its shield. Cease this foolish internecine strife, at which angels weep, swing into line as sworn allies and, at the command of the Great Captain, advance your standards on the camp of the common foe. Wage war, not upon each other, but on Poverty, Ignorance and Crime, hell's great triumvirate, until this beautiful world's redeemed and bound in very truth,

“With gold chains about the feet of God.”

Ex-Priest Slattery and his ex-nun wife are still at large in the land, pandering to anti-Catholic prejudice and collecting money of cranks. We have in this country a large contingent of ignorant fanatics who really believe that the Roman Catholic church is intent on overturning the American government and supplanting the President with the Pope, who are quite sure that the priesthood is a colossal aggregation of rogues and the convents but cloaks for all manner of immorality. The fact that the Pope has frequently expressed his admiration for the American government; that every convocation of Catholic prelates in this country has breathed the spirit of patriotism and tolerance; that the Catholics were among the first to establish religious liberty in the western world; that they have aided in the upbuilding of this mighty nation, have participated in its councils, supported it with their treasure in the hour of trial and bedewed its every battlefield with their blood—counts for nothing with these narrow-minded bigots, these hate-inflamed fanatics.

“Convince a man against his will,
He'll hold the same opinion still.”

It is to this class, the class responsible for that un-American organization known as the A.P.A.—Aggregation of Pusillanimous Asses—that ex-Priest Slattery panders. There are probably bad priests and unchaste nuns. With some hundreds of Protestant preachers in our penitentiaries—and as many of their female parishioners branded as bawds—it were indeed remarkable if all priests were paragons of purity; but Slattery's sweeping denunciation is simply slander for which he would be promptly punished by due process of law did Catholic prelates consider him worthy their serious consideration. Slattery is becoming a white elephant on the hands of the American authorities. The Catholic prelates decline to prosecute him, while the laity attempt to stop his blackguard bazoo with a bludgeon. In protecting him the authorities realize that they are shielding a foul-mouthed calumniator and brazen adventurer, and that if they decline to do so they will be arraigned by the aforesaid Aggregation of Pusillanimous Asses for "permitting the Church of Rome to throttle the American right of free speech." It is safe to say that should an apostate Protestant publicly prefer the same sweeping charges against the clergy and the female members of their flocks that Slattery prefers against the priests and nuns, no power between the two oceans could prevent him being torn to pieces and his foul carcass fed to the buzzards. The simple fact that Slattery is alive to-day is a glorious tribute to the Christian charity of the Roman Catholic church.

THE A.P.A. IDIOCY

DEFAMATION OF AMERICAN DAILIES

PERHAPS the most ominous of the signs of the times, so far as this Republic is concerned, is the birth of that organization known as the American Protective Association. True, the order is not formidable as yet—is of but little importance in the world of politics; but history teaches that the more ridiculous a craze or foolish a fad, the more readily it finds a following. Of course the A. P. A. cannot long survive. It's a child of Darkness and must perish with the coming of the Dawn. There is no valid reason for its existence, and the law of social as well as of physical evolution makes it imperative that the useless and unfit should perish from the earth. So perished Know-nothingism, and so will pass this new avatar of religious bigotry and political folly which has found a temporary lodgment in a land boasting liberty of conscience, beneath the flag of the free. But, though the days of the A. P. A. be few and full of trouble, it may, like the cholera scourge, or an epidemic of diarrhoea, do an infinite deal of harm before it is eradicated. Its tendency is to promote a religious war and wreck the mighty political fabric bequeathed us by our fathers, to crush religious liberty and turn back the hands on the dial of time a thousand years. Its avowed object is the practical disfranchisement of Catholics, not only of this country, but throughout the world. The movement has already become "international," if we may credit the boasts of its leaders, which proves that it was not begotten of American patriotism, as at first pretended, but born of religious bigotry. The following paragraph, taken from the illiterate and intolerant address of the president of the supreme council of

the order, delivered at Milwaukee last May, is suggestive:

“If coming generations are to be secure in the enjoyment of their liberties, we must drive the enemy not from the United States to Canada, nor from Canada to the United States—not from the new world to the old, nor from the old to the new—we must drive them off the face of the earth; must destroy the devil’s brood, root and branch, by the mighty power of A.P.A.ism.”

Think of an “international,” of an “universal American Protective Association”—of Americans, interested only in preserving intact the liberties bequeathed them by those sworn enemies of monarchy, the Revolutionary heroes, assisting the Czar of Russia to preserve his crown and the Akhoond of Swat his harem! The movement is not “American”; it is Protestant, pure and simple. Its *raison d’être* is religious instead of political. Its object is not the enforcement of the fundamental law of the land, which declares that “No religious test shall ever be required as a qualification to any office of public trust under the United States”; but, by uniting all Protestant denominations in an “anti-Papist” crusade, to “destroy the devil’s brood, root and branch”—to “drive them off the face of the earth.” Unless all signs be misleading and the utterances of its duly accredited leaders mere doting jargon, it is the spiritual rather than the supposed temporal power of the Pope that is troubling the A.P.A. That organization is warring upon Roman Catholic theology far more vindictively than upon “Roman Catholic corruption” in politics. Its agony is fully as great when a Protestant sends his child to a convent school as when “Papal emissaries” capture a municipal government. Pat’s sister in a nunnery gives it as much concern as Pat himself on the police force. It harangues with far more

gusto of the immorality of some unworthy priest than of the election of a "Papist" constable in a Catholic precinct.

Patriotic Americans have much to say anent the necessity of suppressing such blatant anarchists as Herr Most and Lucy Parsons; yet the doctrines enunciated by the A.P.A. are infinitely more dangerous to the peace and perpetuity of the Republic. Their avowed object is the division of the American people into two hostile classes—and Christ assures us that "Every kingdom divided against itself is brought to desolation." If this be true, either the A.P.A. or the government born of our fathers' blood and sanctified by our mothers' tears, must be destroyed. If we accept the dicta of the Deity we must class the A.P.A. organizers with Johann Most and Benedict Arnold. Nor are these enemies of the American government willing to wait for the disfranchisement of their Catholic fellow-citizens by due process of law—the change of the Federal constitution by peaceful methods and passage of a disabling act by a fanatical congress. They are already preaching war—a war of extermination! Here is a paragraph—clipped at random—from the most pretentious A.P.A. journal extant, the official organ of the order at San Francisco:

"In Rochester, New York, a bad A.P.A. man shot and killed a good Catholic. The chief regret is that he had not a magazine gun instead of a single shooter."

A thousand similar expressions might be culled from the utterances of A.P.A. orators and editors, signifying that the Protestant who murders a Catholic pleases God and renders his country a service—that having killed one Catholic he should be encouraged to slaughter more. Evi-

dently we would have a delightful Christian love-feast should the A.P.A. become strong enough to safely embark in the wholesale butchery business—in the name of a loving Christ and the Federal constitution! But let an American citizen who sees the plan of salvation through a different telescope—and who has a sister or daughter in a convent—shy a brick at some foul-mouthed black-guard for calumniating the Roman Catholic sisterhoods, and forthwith a terrible wail goes up from this “noble order of Christian patriots” that the Pope is trying to throttle free speech by means of a pretorian guard of brutal bulldozers. The A.P.A. willfully and with malice prepense provokes the Catholic until forbearance ceases to be a virtue, then points to his violence as an evidence of Papal iniquity. A large proportion of American Catholics are of the combative Irish blood. The terrible injustice which Ireland has for centuries suffered at the hands of orthodox England has not made them particularly friendly to the Protestant faith; yet so deeply are they imbued with American ideas; such respect have they for the right of free speech, that A.P.A. orators and editors may defame them in every possible manner—may question their patriotism and revile their religion—and do so in comparative safety. The patience of the American Catholics under the jeers and sneers, the willful calumnies and cowardly insults of the A.P.A. has no parallel in religious history since the persecutions suffered by the primitive Christians. Why they do not procure a few “magazine guns” and fill the hides of their persecutors so full of holes that they couldn’t be stuffed with stovewood, I am unable to understand.

In the greatest exponent of A.P.A.ism—in which Protestant Christianity and American patriotism are supposed to be united for the attainment of salvation here and

hereafter, we find such headlines as the following: "Pap for Papist Pugs;" "A Specimen Catholic Brute;" "Fearful Roman Catholic Immorality;" "Papists and False Oaths;" "Jerked to Jesus;" "Illegitimacy in Rome;" "Romanists Lie with Impunity," etc.,—and the articles are worthy of their captains. Such is religious toleration and Christian charity as interpreted by the A.P.A.—such its idea of the cult established by Christ for the purpose of securing "peace on earth, good will to men." The proceedings of every ecumenical council, the official acts of every Pope, the utterances of every writer of Roman Catholic theology for a thousand years have been scanned for evidence that the Mother Church is the enemy of both civil and religious liberty—and that by men who would disfranchise American citizens for worshipping God according to the dictates of their own conscience, and murder them with "magazine guns" because of a difference of opinion anent the Real Presence! I am not much in favor of a press censorship nor the abridgment of the right of free speech; but I do think that men who persist in a deliberate attempt to precipitate a civil war should be hanged for treason. My bump of veneration is not so abnormal that it wears holes in the steeple crown of my Mexican hat; still I hold that the orator or editor who flagrantly defames and systematically vilifies any religious cult considered sacred by millions of law-abiding men, is a blasphemous brute, and that it would be entirely consistent with the American idea of liberty to clap a cast-iron muzzle on him and lose the key.

It has been charged by the A.P.A. that the *ICONOCLAST* is a "Papist periodical," hence "its utterances should be regarded with suspicion by all patriotic Americans." Of course every journal that declines to act as cat's-paw

to pull political chestnuts out of the fire for the "Ape," is trying to supplant an American President with an Italian Pope. I am not surprised that, having demonstrated their ignorance of the history of the Church of Rome and their utter inability to comprehend the genius of the American government, the A.P.A. bosses should accuse a journal bearing the suggestive title of *Iconoclast* of being a "Papal periodical." A Catholic *Iconoclast* were almost as great a curiosity as a feathered elephant—or an English organization for the protection of American liberties! With the controversy between Protestantism and Catholicism I have no more to do than with that between Buddhism and Brahmanism. I care never a copper whether a man takes his theology from the Pope or Dalai-Lama, John Calvin or Joseph Smith, so long as he doesn't persist in mixing it with American politics. But when one religious body presumes to monopolize the honors and emoluments of this government to the exclusion of another; when an attempt is made in the name of any religious cult or creed to override the constitution of our common country; when a conspiracy is entered into by malicious busy-bodies and aspiring demagogues to disfranchise worthy American citizens because of their religious opinions, somebody is going to get the iconoclastic gaffles driven into them so deep that the protruding points may be utilized as a hat rack.

But the *ICONOCLAST* does not stand alone to receive the destructive thunderbolts and sizzling scorn of that "noble order of Christian patriots" which proposes to play smash with the Pope and "destroy the devil's brood, root and branch"—by a combination of "open Bibles" and breech-loaders. The leading article in the *A.P.A. Magazine* for July—whose politico-religious mission is ladling out a very

disgusting brand of "Pap for Papist Pugs"—is an "Address by Rev. J. Q. A. Henry, San Francisco." From it I clip the following paragraph:

"Time forbids that I should give the extent to which the Papacy has subsidized the press. There is scarcely a daily of note throughout the entire country whose staff is not controlled by the Jesuits. At the elbow of reporter and editor sits the Jesuitical inquisitor to see that nothing is reported or published detrimental to the Papal church. It is shocking how unfair to Protestantism and diabolically sectarian the press has become. It cringes in the presence of the hierarchy, and enforces its unscrupulous bidding with the servility of a whipped spaniel."

I dislike very much to say anything disrespectful of a preacher; still, respect for "the cloth" does not overcome my suspicion that the reverend gentleman is an unmitigated liar. In fact I know from personal experience in daily journalism that such is the case. I have served on nine daily papers—ranging in importance from the St. Louis *Globe-Democrat* to the Houston *Post*; have occupied every position from police reporter to editor, and never did a Catholic priest attempt to shape one sentence of the ten thousand columns that have passed from my pencil into print. I have treated of many questions in which Catholics were deeply interested, and never did I catch a glimpse of that "Jesuitical inquisitor." Never did Catholic—priest or layman—suggest what I should say or leave unsaid; but I have had the Protestant inquisitors at my elbow often enough, God knows. They have been persistent, meddlesome, dictatorial; and whenever I declined to allow them to manage my department they tried to get me discharged. In all my journalistic

experience I was never told by a Catholic priest of a scandal in a Protestant church; but just let a Catholic priest go wrong, and four-fifths of the Protestant preachers make it their business, not only to inform the press, but to insist that the affair be "shown up" in its most unfavorable aspect. These are facts with which every daily newspaper man is familiar. Call up the editors and reporters of this country and they will tell you that the Catholic priests and Jewish rabbis meddle with their work but little; but that, with the possible exception of the pot-house politicians and crank scribblers, the Protestant clergy is the greatest nuisance with which they have to deal. That politicians and monopolists sometimes subsidize a daily paper is doubtless true; but this corruption is not carried to the extent popularly supposed. The press is often foolish, but usually honest. Of course, there are corrupt men on the press, as well as in the pulpit. I have heard jackleg reporters boast of tips received from Protestant preachers to secure spread-eagle reports of their sermons; but never did I hear either editor or reporter intimate that he had received a dollar from a priest except in the way of legitimate business that would bear the light of publicity. Of course, this does not prove that priests never influence the utterances of the press; but it does signify that the preachers are not in a position to point the finger of scorn.

My opinion is that the Rev. Jeremiah Querulous Ananias Henry is guilty of a deliberate calumny, and were I now editing a daily paper I would have him indicted for criminal libel and put into the penitentiary where such reckless liars and assassins of reputation properly belong. Such a gratuitous insult offered the American press simply proves that I sized the order up correctly when I labeled it the Aggregation of Pusillanimous Asses. No organiza-

tion that has undertaken such a herculean task as the practical disfranchisement and reduction to political peonage of one-seventh of the American people, will, if it possess as much sense as an acephalous louse, deliberately antagonize a power that can ridicule it out of existence, that can drive it off the earth with goosequills—despite its “magazine guns.” The A.P.A. has taken plenty of rope, and if it have sufficient sense to tie a knot will inevitably hang itself. And the daily press will, if it possess one glimmering spark of American manhood, assist at the obsequies. Here is an organization which has defied its power and spat in its face. What will the daily press do about it? Will it play the “whipped spaniel” and lick the feet that trample upon it? Or will it hit this politico-religious monstrosity one biff between the eyes and send it back to the foul shades of hell from which it sprang?

FATHER DAMIEN'S SUCCESSOR

WRITES THE ICONOCLAST

THE following excerpts from a letter received from Father Conrardy, the successor of the lamented Father Damien, will be read with interest, not by Catholics alone, but by every man who admires personal heroism and devotion to duty:

Kalawao, Molokai, Hawaiian Islands,

July 18, 1895.

MR. W. C. BRANN,

Waco, Texas.

DEAR SIR—Upon reading your scathing article anent the ex-priest, Joseph Slattery, contained in June number of the *ICONOCLAST*, I conceived the idea of writing you a personal letter on the subject, which is penned from Molokai, known throughout the world as the leper settlement.

While reading your justly caustic criticism of Slattery and the "A.P.A.," I came to the touching tribute which you pay to the worth and character of our venerated Brother Damien, whom I came to assist in his life's work, and after reading same made my way to his last earthly resting-place, the tomb, which is enclosed within my garden, and culled from his grave a few blossoms, which I enclose to you as a token of gratitude for the feeling tribute paid my deceased friend and co-laborer, while at the same time I must say you exalt him too much.

In 1875 I was a missionary priest among the Indians in Oregon, and, having heard of Father Damien among the lepers, I tendered my services to aid him in the work. But owing to the fact that I could not secure a substitute

to take my place among the Indians, and Father Damien then being strong and well, with less than six hundred of his leper charges to care for, I delayed my journey to the leper colony until Father Damien was himself stricken with the fell disease, when I renewed my offer to come and assist him, in reply to which the Reverend Father wrote as follows: "If you are willing to come, come at once to my assistance, as my hands will soon refuse their use in celebrating mass, hence I have to cry from the bottom of my heart, come to my aid, at once, to help me—to replace."

As soon I was given my freedom by my bishop, I proceeded at once to Molokai. I found Father Damien a prey to the fell destroyer, leprosy, which at that time only extended to his hands, neck and face. I stopped with him at his own house and was with him constantly. The last year of his life he worked almost unceasingly, building a large stone kitchen and dining-room for the members of his colony.

He also erected two large dormitories and a church edifice, built of wood and stone, finally concluding with a house for myself. In all of this he had only the members of the leper colony to aid him, many of whom were in far advanced stages of the disease.

Scarce two months had elapsed after the completion of this work before the "master workman" (Damien) was carried to his last home, having fallen a victim to the fearful plague before attaining his fiftieth year.

Leprosy, however, is not always so bad as painted. Very few of the afflicted lose all of their fingers or toes. It is true that the disease is not now so bad as it once was. Indeed Father Damien's cup was not nearly so bad as many fancied it to be. An evidence may be found in his own words, contained in a letter written by him to me, in

which he said: "I am the spoiled child of Providence; I have always been happy."

Although a victim of the plague, Father Damien lost none of the members of his body therefrom. While his face, neck and hands were badly swollen and his fingers very sore at the joints, he retained the use of all.

Even were things so bad as they were represented, that would not have kept either Father Damien or myself from being happy in our work; for were my fingers to drop off and the flesh fall from my bones, I should be only that much lighter and the worms would be cheated of so much in the end.

While among the Indians I gained the soubriquet of "the Fearless," because of my indifference to personal danger or suffering in the pursuit of my calling, and in imitation of our Divine Master.

True it is among men that some really suffer much more than others, or else feel their suffering more acutely. As, for instance, a mother over the loss of her babe, a husband over the loss of life's companion. In fact the white race is more susceptible to suffering than the colored. Death and its agonies are felt far less by the Chinese, Japanese, Indians, etc., than by the Caucasian race, especially those who are educated and refined.

Incidentally I would suggest that Joseph Slattery be advised to come out here and take up his abode among our leper colonists, where men live and die for their neighbors without expecting much appreciation for their labors or gratitude for self-sacrifice made in their behalf, for there is but little gratitude even in the breast of a Hawaiian leper. Indeed, as a rule, he thinks very lightly of his disease, and so does not have a very exalted opinion of those who fight against its ravages, even though they do all in their power to alleviate the condition of its victims.

The Hawaiian cares very little about leprosy provided he has plenty to eat and nothing to do. It matters little to him whether he dies to-day or next year.

In conclusion I desire to congratulate you upon the work you are doing and your bold and fearless stand against fraud and hypocrisy. I like and respect men of your kind, who dare to tell the truth without fear or favor. Many, many people fear the truth, but all respect it.

Continue, my dear brother in Christ, your good work, and fail not to send me the *ICONOCLAST* that I may read and keep posted on the noble efforts you are making, and shake hands with you, in imagination at least, in congratulation thereon.

Yours devotedly,

L. L. CONRARDY, M. P.

A PANTHERVILLE PATRIOT

VICE-PRESIDENT OF THE A.P.A.

THE ICONOCLAST has just discovered J. H. Jackson of Fort Worth, Texas, perhaps the greatest man of his time. Jackson is just about to save the world,—to inaugurate the Golden Age, to pull the Millennium in by the ears. He has already begun to commence, and the verve he brings to his labor of love will lead on to victory. Jackson is not only another “Stonewall,” but he has broken bottles and spikes on his apex. Texas is a very large State,—one in which genius is as plentiful as jack-rabbits or partisan editors—where patriots abound whose self-sacrifice would put Arnold Winkelried to shame. That accounts for our not discovering Jackson sooner. We have just learned that he’s living, and have lifted out a whole page of live “ads.” that we may impart to the public that important information. That while sweeping the Panhandle and its purlieus with our long-range telescope, we have hitherto overlooked Jackson where he stands, fronting destiny like a muley-calf facing a runaway freight train, is our misfortune not his fault. He has been there all the time, not only willing but eager to be observed. Jackson is not a star of the first magnitude in the political firmament, but his precession is something appalling. He is making the rounds of all the constellations to see which he likes best. At the gait he is now going it will not take him ten years to make the entire circuit of the political zodiac. When first observed he was a Democrat with a well-defined itch for office. Failing to find a panacea for his pain, he turned Populist and tried to break into the legislature by means of the Omaha platform, but was again hoist with his own petard. All Jackson petards seem to go off prematurely

and leave him outside the walls, where there's weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth, but "devil a taste av poi." But like Blackmore's John Ridd, the Pantherville Jackson is tough and cannot see when he has got a bellyful. His motto has ever been, "If at first you don't succeed, try, try again." After failing to reach the legislature by bawling for Populism with his mouth open, he turned up as a wheel-horse in the A.P.A., and, by close attention to other people's business, has attained to the national vice-presidency of the Aggregation of Political Asses—has been made one of the official keepers of the "Ape." After all these years of bitter disappointment he has succeeded in securing an office—is "great in that strang spell, a name." After playing tail to two political lions he finds himself almost the head of a louse.

Unquestionably Jackson has become a great man, but a trifle too much inclined to spill his superlativeness through his teeth, to work out the salvation of his long-suffering country by the magic power of wind. He has St. Vitus' dance of the jawbone—has contracted the bad habit of interviewing himself when he has nothing to say. Jackson fairly oozes patriotism. He leaks information with the facility of Mrs. Malaprop or Baron Munchausen. He rushes into print with the fervid enthusiasm of a young reporter taking his first fall out of the fire-fiend. His holy zeal registers two hundred in the shade when there is frost on the grass. He is a knight-errant of A.P.A.ism. He has straddled his Rosinante and sallied forth to rescue maids forlorn from the multifarious ills of convent life—to snatch cities, states and nations from the deep-dyed villainy of the Vatican. He is wielding his snickersnee with all the vigor of the Maid of Saragossa, is loading and firing his old smooth-bore with the impetuosity of a Molly Pitcher. Already he has the Papal hide across a barbed-wire fence

and is going for it like the devil beating tanbark. And Jackson does not even suspect that he is a large roan ass whom unkind fate has given a touch of "high life." He is evidently as much in earnest as was King Canute when he gave his orders to the ocean.

The last time Jackson succeeded in running himself down and securing his tardy consent to talk for publication, he informed the 5,823 readers of the *Dallas News* that "a Catholic in politics cannot be a true American, because he votes the way his church wants him to." We can only wonder where Jackson stumbled on this important bit of information—and when he is going to prove it. The *ICONOCLAST* is a pretty good harmonizer, but it cannot reconcile the Jacksonian theory with existing conditions. It finds Catholics prominent in the councils of all the great political parties—persistently working and voting against each other, and frequently electing Protestants and infidels in preference to men of their own religious faith. If the Vatican is intent on the capture and control of the American Government, why does it set its political mercenaries to fighting among themselves. We much fear that the national vice-President of the Aggregation of Political Asses is making an indecent exposure of his ignorance. He should hasten to hang something heavy on the narrative of his nether garment to prevent it swirling in the cyclone raised by his own lungs.

A little consideration will convince any fair-minded man that the Catholics are not nearly so clannish politically as are the Protestants; that the preachers take far more dish in practical politics than do the priests. Catholic communities frequently elect Protestants to the highest offices within their gift, but this courtesy is seldom returned. Just imagine a Roman Catholic being elected judge of this good old Baptist county of McLennan! What is true of

America is true of Ireland. The present Irish Parliamentary party contains a number of Protestant members, all chosen by Roman Catholic constituencies; yet those communities where the Protestants have a majority have never elevated a Catholic above the dignity of a dog-catcher. Every important city in Ireland has more than once elected Protestant mayors, but what Orange city has ever elected a Catholic chief magistrate? Not one! Prior to the advent of the A.P.A. there was not a Catholic community in all America where a Protestant would hesitate on account of religious prejudice to become a candidate for political preferment; yet it were as easy to elect a cornfield coon president of these United States as to elevate the most learned and patriotic Catholic to that high office. A Catholic would vote for Talmage or Ingersoll as readily as for a man of his own political faith; but let Pagan Bob or Archbishop Ireland offer for an important office in a Protestant district and see how he will be slaughtered! A gentleman was once admiring a handsomely bound copy of Ingersoll's works, and asked the author:

"What did this cost you?"

"The governorship of Illinois," was the reply.

Imagine J. D. Shaw offering for a small office! And yet an abler man never graced the Texas governorship.

Jackson prattles much of "keeping the church out of politics." If that be indeed the object of his exertions he had best align his guns in the opposite direction. The Catholic Church has never meddled in American politics—the priest who presumed to do so would be rebuked by his own parishioners, and could consider himself indeed fortunate if he were not unfrocked; but a large proportion of the Protestant preachers proclaim their pet political dogmas from the pulpit. Talmage's sermons are oftentimes

no more than political harangues, while Sam Jones can scarce open his empty head without airing his opinions anent public questions that have naught to do with either religion or morals.

The A.P.A. is a politico-religious organization which is warring upon the theology of the Church of Rome as well as upon the civic rights of its communicants. The Protestant Church has ever been in politics, and the A.P.A. is simply a formal declaration that its pernicious activity in this respect will henceforth be more pronounced. It is an attempt to disfranchise a large class of Americans, not because they have proven bad citizens, but because they persist in worshipping God in accord with the dictates of their own conscience. There is not a man in the world with the gumption of a goose who believes the Vatican has any desire to dominate this government. There is not the slightest evidence upon which to base such an assumption; but there is evidence in abundance that the Protestants are becoming fanatically intolerant and would, if they possessed the power, debar from the rights of citizenship by means of a test act those who dare to differ with them anent religious dogmas; that they desire to inaugurate the same kind of "religious liberty" for which the Pilgrim Fathers fought and prayed—liberty to worship God as *they* pleased, while preventing others exercising the same prerogative.

But it were as useless to argue with the A.P.A. as to talk metaphysics to an ass. It is composed of two classes, knaves and fools, and it were difficult to determine which hath a majority. The first are "in it for the stuff" and carry both their politics and religion in their pockets; the latter are so narrow between the eyes that they could look through a keyhole with both at once. To which wing of the party Jackson belongs I will not presume to say. It

must be remembered that I have but just discovered him. He exhibits both the zeal of the fanatic and the audacity of the demagogue. He knows almost too much to be honest in his infamous attempt to precipitate a religious war, and too little to successfully deceive. He appears to hover indefinite and indeterminate on the border between political rascality and religious hysteria.

It is a comfort to reflect that crazes which enable men like Jackson to line their paunches without honest labor seldom last long. A.P.A.ism, like Knownothingism, will soon hit the ceiling and pop like a painted bladder, and when the un-American and un-Christian monstrosity is dead and damned the demagogues will devise some new fake, the fanatics embrace some new folly.

When the obsequies are over it were well for the Catholics to remember that the great liberal element of this land saved them from civil annihilation. By the term "liberal element" I do not mean Atheist and agnostics, but rather those who believe in a Divine Being, yet wear the uniform of no religious organization. This element is not heard of much, but when it comes to a "show-down" is really the dominating factor in American politics, the tribune which keeps our overzealous Christian brethren from cutting each other's throats. Theologically this element leans to Protestantism rather more than to Catholicism, and a gracious, conciliatory policy would make a majority of its members church communicants, but its sectarian tendencies are not sufficiently strong to subvert its reason and prevent it seeing that the danger of a dogmatic, intolerant theocracy comes from the camp-meeting rather than from the College of Cardinals. So long as American Catholics succeed in keeping their politics and religion so well apart as at present they stand in no danger of disfranchisement. If the A.P.A. becomes too aggressive, the great liberal ele-

ment in America, which puts Old Glory above all religious dogmas, will simply expectorate on the pestiferous organization and drown it.

One of the dirtiest crusades yet inaugurated by that secret, oath-bound, *omnium gatherum* known to all broad-gauged men as the Aggregation of Political Asses is now afoot in Missouri. The A.P.A. has set deliberately at work to tax Catholic schools, hospitals and eleemosynary institutions out of existence. Of course it does not overtly avow its intention, preferring, like all those whose deeds are evil, to operate in the dark. It has a committee to do the dirty work, and the parties comprising it are eminently worthy their unsavory occupation. The committee has sent to all the papers of Missouri a communication signed "Economist," urging that they use their influence to secure the enactment of a law by the legislature taxing all property not employed for general public purposes. This, of course, includes all church property of whatever denomination, and therein appears to be a non-sectarian movement well calculated to secure the support of fair-minded men. It is, of course, an outrage, that the mechanic's cottage and the widow's cow should be taxed for the support of the State, while the half-million dollar church is exempt; but it is evident to all capable of looking beneath the surface that such a reform is not the purpose of the A.P.A. The idea appears to be to pass an omnibus bill, subjecting to taxation not only all church property, but sectarian schools, hospitals, orphan asylums, etc. This accomplished, it will be easy enough to secure a repeal of that clause relating to churches, and the vast eleemosynary and educational institutions of the Catholics at St. Louis and elsewhere in the State will not only be subjected to taxation, but to appraisalment by those who will

demand the pound of flesh. The Catholics now pay taxes to support the public schools, while maintaining their own at private expense. If these latter are subjected to taxation the triple burden may prove too heavy to be borne, in which event the Catholics will be compelled to suffer their children to grow up in ignorance or send them to public schools dominated by Protestant influences, and this is the self-evident object of the A.P.A. A glance at the committee appointed to engineer this "reform" should give the people of Missouri pause. Minor Merriwether, an intellectual lightweight, shining by the reflected light of his wife who is a kind of Prohibition Mother Lease, is president of the committee; the other members being Rev. W. W. Hopkins, a cranky little preacher, to fortune and to fame unknown; Rev. R. P. Farris, who was bounced from the editorship of a Presbyterian paper as a hopeless back-number of the witch-burning and tongue-boring period, and Jake Williams, a busy little red-bug on the body politic whom nobody has yet thought it worth his while to expectorate upon and drown. A fine combination, truly, to undertake, by dark lantern methods, the reformation of the economic conditions of a sovereign State.

OUR PLASTER-OF-PARIS NAPOLEON

THE agony at St. Louis is over. The mountain hath labored and brought forth—by means of much monetary ecboline—a very mangy mouse. And this political homunculus we are besought to accept as our chief magistrate, the representative American citizen, the embodiment of our boasted sovereignty. Who knows? In thirty years we have passed, by regular gradation, from the wisdom of Lincoln to the stupidity of Cleveland, and it may be the will of God that we should drain the cup of humiliation to the very dregs. The platform enunciated stands for little, the nominee for less. A political nonentity astride a vacuum, and propelled toward the flesh-pots by the foul harpies of Greed and Gall, aptly summarizes the situation. After all the fanfaronade about an “unequivocal gold plank,” a sop was thrown the argentiferous Cerberus by pledging the party to work for free silver coinage through international agreement. After all the conclamation anent protection, the convention condemned the Democracy for repealing instead of extending reciprocity—which is the very essence of free trade! The platform casts “sheep’s eyes” at the female suffragists without committing the party; it slobbers over the Prohibs without espousing their cause; it weeps scalding tears for the woes of Cuba without demanding that Liberty’s sacred circle be drawn from Columbia’s sword. Never before was a platform built that said more or meant less. Talleyrand must have been viewing with prophetic eye that congeries of pie-hungry politicians when he declared that language was made to conceal thought. The bedraggled old dame known as the Republican party, is starring in the rôle of “Everybody’s Friend”; but what

she intends for a sunny smile is the wolfish grin of Fagin. Even in the selection of chaplains the McKinley managers proved that they were playing policy. They began with a learned Jewish rabbi, and ran the gamut down to a nigger divine, omitting only a Catholic priest—lest they offend the Buckeye's peculiar pets, the A.P. Apes, alias the Aggregations of Pusillanimous Asses. The convention was, in some respects, most remarkable. It was a perfect machine, a *mechanique infernal*, wound up by a skilled artisan to accomplish a special purpose—as destitute of will-power as a Waterbury watch. It was a terrifying illustration of the almost illimitable power of bossism and boodle. It was made to nominate a man whom a majority of the delegates heartily despise. Every detail was carefully planned, every effect fore-ordained. Times were even appointed for the applause,—the delegates were like “dumb-driven cattle” until they received a tip to turn loose their lungs. Distinguished men appeared and disappeared; Republicanism was apotheotized by eloquent orators and Democracy vigorously damned; but “Silence sat brooding on the sea”—the automata were waiting for “Master Pete” to pull the string. When it pleased him to pull it, a coterie of French *claqueurs*, paid for their lung power, could not have made more noise. It has been openly asserted by men whose character entitle them to credence, that vast sums of money, contributed by eastern boodlers and “tariff barons” were used to corrupt the primaries and pack the convention with McKinley people; and the servility with which the bosses obeyed is “confirmation strong as proofs of Holy Writ” that it was simply a case of “you pays your money and you takes your choice.” Ante-bellum coons, toiling in the cotton and the cane, were never so subservient to “Old Massa” as a majority of the St. Louis delegates to the managers

for McKinley. Even old warhorses of the party—who realize how loudly money talks in American politics—regarded the pitiful farce with feelings of sorrow and shame. There is nothing in McKinley's ensemble or record to provoke the enthusiasm which we are asked to believe was shown at St. Louis. He is not a magnetic man like Blaine, not lovable like Lincoln, not positive like Johnson, not eloquent like Garfield, not crowned with the laurel like Grant. He is simply Bill McKinley, the pre-eminently commonplace. His name is not a name to conjure with. While by no means the stupid one-idea ass his opponents would have us believe, his most enthusiastic partizans dare not challenge the keen American concept of the ridiculous by claiming for him a master mind. His mentality is mediocre, tempered with the vulpine instinct. He is "foxy" rather than profound. His intellectual peers are million, his mental superiors abound in all parties and every state. He has done somewhat to proclaim him a practical politician, but absolutely nothing to stamp him as a statesman. If he be indeed the author of the tariff law which bears his name, he is entitled only to the doubtful honor of framing a measure which the cumulative wisdom of the country overwhelmingly repudiated at the first opportunity. His sole stock-in-trade consists in a fancied physical resemblance to Napoleon the First. We are expected to elect him on his looks—he is traveling exclusively "on his shape." McKinley is a bankrupt who, unable to successfully manage a two-bit business, aspires to guide the mighty Ship of State through perilous waters, our vast and complex industries through a trying epoch. It is said that friendship was the cause of his financial failure. I would like to think so—to believe that there is one bright spot in a nature so tenebrous; but am compelled to doubt that disinterested friendship ever cost



McKinley a cent. A man who hoards his political capital so closely is not apt to be over free with "gold coin that maketh the heart glad." Even were he wrecked while striving to avert the ruin of a foolish friend, that fact would be, per se, a powerful argument against making him president. The man of keen foresight, of well-balanced mind scarce runs the risk of pauperizing wife and child—does not recklessly imperil his commercial honor then break charity's bitter bread. Sentiment oft gilds a private life with glory; but the chief magistrate of a commercial nation must be an inflexible business man. A generous man, one liable to put his fortune to the hazard to serve a friend without hope of personal profit, is ever brave and disingenuous—a man who "would rather be right than President"; a man with opinions of his own which he will maintain at any cost 'gainst all the world. He is never a truckler nor a timmer. He's far more like to be a radical of the radicals, impetuous, rash, a despiser of "policy," a hater of hypocrisy. This is not a portrait of McKinley. There is, in the opinion of the people, one issue paramount upon which the zeal or woe of the nation doth depend; yet upon this, McKinley—who "resembles" the man whose intrepidity made him Europe's master—declined to express an opinion. This would-be leader's advice was sought by people all at sea, yet he replied that he "had nothing to say"! He cared not to mold public opinion aright, to serve his country by helping shape the financial policy of his party—he was "jist awaitin' fer the wagon." He would take his cue from the convention—if it nominated him;—would meekly abide a decision which he did nothing to direct, whether it approved the single standard or the sub-treasury plan. Contrast McKinley's political cowardice with the manliness of Grover Cleveland. The latter has faults in abundance,

but they are those of a prince, not of a peon. Instead of awaiting the salutation of the political feline; instead of having "nothing to say" until he could receive orders from caucus or convention, he flung aloft his oriflamme and appealed to his party to rally round it. He attempted to mold the masses to his opinion instead of meekly accepting the opinion of the masses. When the free-silver wave went rolling from West to East after the close of his first term, and all eyes were turned to him as the logical candidate of his party he neither sealed his lips in cowardly silence, nor hastened to grab a tub and get afloat, but sat him stubbornly down before it like another King Canute—issued his orders to the tumultuous ocean! The country condemned Cleveland's judgment; but, admiring his courage, his almost insulting refusal to budge one inch to please *hoi polloi*, made him President. He dared to have an opinion of his own and express it, regardless of personal consequences. McKinley stood ready to straddle any ridiculous Pegasus that promised to carry him into the presidency, and that regardless of its effect upon the common people. God knows I am no Cleveland partisan. If I owned a jack-ass possessing so little intellectuality I wouldn't trust him to pull a dray. His administration has been a colossal mistake—a national crime; but every manly American must admire even a low-browed bulldog for having the courage of his convictions. An honest fool were infinitely preferable to Mr. Facing-both-ways. Cleveland's a game cock who doesn't fear the steel; McKinley's a pitiful dunghill rooster who lacks the courage to even crow. The latter may have the face of Napoleon, but he is cursed with the liver of Judas Iscariot and the heart of Uriah Heep. Unfortunately, his compromising position on the currency is not the only evidence he has given of moral cowardice, of slinking currishness. The A. P. Apes demanded that he

go on record for or against the object of their order—that he cease hiding in the chaparral of silence and come into the open. But again he “had nothing to say.” The Apes had something to say, however, and they said it. When they began to vigorously use their knives on his political carcass, the Buckeye “Napoleon” found his voice—unwrap “the solitude of his own originality.” He fully understood the object of the Apes—the practical disfranchisement of millions of Americans for the simple crime of being Catholics; yet he rushed into print with a tearful denial that he was the enemy of that infamous un-American order; that, as Governor of Ohio, he had been guilty of the unforgiveable sin of elevating patriotic “Papists” to office. To convince the Apes that he was not their enemy, he published the Protestant pedigree both of himself and his appointees. A committee of Apes was detailed to interview him, and it reported to the high and mighty conclave of unclean simians that he was “in full accord with the objects of the order.” The report, by itself considered, amounts to nothing. No man with sufficient intellect to distinguish between a calf and a coyote would believe an A. P. Ape on oath. With them perjury is a passion and plain lying a labor of love. Mendacity is the Alpha and Omega of their confession of faith, dishonor their ritual, defamation their catechism and sneaking cowardice their ark of the covenant. They are the Cretans of St. Paul, the Calibans of Shakespeare, the Yahoos of Dean Swift. They are to the body politic what pinworms are to a pickaninny or fleas to a fice. But while the words of the Apes are almost invariably falsehoods, their acts are verities. After the interview with McKinley the anti-Catholic war was declared at an end—he was listed as “worthy the confidence” of the catacombers. That is indubitable evidence that McKinley came to an under-

standing with the sworn enemies of a fundamental principle of this Republic. Being a hardshell Baptist preacher instead of a Catholic priest I am unable to say how members of the mother church will view this self-evident conspiracy to deprive them of their constitutional privileges—to forever debar them from the honors and emoluments of office; but I do know that McKinley's record thus far has been marked with commercial incompetence and rank with political cowardice. I do know that he has groveled in the most noisome depths of the political cloacæ in hopes of furthering his fortunes, and stands to-day the embodiment of all those things which brave men hate and honest men despise. He is well worthy the conclusion of Pope's portrait of Lord Bacon: "While neither bright nor wise, he is certainly 'the meanest of mankind.'" A people are largely judged by their Chief Magistrate. He is regarded as their ideal of moral excellence, of perfect manhood; hence to elevate McKinley to the presidency were to proclaim ourselves to all the world as a nation of sneaks with the perverted moral concept of Machiavelli. It were to admit that cash corruptingly used is our ruling power; that any man who will become the abject slave of professional blunderers may reach the presidency—may plant his servile carcass in that high seat which Washington adorned, Lincoln sanctified and Cleveland disgraced. 'Twere better to elect Coxey or even a coon. There are multitudinous wheels in Coxey's head, but he flaunts his folly like a freeman. A nigger smells bad only during dog-days; but McKinley is malodorous from the first day of January to the last of December.

WITHIN CONVENT WALLS

AWFUL REVELATIONS BY A REFORMED PREACHER

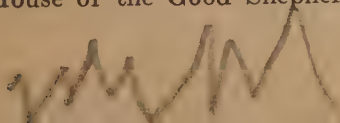
LIST! O list! I have unravelled "the hellish plots of the Roman hierarchy!" I have invaded the strongholds of the Jesuit priesthood and familiarized myself with their "infamous conspiracies!" I have explored great convents from cellar to garret and learned "the hideous secrets of those prison-houses!" The unfrocked priests and "escaped nuns" of the A. P. A. have not revealed one-half the "horrors." They have suffered us to see only as through a glass darkly—the curtain has never been really withdrawn. The world has no idea of what a Jesuit really is, suspects not what actually occurs within convent walls. And to think that the *ICONOCLAST*, the official journal of the American Baptists, should have spoken kind words of the Catholics!

I had learned from my brother ministers that a Jesuit is a modern Machiavelli, holding a commission signed by the Pope and countersigned by Satan—a man who goes up and down the earth like Job's ancient enemy, stealing souls with his sophistry. He is supposed to possess a gutta-percha conscience and be a master of casuistry, to have the eyes of a ferret and the instincts of a fox. By some intellectual thaumaturgy a Jesuit is supposed to make black white and prove that water is not wet. According to the A. P. A. papers a convent is simply a harem for the Catholic priesthood. Behind its gloomy walls bacchic orgies and phallic revels are nightly held, the red wine flows like a river and in dark vaults murdered babes lie buried. Every little while there is a demand that these places be subjected to police inspection; but as our law makers are in the pay of the Pope nothing has yet been

done to rescue the wretched inmates from the pitiless grasp of Rome!

Such are the ideas that have been exploited in many papers, proclaimed from various pulpits and actually believed by millions of professedly intelligent people. Having been vigorously condemned for suggesting that such opinions might possibly be erroneous, I determined to penetrate to the very marrow of the matter, even though it became necessary to imitate the example of Jean Valjean and scale convent walls at the hour of midnight, that of Don Juan and introduce myself among the imprisoned houris in disguise. Fortune favored me, and I found myself one day in the great Jesuit College of New Orleans, surrounded by the faculty. I was somewhat surprised to see no trace of hoofs or horns, no suggestion of that subtle cunning which marks the conscienceless conspirator; but having read somewhere that there be men who borrow the livery of the Lord in which to serve the Devil, I withheld my verdict until I should know them better. I looked about for that sybaritic luxury in which the Romish priesthood is supposed to revel, but found only meagre furnishings. The only attempt at ornament consisted of a few faded pictures on the walls, and in the place of honor was that of—Washington! “Where there is much smoke there must be some fire,” says the ancient adage; and almost from its foundation by Ignatius Loyola an infumate cloud, more or less opaque, has hung round the Society of Jesus. But of this more anon.

The next step was to pass the cenobitic portals. Thanks to the courtesy of Very Rev. Father Semple, president of the Jesuit College, who for an entire day, became my guide, this difficulty was easily overcome, and I was soon exploring the sanctuaries of the Brides of God. At the House of the Good Shepherd, I found women in plenty,



who are not privileged to come and go as they please. They were thrust behind these brick walls against their will; but while the Church of Rome is their jailer, she is so by order of the secular courts. New Orleans is the Paris of the western world, and into the House of Good Shepherd is poured its female refuse for purification. Abandoned children and wretched prostitutes are sent thither by the police, and wayward girls by their relatives—a steady stream of the fetid offscourings of a great city flows into what is at once a house of refuge, a training school and a prison, while from it issue women who take up life's burdens with pure souls and brave hearts. Who effect this wonderful change—dregs transformed into diamonds, the malodors of the gutter into airs of Araby? It is a miracle equal to making the blind to see, or calling forth the dead from their festering cerements. Compared with this redemption of degraded womanhood all the accomplishments of kings, the triumphs of statesmen, the laurels of poets and the miracles of scientists, sink into utter insignificance. Who are these wonder-workers? They are the ANGELS OF GOD!

When we Protestants accomplish aught of consequence we publish it from the pulpit and in the press; the Catholic Sisters do good by stealth, content if their deeds be heralded in heaven. Even at the risk of giving offense to those who follow the scriptural injunction to let not the right hand know what the left hand doeth, I must introduce my readers to a few of the women branded by the A. P. A. as dangerous to morality and the enemies of mankind. Rev. Mother Mary of St. Martin is in charge of the House of the Good Shepherd. Born to opulence and eminent social position, she renounced the pleasures and triumphs of the world to devote her life to the reclamation of degraded womanhood. If one of obscure birth, dowered

with poverty and wanting beauty can scarce bring herself to accept so laborious and disagreeable a life, what must have been the sacrifice made by this regal woman! Did she look back regretfully upon what she had renounced when, in the first flush of glorious womanhood, she faced that shoreless sea of shame with whose dark waves she was thenceforth to contend? That is a secret between God and herself. Mother Mary of the Sacred Heart has immediate charge of the "penitents," or female vagabonds consigned to the House by the courts. Most of these women are penitents only by courtesy when they first fall into her hands; but she is both strong of arm and kind of heart, and they soon yield a loving obedience and pass by easy stages from beast to human, from vice to virtue. A jolly nun is Mother Mary, and her laugh rang out like a peal of silver bells when the penitents, mistaking the "Apostle" for a priest, besought his blessing. Beginning with the lowest stratum—the newcomers, blear-eyed, wretched, defiant—and passing through the various stages upward to the light, where hundreds of rosy-cheeked, neatly clad young women rise from their labor and modestly salute the visitor, were like ascending a ladder whose lowest rung is in hell, its topmost in heaven.

"We have made a beginning," said Father Semple, "let us go to the Hotel Dieu."

This is one of the famous hospitals of the South, and is in charge of Sister Lucia, of the Sisters of Charity. The most remarkable thing about it is Sister Lucia herself, a handsome woman with great kindly eyes, who has cast her lot in one continuous scene of suffering, and is giving resolute battle to disease and death. Through the long corridors the Sisters were flitting from room to room like angels of mercy. "Don't go in there," said

Sister Lucia quietly, "they are performing a surgical operation. Men are such cowards. You would probably faint and have to be carried out." An hour with this woman, so tender and yet so strong, were worth more than tomes of argument against the A. P. A.

The Convent of the Holy Family contains only colored nuns, and occupies the building formerly known as the Creole Ball-room, a place celebrated throughout the South for the wildness of its orgies and the duels resulting from its debaucheries. There white men congregated to carouse with colored women, quarreled about their dusky paramours and either settled the controversy then and there or repaired to the Oaks at daybreak and fought with rapiers. In places the old floors are still blackened with the stains of blood. The Sisters of the Holy Family are especially devoted to works of charity and the education of children of color. They have schools and asylums in various portions of the state and are doing more for the elevation of the Ethiop race than are all the politicians this side of Perdition. In the presence of Mother Austin, the superioress, one forgets her color and remembers only that she is sheltering the aged, educating the young, feeding the hungry and clothing the naked. There must be something divine in a religion that can transform such a plague-spot as the old ball-room into paradise.

One of the greatest eleemosynary institutions in the world is the Charity Hospital of New Orleans. It was founded by a Catholic in 1786, and last year cared for nearly 10,000 patients free of cost. It is supported by the state, the municipality and voluntary gifts of the people; its domestic economy, discipline and training school for nurses being under the direction of the Sisters of Charity. There, where it seems that the physical wretchedness of the pauper world concentrates, you find

the devoted Sisters battling night and day with the grim Destroyer. It matters not to what part of the world you belong; if in need of medical or surgical treatment you will be received. Mangled men, syphilitic women, deformed infants, cancers, ulcers, the groans of maternity—a score of surgeons with arms bared to the elbow—ambulances coming, hearses going—the Sisters moving as serene through it all as though there was no such thing as the A. P. A. on earth! Sister Agnes, the governing power of this mighty household, kindly consented to be our guide. The children all knew and clung to her. Everywhere dull eyes brightened at her approach. She seemed to be followed by those blessed angels, Healing and Hope. No wonder the Catholic church stands like a Gibraltar! One such woman is sufficient answer to ten thousand infidels. What could Ingersoll say to Sister Agnes? Imagine J. D. Shaw preaching atheism in the House of the Good Shepherd!

The Archbishop's palace was next on our list. "Here," thought I, "we'll see something of that high life among the priesthood of which I've so long heard. An Archbishop holds the purse-strings, and it is natural that a man should be good to himself."

His reverence was not at home, but we inspected his house. The "palace" is an old pile dating back to French colonial days, and the few rooms occupied are very plainly furnished. It was originally an Ursuline Convent, the first established in the United States. Feeling the need of more commodious quarters for their Academy, the nuns abandoned it, and it became the residence of the Archbishop. Evangelist Abe Mulkey's residence at Corsicana, Texas, is far more elegant. If a Waco woman furnished her home like Archbishop Janssen's "palace" she would be cut by "good society." It was in the chapel

of this old building that the nuns prayed all night upon their knees before a statue of Madonna that General Jackson might be victorious in the battle of New Orleans. It seems that the Catholic church had not then undertaken the subversion of the American government. Old Hickory put Packenham "in the hole," and then crowned with the laurels of victory, entered the Cathedral, where the *Te Deum* was sung. He visited the Ursuline Ladies and expressed his gratitude for the prayers and vows they had offered to heaven in behalf of the American army, and for the devotedness with which they had received and tended the sick and wounded. While president he revisited the Ursuline Convent. This is a little matter which Congressman Linton has evidently overlooked. When he had succeeded in expelling Pere Marquette's statue from the national gallery he should offer a resolution that President Jackson's body be dug up and burned. Thos. Jefferson, who drew up the Declaration of Independence, and James Madison, the father of the Constitution, while occupying the presidency, wrote to these same nuns in the most complimentary manner, the former assuring them that their educational institution should have the patronage of the government, the latter endorsing the letter of his predecessor. It is very evident that Jefferson, Madison and Jackson were all "disguised Jesuits," out upon these papal hirelings! 'Rah for the A. P. Ape! Let we 'uns, who don't know the first dadburned thing about our country's history, "rally 'round the little red school-house!"

It would require more space than the *ICONOCLAST* contains to so much as catalogue the influences for good which the Church of Rome is bringing to bear in a single American city. We glance into the beautiful chapel of the New Ursuline Convent and find the nuns praying

before the same statue of the Virgin which their predecessors invoked on behalf of the American army. Upon her head, and that of the Divine Infant in her arms, blaze costly crowns, made of gold and jewels contributed by the Catholic ladies of Louisiana. They call this representation of the Madonna, Our Lady of Prompt Succor, and believe that she has wrought miracles. I suspect that the real ladies of prompt succor are the Catholic Sisters themselves, but will not argue that point at present. What struck me most forcibly was the contrast between the magnificence of the altars at which the New Orleans priests officiate and their own unostentatious apartments and austere lives. We peep into the Newsboys' Home, where the Huckleberry Finns and Little Gavroches are fed, housed and taught, the Sisters striving desperately to rescue these waifs of the street from the maelstrom of ignorance and infamy. A Protestant preacher recently declared that but for the almost superhuman efforts of the Catholic church to stem the tide of crime, New York would become a chaos. Without it what would New Orleans be to-day?

To return for a moment to the Jesuits, at whose heads so many thunderbolts have been hurled: They could doubtless become very dangerous if they so desired, for they are armed with weapons that must eventually subjugate the world—a quick intelligence and superior education. No intellectual infant can reach even the first vows of the order—the curriculum would kill him. It requires ten years to educate a Jesuit priest, while ten days is sufficient to transform an ignorant horse-jockey like Sam Jones into a successful Protestant preacher. I cannot understand what attraction the life of a nun has for a wicked woman or that of a Jesuit priest for a man depraved. It is pretty safe to judge a tree by its fruits;

and when we find men living frugal and laborious lives, inspiring a thousand charities, filling the world with scholars and holding themselves ever ready for any sacrifice, and all this without proclaiming their good deeds from the housetops, we may assume that they are making a reasonably successful effort to follow in the footsteps of the Master.

There is either a lunatic at large in Austin, Texas, or a knave who has managed in some mysterious manner to dodge the penitentiary. He, she, or it is sending circulars broadcast over the country, calling upon the people to rise and wipe out "Romanism." Following is an extract from the meretricious muck with which the Austin "What-is-it" is burthening Uncle Sam's mails:

"Romanism is the greatest curse on earth to mankind. She has murdered more people than there is on earth to-day. From her earliest existence down to the present time, Her mission has been Intemperance, Immorality, Robbery, Mobs, Riots, Lynching, Assassination and Murder.

"Every American citizen, men, women, boys and girls, must wake up and be ready to meet this Hypocritical Bloody Monster with the means necessary to rout her; foot, hoof, horse and dragoon; out of the United States. THE SOLUTION: No Catholic immigration. The Catholic Stallions to leave the United States in ten days. Their concubines to be set free and reformed, their dens of iniquity, the convents, nunneries and Houses of the Good Shepherd, to be destroyed."

The "Ape" is dead; hence the foregoing must be the malodor arising from its putrefying remains.

* * *

FATHER BRANNAN VS. WILLIAMSON

Cincinnati, Dec. 13, '96.

DEAR BRANN: I am no A. P. A., but was raised a Catholic and know more about Catholicism than you ever will know. If you admire Jesuits and nuns, why don't you become a believer in the infallibility of the Pope? Six Popes issued bulls against witchcraft, whereby they became the real instigators of witchcraft-persecution that caused the torture and burning alive of hundreds of thousands of innocent people. Those bulls were "ex cathedra" doctrine. You don't know much about nuns. They go into convents because they can't get married; or because they are too cowardly to fight the battle of life, to struggle for existence. You admire nuns because they are nurses in hospitals, etc. Don't you know that thousands are waiting for a place (like a nurse) in a hospital, or anywhere else? Don't you know that it is considered good luck to get similar positions? If you would not be a Papal hireling, you would know and write that Catholic nuns build hospitals and orphan asylums only because they can beg for money easier; thereby feeding and enriching themselves and priests and bishops and Popes. Nuns are the unhappiest creatures after the first few years of enthusiasm have passed away. I may also mention the fact that no girl without money is admitted into a convent. There you see the finger of Rome—money! A convent is a real penitentiary; gloom and despair the lot of most victims. Don't you know that the most effective and destructive enemies of Popery and priestcraft were raised and educated in Catholicism? Voltaire was educated by Jesuits; Theodore Parker was a Catholic; Luther and Bruno were monks; Napoleon was

a Catholic, and abolished the Spanish Inquisition and played ball with the Pope; Joseph II of Austria, a Catholic, confiscated the property of convents and churches; so did Catholic Bavaria. Munich, a Catholic city, sent two socialists to Parliament in Berlin for many years past (German Parliament — Reichstag). Socialists, though, are materialists, infidels glorious atheists because they believe in humanity not gods. Where, now, is your Gibraltar of Catholicism? Where was your Gibraltar of the Catholic church in the First French Revolution when priests were killed by the hundréds like mad dogs?

BEN WILLIAMSON.

The letter of Mr. Williamson has been submitted to me by the Editor of the *ICONOCLAST*, with the request that I answer it. To answer him fully would occupy too much of my time, which I can employ to better advantage, and also too much space in the *ICONOCLAST*, which can be used more profitably.

He says six Popes issued bulls against witchcraft, etc. Which were the six Popes and the dates of their issuance? This man so hates the Popes that he mentions no one else in connection with witchcraft. The idea is implied that Protestants ignored the subject completely. The belief was thoroughly current in Protestant England, which is indicated in many works of dramatists in the Elizabethan era, including the great Shakespeare himself, who, however was not a Protestant. It is a very ancient thing, and a chapter of the code of Justinian deals exclusively with the subject. It is mentioned in both the Old and New Testaments. In the Old Testament it is mentioned in 1 Sam. 15 c., 23; 2 Chron., 33 c., 6; Exodus, 22 c., 18, and several other places; and by St. Paul in Galatians, 5 c., 20.

It was an indictable offense at common law, and made

a felony by an Act of Henry VIII. In the time of Elizabeth (not a Catholic) it was made a felony without benefit of clergy and punished by death. So great a lawyer as Sir Matthew Hale believed in it. Selden, Coke and Bacon, all eminent lawyers, believed in it, and Mr. Blackstone said that its elimination from the category of crimes was not to be taken as a negative of the possibility of such an offense, though he would not give credit to any particular *modern* instance. Even Luther, favorably alluded to by Mr. Williamson, believed in witchcraft. So also the Protestant Puritans of New England in the U. S. The devil, of whose existence I have no more doubt than of the existence of God, has many ways of magnifying his Protean powers. The evidence of his possession of some people is manifested by a virulent hatred of the "Old Pope" and the Catholic church, calumny of the Sisters of Charity, and the denial of the existence of a God. That's the shape in which he has Mr. Williamson; and if the devil has any special favorites in this world, and I am satisfied he has, the guerdon of excellence will be awarded to those who deny the existence of Him whom the devil hates but cannot deny himself.

He says "the Sisters go into convents because they can't get married, or are too cowardly to fight the battle of life, etc." The cruel malignity of this infamous accusation! It would paralyze the genius of the English language to furnish suitable phraseology to express my fathomless contempt for any man who would make such a brutal charge against woman. This malignant and loathsome defamer says in one place that they go into convents because they are too cowardly to fight the battle of life, and immediately after says that no girl who has not money can get into a convent at all. His black calumny has overleaped itself, and he makes one assertion cut the throat

of the other. A girl with money can fight the battle of life anywhere, and it is an important element in this utilitarian age in enhancing matrimonial opportunities. Besides, he says, the convent is a penitentiary, and yet girls pay money for the privilege of being "victims of gloom and despair." Mr. Williamson possesses a unique interest from the fact that most men who are liars are so from one point of view; but this man proves himself to be the chief apostle of Ananias from every point of observation.

Women who leave parents and friends, home and kindred, devoting their lives in zealous fidelity to the physical and spiritual interests of others, nursing the sick, feeding the orphan, comforting the widow, reclaiming the outcast, blunting the sting of melancholy, gilding the gloom of sorrow and painting the fragrant rose of hope in the wilderness of despair, often ending their lives, which have been lived for others, by fearlessly entering the portals of deadly contagion, and in their efforts to subdue the fierceness of the great monarch of desolation, have become willing victims of his devouring wrath. Are such women cowards?

It has been said:

"That whether on the scaffold high
Or in the battle's van:
The noblest place for man to die,
Is where he dies for man."

Measured by this criterion, in what vocabulary can we find language that would fitly damn a man to eternal infamy for calling her a coward who would even risk her own life to save that of her impious traducer?

He says: "Don't you know the most effective and destructive enemies of Popery and priestcraft were raised in Catholicism?" We likewise know that the most effective

and destructive enemy of Jesus Christ was one of His Apostles. He talks about the cruel treatment of the Pope by Napoleon. What became of Napoleon after that? He was dragged down from the empyrean of power and aggrandizement to unsounded depths of humiliation and degradation. The poet Byron said of the hero of Marengo and the genius of Austerlitz when at St. Helena:

“ ’Tis done! but yesterday a king
And armed with kings to strive;
And now thou art a nameless thing,
So abject, yet alive.”

The Pope whom he had imprisoned said this to him after being offered a cockade through Gen. Berthier, as a French symbol and as a compliment: “ Sir, I can accept no ornaments except those with which the church invests me, the pastoral staff and this little crown on my head. And remember although you may at present throw down the ornaments of the living and uproot the tombs of the dead, you will soon be confined to the grave, and this little crook and this crown I wear will govern the universal earth when your name and race and power are forgotten amongst men.”

He tells us of the exploits of some bad Catholics. A Catholic may go to the devil like anyone else if he wants to, and they very often do so. Mr. Williamson is a living exemplification of this truth.

He says priests were killed like dogs during the French Revolution. So were Jesus Christ and eleven of the twelve Apostles.

Mr. Williamson, by implication, says he is a materialist, an infidel, and a “ glorious atheist ”; that is, he doesn’t believe in spiritual existences, he has no faith, and he dare not believe in any God.

He says in his letter that Napoleon played ball with the Pope. Whether he did or not, in the sense meant by Mr. Williamson, is open to question; but there is no doubt whatever that the devil has got everything fixed up to play hell with Mr. Williamson.

P. F. BRANNAN.

Weatherford, Tex., Dec. 21, 1896.

* * *

CONSTRUCTION VS. DESTRUCTION

THE editor of the *ICONOCLAST* knows too much to have his bridle off. He is the most dangerous person at an editorial desk in the United States. Pagan Bob and this erudite blasphemer are of the same stripe. Catholics are reading his creeds by the wholesale, and we are astonished to see some Catholic editors still using them as a weapon. It will burn the hand that wields it. We need builders, not iconoclasts.—*The Angelus Magazine*.

Och! Wurra! wurra! Just listen to that now! My Cincinnati contemporary puts the whole Protestant world under lasting obligations—by demonstrating that its editors have no monopoly of nonsense; that a Catholic ink-slinger can be almost as great a dunderhead and myopic bigot as our own Brer Cranfill. But the *Angelus Magazine* is very young, and probably its editor also. There be journalistic faults, which, by God's grace, it may outgrow. The *ICONOCLAST* always treats its youthful contemporaries kindly, for it realizes that whom the gods right dearly love are apt to die in their swaddling clothes. They are too good for this gross earth; hence the angels steal 'em, leaving us to spill the scalding sob on a few dusty patent medicine cuts, railways ads., and other pathetic evidences of their mortality. Furthermore, the *ICONOCLAST* delights to set a good example in Christian charity and brotherly kindness for its religious contemporaries. That's what it is here for. The *Church News*, of Washington, D. C., wants it debarred from the reading-room of the Carroll Institute, lest it break the pastoral staff of the Pope, blow the Vatican across the yellow Tiber and proclaim the gospel according to Ingersoll in the

pulpit of St. Peter's. It occurs to me that my zealous contemporaries are far too easily frightened—are in imminent danger of making themselves ridiculous. The American Catholics do not hold their faith so lightly that any one man may relieve them of it and march them into the camp of the A. P. A. The Cincinnati youth and Washington editor should observe with what serenity the Pope regards his terrible Texas enemy, and make a reasonable attempt to rally. So long as Leo doesn't lose his nerve, there's at least a faint hope that the Church of Rome—that everlasting rock upon which the fierce storms of so many fateful centuries have beat in vain—may come safely through this awful crisis, may even survive by a year or two the TEXAS ICONOCLAST. Those little fellows who become alarmed lest somebody wreck the Catholic Church, remind me of the little girl who feared that her dog Fido might bite the army of General Lee. With their stub pencils and paste-pots they fly to the protection of the Mother Church—as Chinamen at an eclipse beat on tin pans to prevent some imaginary monster eating up their moon. Peace, good sirs; Fido is not going to bite the army, nor will the ICONOCLAST hurt the Pope. The hearts of these alarmed editors are all right; but they need new machinery in their heads. If Catholics read the ICONOCLAST, they do so well knowing that its editor is not, and in all human probability never will be a communicant of that church. Up to the present writing they have not been ordering their theology from Waco, any more than they have been receiving their politics from Rome. Baptists and Methodists likewise read it, their ministers not infrequently taking it as text and discoursing thereon with a zeal that registers two hundred in the shade. I am, perhaps, the only duly ordained minister in Texas who doesn't read it. The ICONOCLAST is "dangerous" only to

humbugs and hypocrites—to “all that loveth or maketh a lie.” This statement may not, however, greatly comfort one who so flippantly accuses me of blasphemy, and advertises me as a member of the Ingersollian cult. I might with as much propriety accuse the *Angelus Magazine* man of murder and write him down as a Mormon. Strange as it may appear to those not handicapped in their utterances by “the grand thaumaturgic faculty of thought,” the world has need of iconoclasts as of builders, can in nowise proceed without them. Of what use, prithee, are your popes and priests, or your ready-writers for sectarian papers, if they shatter no eidolons set up by the Evil One, destroy no tares sown by the Devil? The prophets of ancient Israel were quite vigorously engaged in the iconoclastic industry. Mahomet took a rather effective fall out of the idols of Araby—the “gods with flies on them.” The unsafe building must come down to make place for a better, the old falschood must be eradicated ere the new truth can take root. The destroyer and builder are interdependent, one useless without the other. Thus in the Hindu mythology Vishnu the preserver and Siva the destroyer are but different emanations of Brahma, or the All-in-All. All creative gods are destructive deities. Mortal man can bring nothing into being, either in the realm spiritual or material, except at the expense of something else. You cannot even give life to a dude without spoiling the ingredients of a respectable puppy, nor advance a new idea without displacing an old. Yet my Cincinnati friend wants only builders. In other words, he wants Jehovahs, who can succeed in the manufacturing business with a hiatus as a raw material. He must excuse me—I’m not the architect of Chauncey Depew. Christ destroyed old faiths, and the Church of Rome stands to-day upon the wreck he made of Pagan creeds—upon

the broken altars of Jove and Baal, of Isis and Ashtaroth, the desecrated shrines of "the unknown god." The Almighty appears once as creator, and thenceforth as annihilator. He got quick action on Ananias, but is probably reserving the *Angelus* man "unto the day of wrath." He might as well drown the earth again as make falsehood instantly fatal. The English kings once held to the theory that the people had no rights which sovereigns were bound to respect, but the Catholic barons gave it a dose of iconoclastic medicine at Runnymede. Washington's Continentals had to clear away the monstrous doctrine of "divine right" before they could build a republic. Lincoln also spoiled a "divine institution," called slavery, and wrote his iconoclastic thesis with fierce whirlwinds of fire; yet the same hammer that shattered the Confederacy welded into homogeneity a mighty nation. When the A. P. A. attempted to divide this people on religious lines and exclude Catholics from office because of their creed, Uncle Sam concluded it time to do the Siva act, so he slammed the Ape against the face of nature a few times, then rammed its head into the earth and neglected to erect a monument sacred to its memory. So much for "iconoclasm"—a word no longer signifying in American literature the desecration of a shrine, but the abatement of a nuisance. For years I have heard the cry that the world needs builders, not iconoclasts; and it has invariably come from those who have builded nothing, who don't know the difference between an assault on things sacred and an antidote for the itch, who object to having humbugs exposed lest they find their own breeches at half-mast in a Dakota blizzard.

It is not charity, but justice the American workingman wants. Give the toiler his own, and you may dispense with Rockefeller's magnificent monuments to his own sweet

memory. Robin Hood, Jesse James and other marauders of that ilk, were somewhat noted for their generosity; but they never pretended that the giving away of a small percentage of their swag transformed them from disreputable footpads into seraphs feathered like a peacock. They didn't have quite so much hypocrisy as Brother Rockefeller and others who manage to appropriate the earnings of better people and steer clear of the catch-holes and penitentiary.

“*Laborare est Orare*, Work is our Worship,” cried the old monks, those brave souls who carried the cross around the world as advance guard of civilization, despite all hardships in defiance of all dangers—men for whom life was no Pharisean masquerade, but “a battle and a march.” Work is worship. Aye, when a Pere Marquette or a Father Damien does it for other's sake, cheerfully accepting disease and death as worldly wages; but wind-jamming by a sleek packassicus, with eye in fine frenzy rolling towards the fodder rack, is not calculated to make heaven rejoice. The old monks were real men, with a touch of the berserker in their blood, caring for naught but victory over the powers of darkness and the devil, standing at their posts like Roman sentinels though the earth rocked beneath their feet and the heavens rained fire. Real men, whatsoever their religion or race, their education, occupation or intellect; the men who glory in their work regardless of reward, are ever the world's heroes and its hope. Milton has almost made Satan respectable, has well-nigh hallowed his work of wickedness by endowing him with all infernal heroism, by making him altogether and irremediably bad instead of a moral mugwump—by picturing him with a heart of any fate instead of painting him as “willing to wound and yet afraid to strike.” By God's

grace I mean not the kind you catch at one of Sam Jones' minstrel shows—given as excuse for passing the contribution plate, with invitation extended the sons of Belial to "spit in it" if they can do no better; not the so-called "gifts of the Holy Ghost" that make a woman want to swing her sunbonnet, holler with her mouth open, hug all the brethren and chew the nether lip of the preacher; but rather an end everlasting to Brummagem and make-believe; a return to the Ark of the Covenant; a recognition of the fact that the soul is not the stomach—that man owes to his fellows debts which cannot be cast up at the end of each month and fully discharged with a given number of dollars. You may preach reform of this and teach reform of that until nightmares plow corn and Senators earn their salaries; but we must have reform of men before we can have any other reform whatsoever worth the price of the parchment. You can no more extract wisdom from folly or justice from knavery than you can distill blood from turnips or God's grace from amen groans. Our ideals are all wrong—we're going forward backwards and if somebody doesn't head us off we'll soon find hades to pay and the bank broke. Palaces and jewels and costly raiment and monies and lands—these by thy gods, O Israel—mere fly-specked eidolons, false seraphim worthy no man's worship. They must be cast down from their high places, and Faith, Hope and Charity—triune transcendent—grace our altars ere man learns that

"—because right is right, to follow right
Were wisdom in the scorn of consequence."

Diogenes was content with a tub, while Alexander sat down by the ever-moaning sea and wept his red bandana full of brine because Cristoforo Colombo has not yet come

to enlarge his knowledge of geography, to intimate that the Christian Amazons of the City Book Store of Emporia, Kan., still remained unconquered and unconquerable. And now both Diogenes and Alexander are dead—"gone glimmering through the dream of things that were"—and little it matters to them or to us whether they fed on honey of Hymettus and wine of Falernus, or ate humble pie with a knife and guzzled moonshine whisky out of a gourd—whether they dined at Delmonico's or worked a farmer's wife for a cold potato and absorbed it in the fence-corner. The cynic who housed in a discarded soap-suds receptacle and clothed himself with second-hand cotton-bagging is as rich to-day as he that reveled in the spoils of Persia's conquered kings and kicked the bucket by trying to shoot out the bar-room lights while carrying a load. The mold of either may stop a crack in a colored Republican's cabin to keep the wind away; but the life, the soul, no longer chained to this paltry me, "uncumber'd wantons in the Force of All." King and cynic, tub and palace, lantern and scepter, all have perished; he that butchered thousands to glut his greed for what fools call glory shines no brighter through the murky shadow of the centuries than he that made a worthier conquest of himself. The haughty empires Alexander reared have long since crumbled into dust; the wild goat browses in their deserted capitals, the lizard sleeps upon the broken thrones and the jackal slinks about the forgotten altars and ruined fanes. Even the land that boasts his birth hath become an appendage of the barbarous Ottomite—stands, like "the Niobe of nations,"

"An empty urn within her withered hands,
Whose holy dust was scattered long ago,"

but the philosophy of the other lives on from age to age to

point the folly of such mad violence as that of Philip's imperious son, who sought to make the world his monument, yet sleeps in a nameless sepulchre.

* * *

Thomas M. Harris, who claims to be 84 years old, has writ a little yellow pamphlet entitled, "Rome's Responsibility for the Assassination of Abraham Lincoln." I have expended almost five minutes glancing over Mr. Harris' labored lucubations, and must confess that I have in that time acquired more information—of its kind—than I ever did in five hours before. Of the reliability of his statements there can be no question, as most of them are grounded on the testimony of "Father" Chiniquy—conceded to be the most accomplished liar since Ananias gave up the ghost. It was Chiniquy who first started the story that the Pope was responsible for the assassination of President Lincoln, and I am expecting him to prove that Guiteau who gave the death-wound to Garfield, was a Jesuit in disguise and acted on orders received from Rome. Harris says that agents of the Confederacy in Canada—whom he admits were not Catholics—employed Booth and his accomplices to do the bloody business; that John Wilkes Booth was a Catholic; that the priests were all Southern sympathizers; that but 144,000 Irishmen enlisted in the Federal army, of whom 104,000 deserted; that the cellars of Catholic cathedrals are filled with munitions of war to be used against the government, that Catholics hold the bulk of the offices and dominate the American press. Harris says other things equally awful and interesting. I must fear that he got to thinking how many of his A. P. Apes have broken into the penitentiary, and dreamed a bad dream.

TOMMIE WATSON'S TOMMYROT

SOMEBODY whom I have never harmed sends me an A. P. A. tract entitled "A Good Catholic," and issued by Tommy Watson, who once tried to run for vice-president on the Middle-of-the-Muck ticket—for the purpose of turning back the reform tide and electing the humble peon of the gold-buggers, high-tariffites and trusts. Tommie's Ape tract is simply an "ad." for a weekly paper which he seems to be getting out all by his little self somewhere in Gooberdom. On the front elevation of this bombshell with which he expects to blow the Vatican across the yellow Tiber, the statement is made in display type that, for the trifling sum of one dollar in hand paid, "You can read the brilliant, patriotic editorials of Hon. Thos. E. Watson" for an entire year—granting, of course, that their Promethean brilliancy fail to set your shirt-tail afire in the meantime. There is no provision for the return of your money in case Tommie's exuberant patriotism should overpower you. We are then assured that "no Roman Pope or American Cardinal can coerce" the architect of the "brilliant and patriotic editorials" aforesaid. Now that's the kind of a man I admire! Hang a Georgia editor, say I, who sells himself to the Pope of Rome for six bits, or rushed around to an American Cardinal every morning before breakfast with the proof-sheets of his labored lucubrations, humbly asking permission to print. The brilliant and patriotic editor of a Georgia paper having a paid circulation of 710 copies can not be too independent. It is his solemn duty to keep watch and ward over this country and promptly put a kibosh on every conspiracy of the Pope. Like most brilliant patriots, Tommie has sacrificed a very great deal for conscience'

sake. When he tried to save the country by playing second tail to the Bryan kite for the purpose of dividing the reform forces and electing a Republican president, the Pope and all his "priest-led citizens" straddled his collar, rode him into an open grave and piled a cathedral on top of him to hold him down—at least I suppose they did from the way in which this raucous little Buzfuz is chewing the rag. Had he been "A Good Catholic" he would have been elected with votes to burn; for did not Dick Bland have to hide out in the Ozark hills to escape the presidential nomination the moment it was rumored that his wife was a "Romanist"? Did not Generals Sherman and Sheridan have to insulate themselves to avoid the presidential lightnings which played around them continuously because they were Catholics? Sure! Tommies is doubtless correct in his assertion that the Pope controls American politics and dictates every act of Congress. That is amply proven by the fact that after all these years the Catholics have a representative in the president's cabinet. That all Catholics are sworn enemies of this republic and peons of the Pope is demonstrated by the fact that the "Romish" attorney-general refused to permit his people to erect at their own expense a chapel on government ground at West Point—the general public being taxed meanwhile to maintain an Episcopal clergyman at that place. Tommy protests that he is both a Baptist and devoid of bigotry. If he can make this claim good I will undertake to secure for him an engagement at \$1,000 a day in a dime museum as the greatest curio ever seen in this country. Doubtless there are many good people who are Baptists, but God's sunlight never fell upon one who was not a bigot. The man who concedes that it is possible for one to reach heaven except he be soused bodily into some sacred slop-tub is not a Baptist.

If he thinks he is, he has made a faulty diagnosis of his disease. The Baptist church breeds bigotry just as a dead mule does maggots. It dominates politics wherever it is strong enough to do so. It boycotts every publisher who dares suggest that it doesn't hold the one only key to heaven. It is the sworn foe of Catholicism, yet not one of its members in a million has the remotest idea what Catholicism means. It assumes that the great body of Catholics are ignorant clowns, while itself absorbing 60 per cent. of the illiterates of this land. The more ignorant an animal is the more bigoted Baptist it is likely to be. I cannot at present think of a single American of distinction who was a member of that denomination. I have passed in mental review the great American statesmen, soldiers, authors and inventors, and find only one among them who was web-footed. Garfield was a Campbellite—and had he not been murdered no one would have suspected that he was a great man. If any of the immortelles was of the Baptist persuasion he was probably ashamed of that fact, as he kept it concealed. It is possible that in soaking the original sin out of a fellow any latent germs of genius he possesses may be extracted also. Tommie solemnly assures us that Catholics dare not read a book or paper that has not been formally approved by the Pope. What a foolish falsehood! I'll wager a pint of peanuts that Watson cannot name half a dozen American books, papers or magazines that bear the Papal imprimatur, and another pint of the same luscious circus fruit that even his own rabid A. P. A. rot has never been placed in the index prohibitorius. If it is not there every Catholic in this country is privileged to read it without consulting Rome. Of the most bigoted sect of pseudo-religious fanatics that ever cursed this country the Hon. Tommie Watson is perhaps the most intolerant and nar-

row-brained little blatherskite. And the worst of it all is that while in religion he's a fool, in politics he's a knave. While pretending that the cause of the common people was the apple of his eye, he lent himself to a scheme to defeat their tribune and elect a ligneous-headed hiccius-doctius owned soul and body by Mark Hanna, the "industrial cannibal." Bryan would be president to-day but for this busy little blabster whom accident placed in a position where he could betray the people. Avaunt! thou contumacious little coyote, thou pestiferous pole-cat. Benedict Arnold was a gentleman when compared to you, for his treason was open and avowed, while you stabbed the cause of the people in a friendly embrace, struck in the back. You have had no parallel since Judas Iscariot conspired with the plutocracy to betray the idol of the people—and even Judas had decency enough to hang himself as expiation for his infamy. Shut up, thou hatchet-faced, splenetic-hearted, narrow-headed little hypocrite, for verily the world is aweary of Tommie Watson. His "brilliant and patriotic editorials" are used only to underlay carpets, paper pantry shelves and for purposes less polite. I cheerfully risk my reputation as a prophet on the prediction that in less than two years his windy little "reform" paper will go to the bone-pile. Tommie, you are the pin-worm of American politics—a more aggravating little parasite than even Miltonius Park. Take a gentleman's advice and apply the soft pedal to your wheezy calliope—get off the political stage in time to avoid the coming cataclysm of sphacelated cabbage and has-been cats. The day of your destiny's over and the star of your fate is in the mulligatawny. You are simply a fragment of worthless political seaweed cast with flabby jelly fish and dead sting rays upon an inhospitable shore, there to rot and befoul the atmosphere. You have "a

very ancient and fishlike smell, a smell not of the newest." You may howl a lung out, but will only evoke laughter or disgust. Occasionally some lonely Middle-of-the-Roader, dragging his No. 12's painfully through the dust may turn to look at you, perhaps toss you a dime; but you are politically dead. You may play the Baptist racket for all it is worth; but the brethren while long on zeal are shy on boodle. Even Jehovah Boanerges Cranfill, the champion leg elongator of the universe, finds it hard work to keep fat in the Baptist field—must add professional beggary to his schemes of predacity. You may tie your abortive little paper to the tail of the "Ape," but that animal is too weak in the hinder legs to pull it out of a financial hole. Go plug yourself. Shuck your long-tailed hand-me-down Albert Edward, trade your paper for a double-shovel plow, gird up your yarn galluses and make a reasonable effort to earn an honest living. Had you expended half the nervo-muscular energy in the cotton patch that you have wasted in working your jaw-bone you would have money to burn. *Mene mene tekel upharsin*—which means that you are entirely too light at both ends.

Professor Homer M. Knowles, of Lake Como, Mississippi, is a professional pedagogue and amateur editor who swings the ferule with one hand and the archimedean lever with the other. Sometime ago he printed in his little paper a lengthy biography of himself, together with his portrait while attempting to look pleasant. From the first I gather that he was born in Ohio, but am given no valid reason why he was born at all. From the latter I learn that he is a trifle shy of personal pulchritude. But while the professor is not a thing of beauty he's preëminently a joy forever—a beneficent providence seems to have sent him into the world for the especial amusement

of an ennuied multitude. He demands in language more forcible than Chesterfieldian to be informed what I mean by "the scheme of things," and why I say that Protestantism has therein no place. If he really thirsts for knowledge he should not be denied because he insists on opening the Repidimian rock with a stuffed club instead of the Mosaic rod. By "the scheme of things," my dear little man, I mean the God-appointed order of the Universe. I do not agree with Omar, the Persian poet, who calls it "the sorry scheme of things," there being still enough old-fashioned orthodoxy left in my composition to lead me to believe that "God ordereth all things well"—that men rebel against the decrees of Providence simply because they cannot comprehend the divine plan, which embraces all that is, or was, or can ever be. *Sabe?* In this mighty scheme Protestantism can have no place because it is, as its name implies, simply the religion of protest. It is not an harmonious entity, but a thing at war with itself, a headless Briareus striking blindly, lawlessly, with all its hundred hands. It is the enemy of order, and order is heaven's first law. It was born in the brain of a madman, has been perpetuated by religious anarchists, is the embodiment of theological chaos. It is the illegitimate child of Catholicism and digs its empoisoned fangs into the bosom of its dam. Protestantism is a Jonah's gourd that will perish before the fierce rays of the midday sun. Yesterday it was not and tomorrow it will be no more. Catholicism contains all that is virile in the cult of Christ. If it be an "egregious error," then the Christian religion is a lie. The stream cannot mount above its source, the creature rise superior to its creator—"ye cannot gather grapes of thorns or figs of thistles;" and the Catholic church is the mother of every so-called Christian cult existent upon the earth to-day. They are but the *exuvixæ*,

the case garments of Rome, and like all such rubbish, will make grand display for a time in Baxter Street and on the Bowery, then be consigned to everlasting oblivion. Prof. Knowles looks at religions as a small boy looks at a circus pageant; I look at them through the lorgnette of the world's history. That's the difference.

*Extracts from The Waco "Weekly Tribune," Issue of
Saturday, April 2, 1898*

A CHAPTER WRITTEN IN THE LIFE BLOOD OF W. C. BRANN AND THOS. E. DAVIS.

THE STREET DUEL TO THE DEATH IN WACO STREETS.

THERE ARE TWO MORE WIDOWS AND EIGHT MORE ORPHANS.

The Full Recital of the Double Tragedy, the Deaths, the
Burials and Subsequent Events—Will This End It?
In God's Name Let Us Hope It Will

Died—At 1.55 o'clock A.M., April 2nd, W. C. BRANN

Died—At 2.30 o'clock P.M., T. E. DAVIS

FRIDAY afternoon, November 19, 1897, marked a street duel and tragedy in which two men were killed, one lost an arm, and an innocent bystander was injured. Friday afternoon, April 1st 1898, within an hour of the time of the first tragedy, and within a half block of the locality of the other, W. C. Brann and Tom E. Davis engaged in a street duel in which each of them was mortally wounded, and three others received slight wounds. Four fatalities within five months of each other are bloody records in the history of the city of Waco, all of which can be traced to the same source, all of which were born of the same cause. The publication last year in the *ICONOCLAST* and the incidents following the publication are well known. They have been published far and wide, the kidnaping of Brann, the assault upon

him by the Scarboroughs, the Gerald-Harris affair, and the hurried departure of Brann on one occasion. During all these incidents Tom E. Davis was an outspoken citizen of Waco. He denounced the author of the *ICONOCLAST* articles and said he should be run out of town and had continued throughout it all to condemn the "Apostle." This caused bad blood between them and although Davis had remained in the city all the time, and Brann had been on the street constantly, there had been no outbreak or conflict. Each knew the feeling of the other in the matter. Such are incidents preceding the shooting and leading up to it.

To trace the movements of the two men during Friday afternoon appears easy at first, but as the investigator proceeds in his search for information he meets conflicting statements. Tom Davis left his office on South Fourth Street, No. 111, about five o'clock or a few minutes later. Brann, accompanied by W. H. Ward, his business manager, is alleged to have been standing at the corner of Fourth and Franklin streets as Davis passed to the postoffice corner, en route to the transfer stables. In his *ante mortem* statement Davis says that he heard Brann remark, "There is the s—— of a b—— who caused my trouble." Davis didn't stop or resent the insult, but passed on. Soon after he called on James I. Moore at his office in the Pacific Hotel building and together they were discussing the city campaign. According to Mr. Moore's statement, he was standing with his back to the south facing the door and was looking toward Austin Avenue. Davis was facing him, his back to the avenue, and in a position which prevented him seeing anyone approaching from Austin Avenue. Brann and his companion approached coming south, and as they

passed, Mr. Moore says, Brann halted, looked him squarely in the face and passed on. Davis did not see the editor and his manager, as he chanced to turn just as they came up and as it happened he kept his back to the "Apostle" and his companion. From Mr. Moore's office, Davis passed into the Pacific Hotel bar and thence to his office. Brann and Ward soon after returned to the Pacific; there they met Joe Earp of Waco, from the western part of the county, and the three walked together to Geo. Laneri's saloon. Brann and Ward passed into the saloon, Earp remaining on the outside. They passed out within a short time and passed down Fourth Street to the Cotton Belt ticket office. Thence on to the newsstand of Jake French, and while there the shooting occurred.

As to the shooting there are conflicting statements. As in every tragedy eye-witnesses differ and citizens of equal reputation for veracity and conservatism tell different stories. They are all honest in what they say, they all believe they saw what they relate, but the conflict in statements is yet there.

Messrs. W. W. Dugger, Joe Earp, M. C. Insley and S. S. Hall agree as to the first shot. They say it was fired by T. E. Davis at W. C. Brann, when Brann's back was turned. Others say Ward participated in the shooting, while numbers say that Ward did not. Here a conflict occurs. At any rate, the first shot was fired by Davis, and it was immediately returned by Brann. Ward got between the two and in the firing he was shot in the right hand. Davis fell at the first shot from Brann's pistol and writhed in agony. He soon recovered presence of mind and raising himself upon his elbow returned the fire, Brann standing off shooting into the prostrate form, while Davis with unsteady aim was returning the fire. Every bullet from the "Apostle's" pistol found

lodgment in the form of the duelist engaged with him. All was excitement. It was an hour, six P.M., when South Fourth Street was crowded, and the rapid report of the pistols caused a stampede of pedestrians, each of which feared contact with a stray bullet. In it all there was one who displayed his devotion to duty, his bravery and coolness—Police Office Sam S. Hall. Mr. Hall was standing near the insurance office of George Willig, not forty feet away. He turned at the first report, and seeing the duel in progress, bravely made his way toward the men. Brann was shooting from the north, and it was toward the north the officer started. Davis was facing north. At each fire of the gun Office Hall would screen himself in a doorway, dart out and rush to the next, gradually nearing them. Officer Dave Duri was across the street, and he started also, but Officer Hall reached them first, but too late. Each man had finished shooting, Davis had fallen back upon the pavement and his pistol rolled from his hand. Brann was standing, pistol in hand, its six chambers empty, looking upon the lengthened form of his antagonist. He had not spoken. Wounded in three places, blood was soiling his linen and his clothes. He was yet upon his feet, and Officer Hall, not knowing how serious were his wounds, started with him to the city hall, being joined almost immediately by Officer Durie.

Davis was wounded in many places. Bullets had plowed their way through flesh and bone, and unable himself to move, blood flowing freely from various wounds, his friends lifted him tenderly and gave him comfort as best they could, surgeons responding quickly to the call.

Ward had been in the midst of the fray, but received but one wound, in the hand. He was between the two men at one time and then sought safety against the wall. When the smoke cleared away he went to the Old Corner

drug store to have his hand dressed. Here he was arrested later by Deputy-Sheriff James Lockwood.

During the shooting Eugene Kempner, a musician of Kansas City, was struck in the sole of the right foot by a stray bullet and a street car motorman, Kennedy by name, was struck in the left leg by a bullet. Neither of these injuries are serious.

While in the newsstand, Mr. Davis became conscious of approaching dissolution and desired to make an *ante mortem* statement. Assistant County Attorney Sluder was present, and County Clerk Joney Jones, and to them he gave the following version of the affair.

DAVIS' STATEMENT

"I left my office and started to Manchester's livery stable. At the corner of Franklin and Fourth streets passed Brann and Ward. Brann remarked, there goes the damn s—— of a b—— that has caused all my trouble. Passed on and went to Manchester's stable on some business, then came back to Waite's saloon and stopped for a drink. I then started for my office, but near Haber's store on Bankers' Alley I met them again. They began to curse and abuse me again.

"Went on to the office; they followed me and I went to the urinal in the rear, then came to the front of the office. At the door Brann said, 'There comes the dirty cur and s—— of a b——; he will take anything.' Brann then pulled his gun and I shot at him; my gun hung in the scabbard. The reason he shot me was because I was loyal to my town and always expressed myself. He murdered me. They both shot me after I fell. They shot in my back, blinded me and I could not see. I make this statement, for I know I am dying. He has been trying to kill me for three months."

EYE-WITNESSES GIVE SOMEWHAT CONFLICTING ACCOUNTS

JOE EARP, a young fellow from the western part of the county, who was in town that day, said:

"I met Mr. Brann in front of the Pacific Hotel, and having heard of him and read after him, I was curious to know him. It was our first meeting; in fact, the first time I had ever seen him. We talked together, Mr. Ward with us, to Laneri's saloon. They went inside and I left them. In a few minutes they came out and crossed the street, going to the Cotton Belt ticket office. They moved together toward Austin Avenue but half turned, conversing one with the other. They reached the newsstand and stopped. I saw a man whom I have been told was Tom E. Davis, come out a door and shoot. Brann's back was turned to the man, and while I did not see the bullet strike him, I supposed he was shooting at Brann. Ward turned as soon as the shot was fired and reached for the pistol. Brann turned instantly, gun in hand, and commenced shooting. Ward got in between the two and then jumped away, against the wall. Davis fell at Brann's first fire and rolled over a time or two, and raising himself on his elbow, returned Brann's fire. They emptied their pistols. When Davis fell Brann stepped back a short distance and then advanced toward Davis, shooting at him, but he never approached nearer than six feet. Ward never fired a shot. I saw the whole affair and never did he fire or produce a pistol. When the shooting was over a man came out of the office and took Davis' pistol from the walk."

J. C. Patterson was seen. He stated:

"I was with R. H. Brown of Calvert. We walked into the street from the Pacific Hotel sidewalk, and were walking north when we heard a shot. Three shots were fired quickly and I saw Davis fall. I remarked, 'They have killed Tom Davis.' I saw two men shooting, or Brann had two pistols. Davis raised on his elbow and returned the fire. I did not see the first shot."

Sherman Vaughan said:

"I was passing along Fourth Street and reached a spot just in front of Geo. Laneri's saloon. I heard a shot, and looking toward the place from whence the sound came, I saw Tom Davis reeling backward toward the wall in front of his place of business. He either fell against the sign in front of his office or the wall, I could not tell which. Mr. Brann was standing some eight or ten feet from him with a pistol in his hand and smoke was between them. Then followed a rapid succession of shots. I could not see Mr. Davis shoot for the smoke, but could see Mr. Brann plainly. Mr. Davis fell to the sidewalk and then almost rose to his feet and fell again. He then rolled along the sidewalk towards the alley and must have turned over half a dozen times. Then another man, whom I do not know, joined in, and he and Brann fired shot after shot at Mr. Davis as he rolled along the sidewalk. The police then came up and took Brann away. I did not see what became of the other man."

Mr. James I. Moore said:

"I had met Tom Davis in front of my office in the Pacific Hotel building, and we discussed the proposed meeting at the city hall. He and I walked out on the

sidewalk just in front of my office. I stood at the south side of the door facing north and Mr. Davis stood directly in front of me on the sidewalk by the wall. We were about two feet apart. While talking, W. C. Brann came down the sidewalk from the direction of Austin Street. He advanced within two feet of Mr. Davis and myself and stopped; looked me squarely in the face and then at Mr. Davis. I did not speak to Brann and don't think Davis saw him until after he passed on. Brann passed on in the direction of the postoffice. Almost immediately after Brann left, Davis left me and walked up Fourth Street towards his office, and I saw him cross the street to his office. I then advanced to the edge of the sidewalk and stood there alone about four or five minutes, when I heard a shot in the direction of Davis' office. I looked that way and three shots seemed to be fired almost simultaneously. Davis fell to the sidewalk and writhed as if in terrible agony. Brann seemed to be nearest to Davis, a very large man being close in Brann's rear. This man, I learned afterwards, was W. H. Ward. While Davis was rolling on the sidewalk both of these men were very rapidly firing upon Davis. They seemed to poke their pistols almost against Davis' body as they fired. After the first four or five shots the smoke became too dense to see all that occurred. The first sight seemed to chill my blood and I became too horrified to move."

H. C. Chase, 509 North Ninth Street:

"I was standing at the alley near Geo. Laneri's saloon and heard somebody say, 'Look out!' I glanced across the street and saw Tom Davis on the sidewalk. He had a gun in his hand and fired at once. Brann and Ward were a few feet distant. Brann had turned slightly, but his back was still towards Davis when the latter fired.

Ward jumped back and grabbed at Davis' gun as the latter fired the second time. Brann fired as soon as he turned around and at his second shot Davis fell backwards. Ward, it seemed to me, had gotten to one side of Davis and was reaching for Davis' gun. As the latter fell back, Ward backed up to the building. He did not have a gun and did not shoot."

M. C. Insley, shipping clerk for Brann:

"I was standing in the doorway of Sam French's cigar store as Brann and Ward reached it. They had just passed the doorway, going toward Austin Street, when Davis appeared with a gun in his hand. He fired at once. I could not see Brann at this time. Davis fired the first shot and immediately I heard another shot, I suppose from Brann, and almost simultaneously a second shot from Davis. As the latter fired the first shot Ward jumped and grabbed the muzzle of Davis' gun. He let go as the shot was fired. He did not have a gun. I backed away from the door. The shooting was thick and fast. Davis fell back at the door of French's as Brann fired the last shot and his gun dropped from his grasp. John Williams, who appeared quickly, grabbed it and screening himself with the door-facing of the cigar store, tried twice to shoot it and then somebody grabbed him."

W. W. Dugger, employed in the feed store of J. P. Nichols, on North Second Street, said:

"I was talking with Policeman Sam Hall at the alley next to the Cotton Belt ticket office when the first shot was fired. We were close to the scene. I glanced instantly in that direction and saw Tom Davis with a smoking pistol in his hand. At the same time I saw

Brann turn around and face Davis, from whom he appeared to be distant about fifteen feet, I should judge. He fired and fired again almost at the same time. In the meantime, the man with Brann, whom I learned afterward was Ward had rushed up and caught Davis and it seemed as if he struggled with him a moment. When Brann fired a second shot, Davis fell. Ward had turned him loose at this time. Davis rolled over and over on the sidewalk and fired, I think, two shots while he was down. While he was rolling over, Brann kept shooting at him as fast as he could work the trigger. Mr. Ward did not fire a shot. I saw the whole affair and know that he did not and he did not exhibit a weapon of any kind. He slipped back close to the building when he let go of Davis, and when the shooting was over walked up the street. I saw a man come out of Williams' place and make an effort to get Davis' pistol. I can't say whether or not he got it. I don't know where he went. Policeman had reached the scene and arrested Brann."

Policeman Sam Hall said:

"I was standing in front of George Willig's office at the alley and Fourth Street on the same side of the street and say forty or forty-five feet away from the place where the shooting took place. I was talking to Mr. Dugger and was standing out on the sidewalk. Some four or five minutes before the shooting occurred I looked across the street and saw Brann and Ward standing in front of the haberdashery store of L. Krauss, and at that time Davis passed them and went on a couple of doors and stepped inside of the storeroom at that point. I then looked away, not having any idea at all of any trouble, but just happened to see them. The next thing I noticed was the men were close together in front of

French's newsstand with Davis between me and Brann and Ward. The first of the trouble I saw Davis had his pistol in his hand and instantly fired. Brann whirled and commenced firing at Davis. I immediately started to them, but had to work my way in and out of one door to the other and work my way along the wall of the building, as Brann was shooting directly toward me all the time. I hallooed several times at them to stop shooting, and just before I reached them Davis fell on the sidewalk and Brann was still shooting. Davis attempted to rise and Ward caught Davis by the shoulders and pulled him back down on the sidewalk. Davis turned with his face towards Brann and kept trying to fire, but his pistol snapped. I jumped over Davis and caught Brann and took the pistol out of his hands. Brann's pistol is a Colts .41, latest improved, and was loaded all around and all chambers were freshly fired. When I caught Brann, Ward was standing up by the wall holding his hand that was shot. I saw Ward fire no shots and I saw no pistol in his hand. I then started with Brann to the city hall, and as I crossed the street towards the Citizens National Bank, Police Officer Durie came up and assisted me in taking Brann on to the city hall."

* * *

W. H. WARD

HIS WOUNDS—ARRESTED AND HELD

W. H. WARD, business manager for Brann's lecture tour, and an intimate friend of the Apostle, was arrested Friday night, as stated above. Baker & Ross, and Charles R. Sparks were retained as his attorneys and he was arraigned before Justice W. H. Davis at once, on a

charge of assault with intent to murder. Mr. Sparks appeared in court and waived all formalities and the question of the amount of the bond was discussed. Mr. Sparks suggested \$4,000 and this was agreed upon and fixed by the justice. Mr. Waller S. Baker was out of the city at the time, and after presenting a certified check for the amount of the bond, Mr. Sparks decided to await Mr. Baker's return before acting in the matter. When Mr. Baker arrived at 10.30 o'clock there was some talk on the streets of a mob, and it was decided that Ward would be safer in jail awaiting developments. When Mr. Davis died Deputy Constable Cliff Torrence went before Justice Davis and made complaint charging murder.

Mr. Ward had come down town Friday to meet his brother whom he was expecting to arrive from Tyler. He joined Mr. Brann on the street, and while they were together the tragedy occurred.

Mr. Ward was at Mr. Brann's burial Sunday afternoon accompanied by Mr. Baker. His wounded hand was bandaged and in a sling. At the jail he had been called on by many friends and telegrams from various points, proffering aid and sympathy, came to him. Ward was greatly moved by the death of Brann. He did not talk much of the tragedy, but to a *Tribune* reporter, who went to the jail Sunday to see him, Ward said:

"I do not at this time care to discuss the details. I wish, however, to deny the statement that I participated in the shooting or had a pistol. I did not expect a difficulty and the first shot startled me as a thunder-clap in a clear sky. I turned to Davis with pistol drawn and grasped the muzzle of the weapon and was shot in the hand. I regret the death of my friend, but cannot discuss the details of the tragedy."

Messrs. Waller S. Baker and Charles R. Sparks state that after the shooting they went to Mr. Brann's residence and in the presence of outside witnesses found Ward's pistol. It was loaded all round and showed no indication of having been discharged.

Mr. Ward had been associated with Brann for some time. They were co-workers on the *Waco News* and when the Apostle began lecturing Ward became his manager. They had been firm friends and when Ward was in the city he made his home with Mr. Brann, and the two were always together. Ward is well liked by those who know him and he has a number of friends throughout the country. He is a man of fine physique, is a dignified, courteous gentleman.

While there was for a short time talk of a mob Friday night, Sheriff Baker believed that cool judgment would prevail and that nothing would be attempted. He was prepared, however, to protect his prisoner, had trouble been precipitated, and a number of citizens volunteered their assistance had danger threatened.

THE OBSEQUIES

BRANN AND DAVIS LAID TO REST SUNDAY

BENEATH two mounds, each banked with flowers, one in Oakwood, the other in First Street Cemetery, were laid the victims of Friday's tragedy Sunday afternoon. Never were two funerals in this city more largely attended, and never was the dead followed to a last resting place by sorrowing friends with the reverence that was shown yesterday. At each home, the Davis residence in the Fifth Ward, and the Brann residence on North Fifth Street, friends began to gather shortly after noon, and they crowded through the two homes, on the lawn of one and

about the yard of the other. Each man had his friends, and each had hosts of them, and they desired to show by their attendance at this last service their devotion to those friends who were now gone to the great beyond. Each procession was a long one, the Davis cortège moved from the home on Dallas Street to Elm, thence west on Elm to the suspension bridge. When the hearse, which was preceded by vehicles covering three blocks, containing Knights of the Maccabees, turned into Elm Street, vehicles were yet falling in line at the home, the procession extending more than a dozen blocks in length. All classes and conditions of men were in the line, from the lowest to the highest, citizens of Waco joining in the respect to the citizen whose tragic death was known. He was well liked, and being liked, they sorrowfully joined in this tribute to his memory. There were services at the home, conducted by Rev. Austin Crouch, of East Waco Baptist Church. Dr. Nelms was to participate, but a sudden illness prevented him being present. The service commenced by the singing by the choir of *Some Sweet Day*. Those composing the choir were Messrs. W. T. Hillman, W. E. Brittain, W. R. Covington, J. S. Henderson, Mrs. McDonald and Misses Josie Davis, Nannie Huff and Shirley Faulkner all of the East Waco Baptist Church.

After the reading of the 23rd Psalm by Rev. Austin Crouch, followed by the singing of *Nearer, My God, to Thee* by the choir, Mr. Crouch began a short talk, which went deep into the hearts of his hearers and was a beautiful tribute to the noble characteristics of the deceased.

He began by quoting the poem, *The Hour of Death*, by Mrs. Hemans, to illustrate the thought that man cannot reckon upon the hour of the coming of death.

He drew attention to the fact that "it was said of

Moses that he died when his eye was not dim nor his natural strength abated." He said it had been thus with the deceased, he having been taken from life in the prime of manhood, aged 42. He referred to him as a loving husband and devoted father, and possessing the love of a host of friends, as the vast concourse assembled about his bier testified.

Mr. Crouch then referred with words full of tenderness and pathos to the wife and six children whom the husband and father had left when taken from life, and in this connection quoted from Tennyson's *In Memoriam*, the lines:

"I hold it true whate'er befalls;
I feel it when I sorrow most;
'Tis better to have loved and lost
Than never to have loved at all."

Touching upon the characteristics of the deceased, Mr. Crouch eulogized his devotion to his family, his loyalty to his friends and his willingness always to sacrifice anything to them. He said of him that he was a good citizen, who for the last several years had devoted much of his time and talents to upholding all the virtues of good citizenship, adding that it was not often that one met a man nowadays who could be called a good citizen.

Mr. Crouch closed a talk that was well chosen and effectively delivered by warning his hearers that they were but mortal and to be prepared for the hour of death. With his final words he commended the loved ones of the deceased to the mercy and care of Almighty God.

The song, *The Unclouded Day*, closed the services at the house.

When the procession reached the cemetery impressive services, according to the ritual of the order, were conducted by Commander Ben Richards of Artesian Tent,

Knights of the Maccabees, a final prayer was offered by Rev. Crouch and the body of Tom Davis was lowered to rest. The floral tributes were beautiful. Friends brought cut flowers and evergreens and two large designs especially were noticed. One was a large wreath of red and white flowers, twined with crepe, the red, white and black being the colors of the Maccabees. This was sent by Artesian Tent No. 6, of which the deceased was a member. The other was a large anchor, fully four feet in length, composed of yellow roses and white carnations. It was a huge piece, beautifully made, and testified the friendship of him who sent it, Mr. Connor. The pallbearers were Judge W. H. Jenkins, J. E. Boynton, T. B. Williams, J. N. Harris, A. C. Riddle, J. K. Rose, J. H. Gouldy, W. H. Deaton, Robt. Wright, S. F. Kirksey, Major A. Symes and James I. Moore.

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The funeral of W. C. Brann did not move promptly on the hour. It had been fixed for three P.M., but there was some delay. During the moments just preceding the funeral services Mrs. Brann went upon the lawn herself, accompanied by a friend, and she directed the cutting of certain buds and roses which had been favorites of her departed husband, and when the services were held in the parlor she placed this collection of cut flowers upon the head of the casket. The entire place was crowded with sympathetic friends, and by her side were Mr. Brann's sister and her husband, who came to Waco to attend the funeral, being summoned from their Fort Worth home. A brass quartette, composed of L. N. Griffin, first cornet; J. C. Arratt, second cornet; H. C. Collier, trombone; Fred Podgen, baritone horn, rendered sweet sacred music, one selection being *Nearer, My God, to Thee*. Mrs. Tekla Weslow Kempner sung Mr. Brann's favorite selection, *The*

Bridge. The service was conducted by Rev. Frank Page of the Episcopal Church.

The procession was a very long one. It extended all along Fifth Street from the house, and when Austin Avenue was reached a large number dropped out of the line as was done in the Ross, Coke and Harris funerals, and proceeded to Oakwood by other streets. A brass band preceded the procession, playing martial music. The street was lined with pedestrians and vehicles, some of whom stood for thirty minutes waiting for the cortège. The delay was occasioned, however, at the home. Soon after the services were concluded, Mrs. Brann requested that the casket be opened again, and her request was complied with. For a few minutes she was alone with her dead, and in that few minutes she gazed for the last time upon her companion, her loved one and her husband. When the procession reached the cemetery it was found that a large number had preceded the cortège to the grave, many vehicles and persons on foot being in waiting. A large number went on the cars, three cars leaving the home.

The services at the grave consisted of an address by Mr. J. D. Shaw, friend of the deceased. He said:

"My friends and friends of W. C. Brann: I come this evening at the request of Mr. Brann's family to lay tribute upon his grave. I speak as a friend living for a friend dead. No ordinary man has fallen in the person of W. C. Brann. Nature fashioned him to be a power among his fellow men. By industry, by hard study, by careful observation, by diligent research, by interminable effort, he rose from comparative obscurity to teach and impress the civilized world. In the person of W. C. Brann we have an illustration of what may be expected in a country like ours. He was a natural product of our American democracy. He was a star that rose by dint

of his own effort, his own determination, surrounded by circumstances that invited merit from the common people, from the whole people. W. C. Brann was a cosmopolitan character. He could never be confined within the limits of a party or a creed. So great was his grasp, so far-reaching his thought, that he lived in the world and not in a mere party. He was found always with that party or with that sect that represented what he thought to be right and true. A peculiarity of this man was his dual personality. Few people fully understood him in this respect. As a bold genius, as an intellectual giant, as a man armed and equipped with intellectual fire, and as a man with a noble ambition to stand by the right, he was a sworn foe of hypocrisy and fraud. And when he took into his brave hands the pen, he made fraud and hypocrisy quake and tremble. Burning words came from his tongue, scorching and branding every fraud. Men looked upon him then as a hard man, as a heartless man because he told them the truth. But the other side of this man's individuality, I for one, have had the opportunity to see. He could not only sow intellectually; he was not only able to entertain the civilized world with burning words, with thoughts that were winged and that went like lightning, but he was a man of heart and of honor, and a man of the warmest and most generous love. He could go towards the skies intellectually, but in his heart he lived close to nature. He loved nature. He loved the very trees under whose shade he rested. He loved the little birds that sang in the trees, the grass upon which he walked, the flowers that bedecked the forest. And he loved his fellow man. He had a warm, generous heart and affection that went out to the poor and those who were needy. W. C. Brann was never known to attack a man who was a man. It was the strong and the defiant that he branded, and not the weak and

the needy or the deserving. For these he was the friend. I knew this man, not only as the editor of the *ICONOCLAST*, not only as the utterer of grand and entertaining sentences, but I knew him as a man whose palm was stretched out to the man who was in need. Few men have been more generous with their charity than my neighbor and my friend whom we lay away to-day. No man within my knowledge ever presented the world with a purer, a nobler, a loftier home character than W. C. Brann. Oh! how he loved his wife and his dear little children—not only the children that were living, but the child that was dead. How ardently he strove to support, maintain and bless them. And what a friend they have lost. No man ever approached W. C. Brann for a penny that he did not respond, and from his beautiful home no beggar was ever turned away. I am afraid many people who only knew Mr. Brann as a genius, as a man of eloquence and power with the pen, knew little of him as a man of heart and affection. But, I, as his friend, as a friend of his wife and his fatherless children, I thank the people of Waco to-day that they have testified of their affection for this man. We shall never see his like again here, perhaps. He was a rising star. How soon that star has set! But, my dear friends, he has left a memory. He has made his impression upon the world and we will never forget him. Let me then say, for I must be brief, I am reminded by the stormy elements about us that I must not detain you longer, let me say in conclusion that Brann is not dead. His burning words still live, and his thoughts will yet remain to affect the world, and we will never forget him. And I say to his wife and children, though to-day you feel crushed by this great sorrow, I know by experience that our dead do not pass away from our minds. They grow more beautiful the longer we live. We remem-

ber them with greater pleasure, more tenderly, they will always be just like they had been. They never change. The little girl that you laid away in Houston is to-day in your mind just what she was then. And the dear husband that you lay away now will always be just what he is to-day. No changes can come. He is fixed in the memory.

“Now, my friends, in behalf of Mrs. Brann and her children, let me thank you for this presence, for this demonstration of your appreciation of this man who has so suddenly, so unexpectedly, fallen in our midst. Let us cherish his memory, remember his virtue, and imitate his daring courage in defiance of that which he thought was evil and wrong. He was not without his faults. None of us are. He was always ready and willing to admit that. No man was more willing to answer for his work than W. C. Brann. Therefore I ask for him that judgment to-day we shall all crave of one another when we shall have passed away. We will now lay his body in the grave, we will cover it with mother earth, and upon it place these flowers as a testimonial of our love and affection for him.”

At the grave, the bouquet which Mrs. Brann had laid on the casket before leaving home was returned to her, and just before the casket was lowered into the grave, she stepped forward and lovingly placed the floral piece upon the casket and it was closed in the grave. There was a large number of floral offerings. Flowers were there in profusion. But as at the other funeral, two pieces were especially noticeable. One was a huge broken wheel, full three feet in diameter, all in white, composed of lilies of the valley, hyacinths and roses. It was the gift of the employees of the *ICONOCLAST*, and William Marion Reedy of St. Louis. The Knight Printing Company sent a large anchor about three feet long, which

was composed of pink carnations and white roses. The following were the pallbearers: J. W. Shaw, G. B. Gerald, D. R. Wallace, L. Eyth, Waller S. Baker, Dr. J. W. Hale, H. B. Mistrot, John D. Mayfield and James M. Drake.

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THE LATEST TRAGEDY

(Editorial appearing in the *Waco Weekly Tribune*, issued April 9, 1898, and written by Hon. A. R. McCollum, editor, and State Senator of the Texas Legislature.)

WHAT use to write, or read or talk of the tragic deaths of Brann and Davis unless those who survive are to draw from the tragedy lessons which, rightly applied, will bring peace and good to society and especially to this community? If not this, then far better silence. In the news columns of the paper we have told the story of the battle to the death, fought on the public streets, of the death scenes and burial. And all over this land, where newspapers are printed, the story has been told and millions have read. There will be no adequate estimate of the effect the reading will have upon the minds of the millions. It is certain that the most patent result will be to discredit this community in the esteem of the people whose good opinion our people would like to have, and to react in ways that will affect the material welfare of this city and very likely of the county, too. Beyond all question the deplorable events of last year, opening with October, have operated to the detriment of Waco, and beyond all question the latest chapter of blood and violence will intensify the distrust, unless it is evidenced that this is to be the end, and that hereafter peace and order are to prevail, and the sacredness of human life be more assured. This is

why we say it is little use to write or discuss the passing of Brann and Davis, beyond rendering the tributes of love and affection, unless our people are to learn from the deaths the lessons of forbearance and tolerance and subordination of passion and prejudice to the nobler and better ends and aims of life. Asperity and bitterness must be buried in the graves with the dead.

Brann and Davis have gone to a judgment higher than that of men, and both, we venture to hope and believe, have found how true it is that God is Mercy, as well as justice. For our part, we would rather let them rest in peace and not essay an analysis of their attributes and actions. We will say this of Brann, that though he would write with a pen of vitriol, in his private life he could be and was as gentle as a woman, and his aspirations were those of generosity and kindness, of faithfulness to friends. His home life—with wife and children—was a poem that never ended till he died. His genius was superhuman. As Mr. Shaw truly said in his remarks at the grave, it is not likely that we shall ever see his like again in this community. Davis was cast in a different mold mentally, a man of quite another type. He was sturdy and practical and took the world precisely as he found it. It was indeed a strange fate that brought these two men face to face in deadly conflict and made of Davis the instrument to put and end to Brann's earthly career. Both men loved and were beloved. Widows and orphans mourn them. Let the dead rest in peace, for good can be said of each.

It is the manifest duty of this community to forbear from discussion of what might have been, or who sowed the wind that brought the whirlwind. At the best, years of patience, unselfish, earnest work will be needed to restore our city to the place it might hold in the esteem of men. The fool will say: "It makes no difference what others think." It is a fool's consolation and a fool's

argument, for the cold truth is that not alone the prestige and good repute of our fair city have been marred, but material progress and prosperity have been affected. Population, capital, skill, brawn, industry, morality hold aloof—not wholly, of course, yet to a degree that is material and unfortunate. It is possible to remedy this, but not until we prove to the world that toleration and peace are to rule here, and that human life is not to be held as the cheapest thing society has to lose.

The following account of the mobbing of Brann in the fall preceding his death is taken from the Waco Tribune for October 9, 1897. It is reproduced here to enable the reader to better interpret the circumstances of Brann's death.

BRANN AND BAYLOR

As to the Brann-Baylor episode, the old adage, "two wrongs will not make a right," is certainly applicable to it. Brann's article on Baylor University was wholly indefensible—essentially ill-timed and could not possibly have wrought any good, either to Baylor or the cause of morality in general. It merited the protest and indignation it evoked, and we question if Brann, when he wrote it, really appreciated its full import, for, had he reflected, he would have known that he placed his friends at a disadvantage, in that men who hold the views respecting virtuous womanhood, as most Southern men (and himself included) do, could not defend the article. And Brann is a man who we have always found to be true to his friend; not one to place a friend in an embarrassing or unpleasant position. He illustrated how a wonderfully brilliant man may astonish the world and himself, too, by perpetrating a grave blunder or mistake. We cannot understand how he came to print the article.

And as for the course of the Baylor students who laid forcible hands on Brann and by mob power compelled him to sign humiliating admissions and apologies, their course was about as grave a blunder as was Brann's. It is not palliation to argue how indignant they were and how natural their indignation. Perhaps those in authority at Baylor who are said to have known beforehand the purpose of the student mob and quietly winked at—if they

did not openly commend it—are more to blame than the boys who did the work, for the older heads were naturally expected to display the wisdom of mature years. It is the truth that the authorities who condoned and the students who perpetrated the lawlessness are equally beyond the pale of defense.

It was thus that two wrongs and not one right were done. All the parties to the wrong will have to take the consequence. Brann has impaired the prestige of the **ICONOCLAST**, students and university authorities have brought unnecessary reproach on Baylor, given it undesirable notoriety. Baylor is part and parcel of Waco. All of us, regardless of creed, helped to rear it. Its good name and welfare are matters of concern to all.

Brann, if he knew of disgraceful facts or episodes connected with Baylor, should have given names, dates and specific details. And some student, professor, patron or friend of Baylor—someone with a daughter, sister or female relative there—thus vested with the God-given right of resenting slurs on the virtue of girl students, should have been found willing to deal with Brann personally, and somewhere else than on the university grounds with Brann helpless and bulldozed. Any man thus acting with defense of his womankind as his plea may, if his pretensions are valid, always risk public opinion and jury verdicts in this county.

We hope this matter will end where it is. Nobody wants to see Brann driven away from Waco, nor do we believe such a thing can be done. Men will be found in ample numbers to maintain his right to dwell here. He is a brilliant man, who can be distinctly useful as a writer. On his part he owes something to the community which is willing to maintain his every right—to the friends who are still his friends even if he makes a mistake, and that

is to remember that Baylor University is part and parcel of Waco, and that the reputable element of society here does not share his views concerning the disrepute alleged to attach to Baylor. Most of us wish Brann well; most of us wish Baylor well.

It has been said that this is a matter of "religious" differences and prejudices. It is not so, save where individuals want and see fit to make it so. It has been said "personal liberty" and bigotry are involved in this matter. We fail to comprehend how or wherein. God knows there is not a spot on the globe where there is more diversity of opinion, more freedom of expression and action as to religion than in this town. Once more, we hope the matter is ended and for good.

. . .

Since the above was put in type the assault made by Judge Scarborough, R. H. Hamilton and George Scarborough on Mr. Brann has occurred. Judge Scarborough has a daughter, George Scarborough a sister, who has recently been a student and is now a member of the faculty at Baylor. It will thus be understood how Brann's article could aggrieve the father and brother. If either one had taken a shotgun and killed Brann on sight, public opinion would have held such a course far more commendable than the policy adopted. If either one had challenged him, given him a show for his life, and in the duel killed him, public sentiment would have condoned such a step and no jury in this county would award any penalty for the slaying. But the overpowering attack by three men was itself a mob attack—three may constitute a mob as well as ten or twenty. Of course there will be some to defend the trio of assaulters, but the consensus of public opinion will be against it and by the greater part of our people it will be regarded as essentially unfair. It has not served,

so far as we can see, any good purpose, but to the contrary has intensified the bitter feeling existing here. Brann's friends never indorsed his article on Baylor, but this assault justified their indignation. As for Judge Scarborough, we must regret his act and express surprise that he got his consent to such a course. As for Hamilton, his participation is altogether indefensible.

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(Editorial)

THE LATE TRAGEDY

THE details of the awful tragedy of Friday evening are yet fresh in the minds of the people of Waco, and it is bootless to recount them. Two of the principals thereto have passed to the beyond and a third is in the hands of the outraged law. And with him let the law deal. In life Captain Davis was our friend. His assailant was our enemy. In death they take on the proportions of common humanity. Upon the bier of one we will lay the myrtle of never-dying remembrance. Over the coffin of the other let the mantle of forgetfulness rest. The *Times-Herald* makes no war upon the dead.

It is not with the dead we deal to-day, but the living—the citizenship, the municipality, the people of Waco who must suffer, who must endure, and who must survive the blow that has fallen upon us. Not because two brave men are dead, but because of the stain of blood guiltiness that has again besmirched our fair escutcheon. This tragedy has harmed Waco almost beyond the power of men to help; because it has again been blazoned to the world that here human life is cheapened; that men's pas-

sions rule rather than the written law and that our Christian civilization is but the thinnest veneer atop of the savage.

Yet out of this may yet come a blessing to Waco. If it shall teach men to rule their passions and their speech; if it shall show us the way to lean upon the arm of the law rather than upon the might of our own strength; if it shall make us more tolerant of the opinions of our neighbor; if it shall incline us to encourage the public weal, rather than private animosities, the shadow of tragedy may yet pass and the sunlight of humanity prevail.

The *Times* has no heart for moralizing. It will add no pang to the grief of those who mourn. It asks of the people of Waco that upon the two new mounds made in Oakland to-day the seeds of forgetfulness may spring into verdure, covering feud and hiding passion, and that the dead past will bury its dead, leaving to the present hope, and to the future fruition.

Here follow the contents of the May, 1898, ICONOCLAST published by Brann's friends after his death.

THE PASSING OF WILLIAM COWPER BRANN

BY G. P. GERALD

POETIC legend says that on a moonlight night, two thousand years ago, along the shores of the gulf of Patras, a mighty voice was heard, crying "Great Pan is dead!" And from the mountains and the valleys, the woods and grottoes, where stood the altars of those who worshiped at the shrine of Pan, was reëchoed back the cry, "Great Pan is dead!" On the second of April, when the winged lightning bore over a continent, and to foreign lands beyond the sea, the news that W. C. Brann of the ICONOCLAST was dead, in every land where his writings are known, from men and women who worship at the shrine of genius, went up the wailing cry, "Brann of the ICONOCLAST is dead." Oh, death! thou grim and imperious master of us all, how dreadful to the living are your silent darts, that are ever striking with impartial hand the old man in his dotage, the strong man in his prime, the brave man in his courage and the craven in his fear.

W. C. Brann was 43 years of age, and had just arrived at that period when he was beginning to realize the hopes and aspirations of years, when he was stricken down amid the rejoicings of many and the sorrows of many thousands more. He was born in Coles county, Illinois, and at the age of two and a half years, by the death of his mother, was placed with a sister some two years older than himself, in the care of Mr. Hawkins and his wife, who lived on a farm in that county. He remained with them ten

years, and then, longing to be something more than a farm hand, he packed his small belongings in a little box and at night, when all was still, he took the box under his arm and went out into the lonely darkness of the moonless night, without money, friends or education, to commence the struggle which ended in his untimely death at Waco.

Mr. Brann always spoke in the most kindly terms of Mr. and Mrs. Hawkins, and when he purchased his home in this city, he offered to share it with them, but having grown old and being comfortably situated they did not desire to change.

The first place he secured was that of a bell boy in a hotel, and from that passed on to other situations, realizing all the time, what every proud spirited boy would do under the circumstances, the bitterness that friendlessness, ignorance and poverty bring to the struggle of life. Among other things he learned the trade of painter and grainer, also that of printer, all the time storing his mind with what scraps of education that his life of poverty and toil permitted. After he gathered sufficient education he became a newspaper writer, and in 1877, at Rochelle, Ill., was married to Miss Carrie Martin, who, with two children, Grace and William Carlyle, "Little Billy," as we call him, survive him. After the death of Mrs. Brann's mother, he took to his home one of her sisters, now Mrs. Marple of Fort Worth, and although often driven to the most desperate straits to make a living, he proved to her to be both a brother and a father. He continued his newspaper career in Illinois and Missouri, until some thirteen years ago, when he came to Texas, and gradually became known by his connection with various papers of the State. For a short time he had an interest in a paper called the *ICONOCLAST*, published in Austin, but he soon

found himself back at his old trade, that of driving his pen for others. At last, worn out by long years of unremitting and generally poorly requited toil, wearied with waiting for opportunity to write as he wished but could not do as an employee of others, he determined to again strike out for himself, as he had one in his early boyhood, and in 1894 came to this city and established the *ICONOCLAST*, which was a success from its first issue, and continued to grow in circulation as he grew in reputation as a writer, until the copy that witnessed his death reached an issue of nearly 90,000.

The world, for several generations, has been discussing whether Shakespeare wrote the plays that bear his name, thousands believing that it was impossible for a man who had no more education than Shakespeare had in his youth, to have exhibited the varied knowledge and learning that characterize his works, therefore these attribute them to Sir Francis Bacon, one of the most brilliant and best educated men of his time. All the evidence goes to show that at the age of 18, when Shakespeare married, that he had acquired with a "little Latin and less Greek," the ordinary education accorded to the sons of the well-to-do middle-class Englishmen of his time, of which his father was one. At 18 Mr. Brann had barely secured the rudiments of an English education, and had he lived to the age of Shakespeare, there is no telling to what heights, intellectually, he would have risen. From a slight knowledge of his hopes and aspirations, I can say, that while he dearly loved the *ICONOCLAST*, as a vehicle by which he could convey to the world his thoughts, he had aspirations that went far beyond it, and proposed that during the next ten or twelve years, after his mind had been fully stored for the work, to leave as a legacy to the world, in a continuous work, his conception of the wrongs

done to humanity, the evils that spring from them and the remedies to be applied. And all who have read him closely and noticed how, month by month, he grew greater and brighter, will surely join in saying, that the loss of such a work from such a man, at the meridian of his intellectual life, is only second, if not equal, to the loss of the unwritten volumes of Buckle's "History of Civilization." Alas! that such a man, with such a great future before him should have died standing on the very threshold of his work.

In the private relations of life Mr. Brann was as extraordinary as in his public career; he presented that combination that is so rare that even novelists do not attempt to paint it, the combination of the lover and the husband, and as a father, a friend, a lover of humanity, with a broad mantle of charity for all, he had few equals.

While he wrote in prose, he was a poet, and of him can be truly said:

"The thoughts that stir the poet's heart
Are not the thoughts that others feel,
From the world's creed they are all apart,
And oftener work his woe than weal.

They are born of high imaginings,
Kindled to life by passion's fire,
As o'er earth's dross his fancy flings
The golden dreams that wrap his lyre."

As a writer, Mr. Brann had his faults, but they were the heritage of this God-given son of genius, and with them he climbed the heights and died among the greatest, both of the living and the dead. And had he lived ten years longer, in all probability, the intellectual world

would have held him as the grandest writer that this earth has ever known since the days when old Homer painted the matchless beauty of the bride of Menelaus, and told of the godlike courage of the Greek and Trojan as they fought for her, from the Scamander to the sea. While the ignorant, the bigoted and intolerant are rejoicing in his death and garnishing his grave with the slime of their slander, they may be assured that his name and writings will live until the English language dies, and when W. C. Brann is dead and forgotten, so will be Sterne, Smollet, Fielding, Swift, Pope, Steele, Addison, Goldsmith, Shakespeare, Ben and Sam Johnson, Byron, Shelley, Keats, Carlyle, George Eliot and all that mighty host that have made the English language what it is. The language that the little tribe of the Angles brought from the forest of Germany to Britain swallowed the Britain, and survived the Norman conquest, and then absorbed both the conqueror and his language. And in the dead centuries of over a thousand years, in every generation has produced some mighty intellect to speed it on in building up the bulwarks of human rights and human liberty, until they have grown so high that despots turn from it with loathing, and slaves cannot speak it. The language of the Magna Charta and the Declaration of American Independence, the two instruments that have spread the bread of liberty before a hungry world. And as a writer of this language, with all its mighty past and greater future, W. C. Brann had few equals and no superiors.

I have been asked, both before and since his death, what were his religious opinions, and while every man's religious opinions are his own, and no one has the right to question them, I will say he was a Deist something after the manner of Thomas Paine, and for the benefit of some of our professors and preachers, who do not know

the difference between an Atheist and a Deist, I will say that a Deist is one who believes in one God, and rejects all forms of so-called revealed religion. Mr. Brann loved nature and when he looked upon it, he saw nature's God, that with eternal fingers has written his message on earth and sky, so that savage and civilized, Christian and Infidel alike could read, that has by immutable and unvarying laws, regulated the bloom of the flowers, the course of the winds, and the fall of the leaf, as well as the revolutions of the countless millions of worlds that are ever speeding through the unmeasurable realms of space. He believed that this mighty power that men call God, could perpetuate man in the hereafter as easily as he had placed him here, and while he, like many others, knew that all his hopes and faith did not furnish one atom of real proof as to what lies beyond the gates of death, still he hoped for the brighter and better life, and when that beautiful smile overspread his face when he died, those who beheld it felt that he had realized his hopes, and in the shadowy realm that bounds the Stygian River had met his little girl Inez, whose untimely death at the age of barely twelve years, had worked such havoc in his heart. Mr. Brann loved nature, not only when the gorgeous god of day threw over earth and sky the flashing strands of his golden hair, but in the night time when all else was wrapped in the arms of sleep, the twin sister of death; and the belated passer-by of his home often saw the gleam of his cigar as he sat or walked upon the lawn, in the small hours of the night: and at such time I know there came through his soul the thoughts, if not the words, of that death-devoted Greek, who to the question from the woman that he loved, "O, Ion, shall we meet again," answered, "I have asked that dreadful question of the hills that look eternal. Of the clear

streams that flow on forever. Of the bright stars amid whose fields of azure my raised spirit has walked in glory. All, all are dumb."

But when I gaze upon thy face, I feel that there is something in the love that mantles through its beauty that cannot wholly perish, we shall meet again, Clemanthe. But it was not the name of Clemanthe that passed his lips, it was ever "Inez, darling Inez, we shall meet again."

I here reproduce in his own words an extract appropriate to this subject. It is from the *ICONOCLAST* of March, 1896, and an article headed "Beecher on the Bible":

"I know nothing of the future; I spend no time speculating upon it—I am overwhelmed by the Past and at death grips with the Present. At the grave God draws the line between the two eternities. Never has living man lifted the somber veil of Death and looked beyond.

"There is a Deity. I have felt his presence. I have heard his voice, I have been cradled in his imperial robe. All that is, or was, or can ever be, is but 'the visible garment of god.' I seek to know nothing of his plans and purposes. I ask no written covenant with God, for he is my Father. I will trust him without requiring priests or prophets to indorse his note. As I write, my little son awoke, alarmed by some unusual noise, and came groping through the darkness to my door. He sees the light shining through the transom, returns to his trundle-bed and lies down to peaceful dreams. He knows that beyond that gleam his father keeps watch and ward, and he asks no more. Through a thousand celestial transoms streams the light of God. Why should I fear the sleep of Death, the unknown terrors of that starless night, the waves of the river Styx? Why should I seek assurance

from the lips of men that the wisdom, love and power of my heavenly Father will not fail? ”

Like the lowly Judean carpenter who gave life in a protest against the wrongs which wealth and power had done to his fellow man, he was hated by the Pharisees and hypocrites, but he never cast a stone at the poor and unfortunate, but was ever ready to support the weak battling in the cause of right against the cohorts of the wrong.

He was not only a poet, but he was a prophet and a priest; not the prophet and priest of orthodoxy, that has handed down to us through the ages, written in the blood of slaughtered millions, that dark story of forked-tailed demons and flaming hells, that has given us a God that loves us better than an earthly father can, yet permits us in the sight of His great white throne to writhe and suffer through the endless ages of eternity in the flames of hell. But he was a priest and prophet of a greater and grander faith, that in the evolution of the unborn centuries yet to come, will strip from the Godhead all of the horrid concepts born of the puny hate of man for his fellow man.

Mr. Brann was a man of the highest moral courage, no one doubted this, but some doubted whether he had that kind of physical courage that is necessary to contend with mobs and assassins, but when the hour came—when, without the slightest warning or anticipation of danger, the death wound tore through his back, with a coolness that few even of the bravest of men would have possessed under the circumstances, with a courage that could have led the Irish exiles in that desperate and deathless charge on the bloody heights of Fontenoy, he turned and fired every bullet of his pistol into the body of his assassin.

I will briefly sketch here some of the main facts that led to his death, not only justice to the dead, but to his living friends who only knew him as a writer and have been compelled to read in the newspapers the loathsome and lying slanders sent out against him from this city.

The origin is to be found in the visit to this city of ex-Priest Slattery, who, for gross immorality, had been kicked out of the fold of the Catholic church. He was accompanied by a woman fully as bad as he, and these two saints set up to lecture, and the substance of their lecture was briefly this, that convents and female schools under the charge of the sisters, were but bawdy houses to satisfy the lust of the Catholic priesthood. Mr. Brann, who heard, in the opera house in this city, these vile slanders flung amid thunders of applause, mostly from a gang of blackguards from and around Baylor University, outraged by the wrong done the pure and stainless women whose vows bar them from the slightest hope of reward on earth, yet devote their lives in and out of the convent walls to soothing the sorrows and relieving the sufferings of humanity, attempted to reply in their defense, and for that he was hooted and nearly mobbed by this precious lot of curs and had to be escorted from the opera house by the police. After the Antonio Tiexeria scandal came out, and he saw the poor girl reduced to ruin, standing barely on the verge of womanhood, desolate and friendless in a foreign land, with his whole sympathetic nature aroused in her behalf, he certainly struck some hard blows at Baylor. In his repeated thrusts he made one at the professors which is believed by many to have cut far deeper than anything ever said about the Brazilian girl, and that was his proposition to open a night school for their benefit. In last October *ICONOCLAST*, in a paragraph, he expressed the hope that Baylor would not

continue to manufacture ministers and Magdalens. For this he was twice mobbed, and it is claimed eventually murdered.

Since Mr. Brann's assassination I have seen it charged in some papers, notably one bearing the word Christian at its head, that he was killed because he had slandered his slayer's daughter, and then follows a lot of hypocritical rot about regretting bloodshed, but that there was an unwritten law that required the death of a man who would slander the female relatives of another. A greater falsehood was never published in even a pious Christian weekly. He never mentioned the name of any woman connected with Baylor except the Brazilian girl, and her case was in the courts, and while his friends deeply regretted his unfortunate expression it neither justified his mobbing nor his murder. And in the judgment of all fair-minded men, under the circumstances could have been more readily construed to mean Antonio Tiexera than any other woman on earth, for within Baylor's sacred precincts she had been reduced to that condition to which, when a woman arrives, men call her a Magdalene. If this was the motive that prompted his slayer, I ask why he did not appeal to the unwritten law sooner; he who appeals to it must do so when the first information has been conveyed to him that the wrong has been done and he cannot wait for months and then use it as a defense, and I do not hesitate to say that hundreds besides myself in this city do not believe that this prompted his assassin, except to be used as an excuse.

Mr. Brann loved Waco as he never loved any other place; for he knew that within its borders could be found as many brave, liberal-hearted men, pure and noble women as could be found in any other spot on earth with the same population. He loved it, for he said that here was the

first place he ever found a real home, and here was the place he had for the first time been recompensed for his toil by receiving over a bare subsistence. Now, did Waco love Mr. Brann, or did it hold him the foul slanderer of her purest and best, as some claimed him to be? Let us see. Every effort was made to throw cold water on any turnout to his funeral; it was told around the city that no women would attend and that no flowers would be sent, but what was the result? From his home to the cemetery the sidewalks were crowded, save at Baylor University, the place that is responsible for his death, and hundreds of men and women who had no carriages walked from his home over two miles to the cemetery, and when the long funeral cortège passed within the gates, around his grave was a sea of human faces unequalled in numbers ever before gathered around any other grave in Waco. Yet Waco had lately laid to rest within that cemetery a man whom she dearly loved and on whom Texas had been proud to confer her high places, a man who in bygone years had so gallantly led her sons on so many bloody fields. As to the flowers, no greater profusion was ever seen on any other grave in Waco, or, perhaps, in Texas, a tribute that the pure and stainless women of Waco paid to the martyred dead. At his funeral was noticed a greater number, both from the city and county, of the sun-kissed sons of toil than had ever been gathered here around any other grave. Why were they there in such numbers? Why did they bow their manly heads o'er the coffin of the dead? I will answer for them. It was because they knew that the dead man loved the land that they, their sires and their grandsires loved; that he was seeking to uproot the evils, both social and political, that are so rapidly overrunning it; that all the gold of earth, or the plaudits of those who feel themselves the grand and great

could not win him from his task of defending a people's rights against those who were seeking to strike them down, and if he had made an error in a paragraph subject to a double construction, that above all else on earth in his heart he sought

“But the ruin of the bad, the righting of the wrong and ill.”

He was followed to his grave by hundreds of men who but a few years ago had given of their money liberally to build up the new Baylor, many of whose wives, daughters and sisters had been educated there. Is it reasonable to suppose that these men who clung to him in life with hooks of steel, and followed him to his grave with tears, are such cravens that, alike in life and death, they would stand by the man who had foully slandered their wives', daughters' and sisters' fame? Out upon such a supposition, it can only find lodgment in a breast that holds that the Yahoo of Swift is a true picture of the human race, and that the lowest of the type is living here. If Mr. Brann was the slanderer of women, why did so many of them, from the hundreds that crowded the lawn around his home, lead their children up to his coffin, and those that were not able to look into it they would raise up in their arms that they might look into the dead face of the Prince of the Imperial Realm of Language?

Mr. Brann was no slanderer of women, no man on earth had a greater veneration for the good and pure or more sympathy for the fallen, and he would have died before he would have wronged intentionally either class. In this case he had struck in behalf of a poor and unfortunate girl who had been grievously wronged at Baylor, and it used to be held, and is yet held in some communities,

that the man who strikes in the defense of a defenseless woman exhibits the highest trait of chivalry, even if he had made a mistake in striking, but here in Waco, with its Christian schools and churches, and its so-called Christian civilization, it was rewarded first by mobs and then by murder.

He was a man who was incapable of malice, he bore none for injuries that most men would have rewarded the cowardly perpetrators by shooting them down like they have their prototype, the sneaking wolf; this arose from the innate tenderness of the man who shrunk from the taking of life, even of an animal, unless it was necessary.

I have used no words of sympathy for his wife, for time and not words can soothe sorrow such as hers, but for the benefit of those at a distance who were her husband's friends I will say that she has the sympathy of all the men and women of this city, irrespective of church or creed, who are not the indorsers and abettors of mobs and assassins, and I am glad to say that this collection of hyena-hearted human vultures, though far too many, are in the minority.

Now, to the dead friend of humanity, the eternal foe to wrong and hypocrisy, I bid adieu forever here, and for aught I know, for hereafter. The greedy grave, whose hungry mouth is never filled, has claimed him, and in the arms of old earth, the last mother of us all, we have laid him to sleep, as peacefully as in infancy he slept upon his mother's breast, indifferent alike in death as in life to the human ghouls who pursued him. Never again will his splendid intellect drive a pen "in thoughts that breathe and words that burn" against the serried ranks of injustice and of wrong. Others will follow in his footsteps, and battle as faithfully as he for the cause of right, but, alas, none are clad like him in the Milan mail

of intellectuality, against which the cloth-yard shafts of foes could rattle but could never pierce. Now, that for him the restless dream of life has closed, I know that every admirer of his genius, no matter of what faith or of no faith at all, will join me in the wish that for him death did not bring oblivion's dreamless sleep, where Lethean waves forever wash the pallid brow of death, but Elysian fields in which he met in joy the loved ones that had gone before and will await in peace the loved ones that are left behind.

“O Jerusalem, Jerusalem! Thou that killeth the prophets and stoneth them that are sent unto thee.”

REST—REST IN PEACE

BY W. H. WARD

THERE comes, I think, in the life of every man a time when feeble words come faintly up for utterance—when the human soul refuses to tell its agony in empty phrases—when neither tongue can tell nor pen portray the gloom which o’ershadows the spirit engulfed in woe. This suffering may be selfish, or be merged in a general sorrow. As I write the simple sentence, “Brann is dead,” a pall settles over my spirit, and, groping blindly in the dark, I feel there remains on earth scarce a single ray of light. I knew this man, and to know him was to love him—knew his faults and his virtues; loved him in spite of one and for the other. His faults were human; his virtues were Godlike. For years we trod together Life’s unequal pathway—at times I felt that I stayed his falling steps, and when my own feet have strayed, oft and again has his firm hand led me back into the light. He was to me a delightful study, for which I found never failing recompense. I have watched his majestic mind expand as the florist watches the budding beauty of a flower, ever growing in its unfolding loveliness. I have lived with him in his home, surrounded by those whom he loved—seen him joy with their gladness, while his heart contracted with every pain that approached his loved ones—have stood with him on the banks of some mighty river, and watched the evening sun throw its chain of fire across the bosom of the waters, while his poetic spirit reveled in the beauties of the sunset sky. Under the shadow of Lookout, I have gazed with him upon those beetling crags, where the fate of a nation was in part decided, while he thanked God fervently that the heart of

the nation yet beat steady and strong—have strolled with him in the forests when vernal nature spread its glorious carpet for the foot of man—have felt his great heart expand to receive every subtle impression of beauty and tenderness from nature's matchless canvas—have seen this man against whom the anathema of infidelity and atheism have gone forth, humbly bow to worship God in his handiwork. For him, as for us all, there were times when the earth was darkened with doubt; but there were moments, I know, when his aspiring soul mounted the clouds and caught some reflex of the great white light that breaks on the throne of God. It has been charged that he had neither faith nor religion. In justice to the memory of the dead, I deny the charge. He had a faith as noble as it was unfaltering—that truth was eternal and the love of justice could never utterly fade from the hearts of men. His religion was simple still, though confined by neither church nor creed—'twas the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of Man. As he loved truth and justice even so did he despise falsehood—declaring that he hated all “who loveth or maketh a lie.” He loved his fellows as few men have done. The great desire of his heart, and no small part of his lifework, was devoted to the alleviation of human suffering. In his nature he was frank and open as the day—generous to a fault. I do not believe that he gave his affection fondly or foolishly. If those whom he loved failed to reach his high standard, it was not his fault. His was a great heart and he gave its tenderness with a princely hand, feeling himself rich in giving—glorying in his own munificence. No man could have been the recipient of this rich bounty without feeling himself ennobled by the gift. He had the faculty of attracting to him all whom he considered worthy of his affection. He possessed in a rare degree that which,

himself rich in giving—glorying in his own munificence. Intellectually, he was a meteor that shot athwart the literary firmament, leaving a train of fire behind to mark his course. Within a period of four years, in an inland Texas town, he built up a magazine which was read by a large percentage of the English-speaking people. He had at the time of his death a larger clientèle of readers than any living writer. For years he did all of the work of the *ICONOCLAST* himself, but of late he had gathered about him a corps of contributors in whose genius he himself reveled—a “bunch of pansy blossoms,” he fondly termed them, whose beauty and fragrance would, he declared, delight the literary world. The hand that held these blossoms is now folded across a pulseless breast; but the silken skein of his affection will yet serve to bind the flowers together. The bright particular star of the Iconoclastic galaxy is dimmed, but the blended light of the others may still serve to illumine the dark places of life, and, in so doing, help to achieve that betterment of man for which their chief toiled so earnestly, battled so bravely and hoped so ardently. The poor and oppressed have lost a friend and protector—true womanhood has lost one of its ablest defenders—liberty its bravest champion—his country a hero, ever ready to fight for a redress of her wrongs. He was a humanitarian in the broadest and best sense of the word. In his heart there lived ever a hope that the time might yet come, in this fair land of ours, when there would be “neither a millionaire nor a mendicant—a master nor a slave.” In life he was dear to me, his memory is dearer still, nay, ’tis sacred. I would not play Boswell to any Johnson, but this was my friend, tender, loving and loyal to me, and now that he is dead I come to lay this tribute in the dust at his feet. He has been judged oftenest and most

unjustly, as men usually are, by those who knew him least. Beneath the iron corselet which confronted the eyes of the world there beat in this man's breast a heart tender as a child's, and as loving as a woman's, that throbbed in agony for every ill to which humanity is heir. I remember in the early morning once he came into my room and silently beckoned me to his study. There in the vines at the window, scarce three feet from his desk, sat one of our Southern Orioles—a feathered songster, trilling forth the gladness of his heart in song. Brann watched the bird and drank in the music of his song. I saw his face light up with exquisite tenderness, and I knew that he accepted his matin song of the bird as a message from his Maker. I trust I may be pardoned for relating this simple incident, but it served to show me the man as few things could have done. I know 'tis true that: "As snowflakes fall to the earth unperceived and are gathered together in a pile, so do the seemingly unimportant events of life succeed one another. No single flake creates a sensible change on the pile, and no single act constitutes, however much it may exhibit, a man's character." But it is from simple things that the sum of life is made up—from those acts which are most spontaneous and usually least observed that human nature may best be determined and most justly estimated. This man made no preaching of his virtues, believing that "the years are seldom unjust." He was the Navarre of modern journalism, and his white plume ever showed in the thickest of the fight. It was his strong hand that taught the "doubtful battle where to rage"; 'twas his to enchain friendship and inspire followers. Had he battled for a creed as he fought for a faith, his bones would have been canonized. Had he struggled for a party as he stood for the State, no political preferment would have been held beyond his

reach. Had he lived in another age, among other people, his body would have been inurned in the Valhalla of the Brave. As it is, all that is mortal of him occupies only so much of Texas soil as may serve as "paste and cover of his bones." Little does he reckon of this, and his friends should not repine, for the same prairie breezes that waft incense of flowers over the graves of Travis, Bowie and Crockett, sing a sad requiem over the final resting place of Brann. The aspiring soul has found its fixed abode among the stars; his Titanic intellect which, here on earth, ever struggled for the light, now bathes in the effulgence of the Sun. His heart, ever unquiet because of the woes of his kind, now knows that peace which "passeth the understanding of man." The hand of the All-Father has forever soothed the heart-hunger and unrest of life from his troubled breast. That hand which swept, at will, every chord of the harp of life, has fallen nerveless, but its music will yet linger in the hearts of men until love of truth and beauty shall utterly fade from the earth. A long good-night to thee, Brave Heart, thy better part has found the better place; to that which is mortal and remains with us, we say, Rest—Rest in Peace.

* * *

A MEMORIAL TO W. C. BRANN

It has been suggested that the friends and admirers of Mr. Brann join in a contribution to mark the spot where he sleeps. It is proposed, if this meets the approval of friends, that it be a granite vase, some four or five feet high, surmounted either by a life size statue in bronze or marble of the dead, holding in his hand a copy of the *ICONOCLAST*, as if offering it to the passer-by, and the

word **ICONOCLAST** upon it in letters sufficiently large to be read at a distance of twenty feet. It is said by those who claim to know that such a memorial can be erected at a cost of some \$3,000 or \$4,000.

Many of his friends would not approve, and neither would he if he could express himself, of anything that would require any large expenditure of money while so many thousands of worthy men and women are struggling in vain to secure the bare necessities of life, these holding that costly monuments can do the dead no good, and are in bad taste in the living. There can be no doubt that thousands in the years to come will seek his grave to lay their offerings upon the shrine of genius, and while his will be marked I wish to say in this connection to those asking in what condition Mrs. Brann is left financially that while she will have sufficient to keep the wolf from hers and her children's door if properly managed, that she will not have over a tithe of what it has been published that she would.

Submitting these few words for the consideration of his friends, I can say if a response sufficiently favorable come, then the proper steps will be taken to carry it out; if not, nothing more will be said, at least not from me; and as his friend I would not approve of keeping standing in the **ICONOCLAST** a list of subscribers to the fund; if the suggestion is carried out it will be time enough to publish it when the work is finished and the statue unveiled.

G. B. GERALD.

. . .

The man who takes up Brann's work will only succeed, not replace him. He was a star of the first magnitude, and such bodies are not created in an hour—not always in an age. He who attempts an imitation, however clever

his work, would stand before the world, self-confessed, a failure from the first. Booth, in his favorite character inspired us—Joe Jefferson could only prompt us to laughter. Yet, is not Jefferson without genius in his way? There is no reason, however, why he who follows may not be as loyal to the faith, as courageous in the fight, as Brann was known and acknowledged to be. The Chief is dead, but did not die until he had blazoned the way for those who dare follow where he so bravely led.

. . .

In life Brann often said he wanted no mourning worn for him, save that which enshrouded the hearts of his family and friends—that the mere trappings of woe were but its “limbs and outward flourishes,” which, too often, failed to reach the heart.

A PEN PICTURE OF BRANN

It is hard for me to realize that Brann is dead. It seems only yesterday night that he sat opposite me at table, and talked of his plans and projects and spoke so hopefully, so boyishly of the future that he was never to realize.

For a long time I had a curiosity to see Brann, of the *ICONOCLAST*. His pyrotechnic vocabulary, his strange admixture of erudition and slang, his almost womanly sympathy and the more than Apache ferocity with which he pursued his enemies, the tender and poetic metaphor that gemmed his iron prose, and the singular blending of optimism and pessimism that characterized most of his work suggested an anomaly that appealed to the imagination, and I was anxious to see what Brann looked like.

I had an opportunity when he came here to lecture. I knew his business manager, Mr. Ward, who figured in the dreadful duel in which he lost his life, and who was, at that time, arranging his lecture dates. Ward is a big Texan, over six feet high, and I suppose he weighs all of two hundred pounds. He is a lawyer who drifted into journalism years ago, and under a somewhat rough-and-ready exterior there is not much trouble in finding the gentleman and the scholar. Well, Ward introduced me to Brann, and after a while the three of us foregathered in a private room of a down-town café, and stayed there for several hours that I remember with unmixed delight.

Looking back at the episode, I have difficulty in framing my impressions of the famous Texan editor. I think the principal thing that struck me was his lack of pose and affection. All through his talk, and he was in high spirits and talked a great deal, there were sparks of delightful *naïveté*.

"I want to pull out of the *ICONOCLAST* as much as I can," he said. "And since we have made enough money to do so, I have bought a great many outside contributions. My idea," he continued, "is this: As long as I wrote most everything in the publication myself it was strictly a one-man paper; and if anything should have happened to me it would have been worth nothing to my wife and family. What I am trying to do now is to organize a corps of contributors who can keep it up if I should be taken away."

Had he any suspicion of the prophecy that lurked in these words? Perhaps he had; for when I suggested to him the advisability of leaving Waco, with its petty local dissensions and the personal dangers incident to them, he shook his head.

"I got together \$11,000 not long ago," he said, "and put it into a house. It is the first money worth talking about that I ever had, and I feel that the investment ties me, more or less, to Waco. But aside from that," he went on to say, "I am a little afraid that the *ICONOCLAST* would lose its characteristic flavor if I moved it to one of the big Eastern cities. You will remember that that experiment was tried with the *Arkansas Traveller*, which was moved from Little Rock to Chicago, and promptly fell flat. The same thing happened to the *Texas Siftings*, when it was taken from Austin to New York. I am inclined to believe that a publication acquires a savor of the soil in which it springs, and it is a mighty risky business to try to transplant it."

He told me of Col. Gerald, who had killed the Harris brothers only a few weeks before. "Gerald is a wonderful old man," he said. "He is over sixty, but he is as straight as a pine. He has a light mustache and chin beard, and eyes the color of the blue you see in old china. He doesn't

know what fear is. He thinks it is some kind of a disease like smallpox or appendicitis, and only knows that he has never had it." Between talk we ate oysters and drank a little beer. Brann impressed me as being a very temperate man.

The conversation drifted frequently to his plans for the future. "I've been roasted a good deal for the go-as-you-please style of the *ICONOCLAST*," he said, "and, between ourselves, wish I could have refined its style a trifle. But if I had done so we would never have gone over the 100,000 mark as we did last week. However, I'm tired of it," he said slowly, "most infernally tired. I am anxious next year to devote myself to a higher class of work. I have a novel about half done, and also a play, and I am very hopeful that they may both succeed."

It was long after midnight when we parted. He said that he expected to be back "one of these days."

Poor Brann! It sickens one's soul to think of the value of such a life as his as against that of his slayer. Good God! His little finger was worth all the Texas pot-house politicians and Baylor University pharisees that could be lined up between her and Orion.—O. H. S., in the *Looking Glass*.

SEMPER VIVAT IN MEMORIAM

Now that partisan hate has succeeded in hounding to his death America's most eloquent champion of humanity; has driven to the verge of insanity an adoring wife, and thrown o'er the roseate lives of two tender, clinging children the black pall of a sorrow that will forever embitter their hearts, perchance it will pause; will remember the nineteen hundred years ago, was crucified for daring to teachings of that other "friend of humanity" who, nearly

fight what he believed to be wrong; whose religion may be summed up in one word—"forgiveness."

Brann's enemies were professed followers of this Christ. With tearful eyes and uplifted, supplicating faces they besought the God of Justice to—in the beautiful language of the prayer left us by his Son—"lead us not into temptation" and "forgive us our trespasses as we forgive those who trespass against us"; and the next day passed resolutions congratulating a mob of brutal ruffians for frightening a sick woman nearly to death, kidnaping her defenseless husband and forcing him—under threats of instant death—to retract what they knew to be the truth. A few weeks later, they were "resoluting" and "sympathizing" and formulating plans for the erection of a monument to the memory of two would-be assassins who were killed while attempting to carry out their cowardly work. Oh, Christianity!—that thy cloak—pure as polar snow—must cover such infamy!

Brann's death blots from the firmament of American journalism its brightest star. He was an intellectual titan. In him was embodied the philosophy of Carlyle—the brilliancy of Voltaire,—the withering sarcasm of Desmoulins—the poetry of Ingersoll. His genius, universal as that of Shakespeare, was ever aligned on the side of the weak and oppressed; ever, with god-like fearlessness, he stood for Right against Might—for purity against corruption. In church, in state, in society—he tore the painted mask from the face of hypocrisy and exposed it, in all its festering hideousness, to the world's ridicule.

Brann has been damned as an atheist—by people who have never read, and are incapable of reading and understanding, a single paragraph from his pen. The author of

“Tiens ta Foi,” “Charity,” “Man’s Immorality”—was not an atheist. He refused to bend the knee to superstition—to lend a patient ear to earth’s self-constituted vice-regents of Omniscience. But God spoke to him through nature. The flowers he so passionately loved were reminders of His loving tenderness; in the divine music of Wagner, Liszt and Chopin, he recognized the voice of God. His faith was broad as the universe—deep as infinity. He loved purity; he hated hypocrisy; and for this he died—a martyr.

Inspiration comes from God. The children of genius needs must be the favorites of Omniscience. Yet theologians vilify Brann from the pulpit—teachers denounce him to their pupils. For nearly ten years he has been the target of vindictive spite—such spite as only a narrow, bigoted mind can be capable of. This is the greatest compliment mediocrity can pay to genius.

Brann is dead! Still forever is the pen whose wondrous alchemy transposed the English language—with all its inherent harshness—into music sweet as song of Israfil. Stilled is the heart that stood alone, defiant, a bulwark ’gainst the wave of corruption that is engulfing our land.

Brann is dead! But when Baylor University has sunk beneath the wave of oblivion; when the very bones of the splenetic-hearted hypocrites—who goaded to his death the grandest man America has ever produced—have crumbled into the tongueless silence of the dreamless dust—Brann’s name will live—a beacon light for those who love truth for truth’s sake.

Brann is dead! The blow that wrung our hearts with unavailing anguish but ushered him into the company of Shakespeare, Carlyle, Hugo and Wagner. And there, whether it be in the light that beats on God’s great throne,

or in the Serbonian darkness of a hell more horrible than that pictured by Dante—is the true Heaven.—Abbott *Graphic*.

* * *

BRANN IS NO MORE

ON the first of April—All Fools' Day—W. C. Brann, of the *ICONOCLAST*, and T M. Davis riddled each other with bullets in Waco, Texas. Both of them died the following day. The trouble between them grew out of the attack made by Brann in his paper on the Baylor University, a Baptist institution attended by the daughter of Davis. At the time that Brann accused the students of the college of immorality, he was assaulted by them, and barely escaped lynching at their hands. He was forced to make a retraction and was ordered to leave town. Being a courageous man Brann refused to emigrate.

The Irish *Standard* chronicles the untimely and awful death of Mr. Brann with poignant regret, and tenders its condolence to his afflicted family. In many ways he won the admiration of the American people. He was a man of great mental endowments, and in the use of invective, often degenerating into billingsgate, he stood without a rival in American journalism. His mind was broad and he despised religious intolerance. As an American he loved the stars and stripes and was opposed to an Anglo-American alliance. He held hypocrites in supreme contempt and lashed the pharisees unmercifully. When Catholic priests and sisters were misrepresented by sectarian bigots, he used his tongue and pen in their defense. So ably did he vindicate the Catholic church from their aspersions that many supposed him to be a Jesuit in disguise. In the last issue of the *ICONOCLAST* he told a

correspondent what he thought of Mrs. Shepard and ex-priest Chiniquy. Had Brann lived in a more civilized community than among the bigoted Baptist of Texas, he would have used more elegant language in his magazine than it contained for the past few months.

We entirely disagree with the *Pioneer Press* in its characterization of the deceased journalist when it says: "From attacking the private lives of the prominent and successful men of every quarter of the union and levying blackmail as the price of silence from those whose slips or frailties his keen hyena-like appetite for filth had enabled him to scent, it was an easy step to the most scurrilous assaults on men and women whose only offending lay in their uprightness and virtue."

Brann never attacked men and women for their "uprightness and virtue," and our St. Paul contemporary is guilty of calumny when it says so. Every evildoer and hypocrite feared him, while upright men and virtuous women had a champion in him. His bitterest enemies never accused him of being a blackmailer, and the editor of the *Pioneer Press* took care he was dead before making the unwarrantable charge.—*The Irish Standard*.

BRANN, OF THE ICONOCLAST

W. C. BRANN, the fearless editor of the *ICONOCLAST*, is no more. The *ICONOCLAST* is published at Waco, Texas, and was started but a few years ago by its gifted author with no more capital than his genius and the courage of his convictions. The *ICONOCLAST* assailed every form of avarice, hypocrisy and infamy; in a few months the publication gained a world-wide reputation and amassed for its editor a handsome fortune because it was bought and read

by thousands of people who love truth, when boldly proclaimed, for truth's sake. Some time ago the *ICONOCLAST* laid bare the iniquities of some white-sepulchral hypocrites having charge of a young ladies' seminary under the auspices of a religious denomination. The pious and lecherous scoundrels, and their ilk, who felt aggrieved by the publication of the sensational facts, instead of resorting to the law and proving that they had been libeled, and vindicating themselves by the imprisonment of Brann, resorted to mob violence, and what they lacked in courage they supplied with numbers, and beat their helpless victim into insensibility. In the very next issue of the *ICONOCLAST*, Brann, its outraged but incomparably fearless editor, in speaking of his cowardly assailants, used the following defiant and sadly prophetic words: "Truth to tell there's not one of the whole cowardly tribe who's worth a charge of buckshot who deserve so much honor as being sent to hell by a white man's hand! If Socrates was poisoned, and Christ was crucified, for telling unpalatable truths to the splenetic-hearted hypocrites of their time, it would ill become me to complain of martyrdom for a like offense." Brann was shot in the back by a drunken "local" politician, who doubtless had as much conception of morality and honor as did those whom Brann had assailed openly and above-board in the *ICONOCLAST*. Brann, though mortally wounded, turned and shot his assassin, wounding him fatally—Brann and his assassin have both died—one, mourned as a martyr in the cause of truth; the other mourned by the "splenetic-hearted hypocrites" of Waco and elsewhere.—*Charleston Enterprise*.

A MARTYR TO FREE SPEECH

POOR Brann has fallen a martyr to Baptist bigotry. The foul-minded crowd who imported Slattery to Waco ran a university whose iniquities Brann exposed. The deacons of the church and the preachers combined against him and his life was attacked again and again because he was not afraid of telling the truth. The last attempt was successful and his blood is on the head of the bigots of Waco.

We have not read in any of our "American" dailies nor have we seen in any of our Evangelical weeklies a condemnation of this outrage on free speech. If the conditions had been reversed, if a Catholic had shot down the defamer of Catholic women, the country would have rung with denunciations of Catholic bigotry. But the Baptist beetle-browed can for months plan the death of a man who has exposed their hypocrisy and the assassination is taken as one of the few "occurrences" which diversify life in those monotonous Texas towns.

Brann was not a Catholic. In the eyes of the majority of Baptists of Waco he was an infidel. He had no sympathy with any creed as a creed; but as far as we can judge he loved truth and justice and hated wrong and hypocrisy. It was this natural feeling for right and fair play which led him into the battle with the A. P. A., the battle in which he perished. We believe that he acted according to his lights, and to those who live by the law as it is shown to them, God will not deny grace. Many a man and woman who never saw Brann, and do not sympathize with the extreme views he held on certain religious matters, and might perhaps take exception to his style of conveying his opinions, will yet because of his manly de-

fense of ladies slandered without cause by the vilest of the vile, breathe a silent prayer that God may have mercy on his soul. As long as ye did it unto these you did it unto Me. Even a cup of cold water shall not lose its reward.—*The Monitor*, San Francisco, Cal.

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EDITORIAL ETCHINGS

TO THE PUBLIC

THE editorial supervision of the May *ICONOCLAST* has been to me a labor of love. The stress of circumstances under which the work has been done, is too well known for either explanation or apology for its shortcomings. This issue of the paper is intended as a memorial of the man who founded it; whose genius has so long adorned its pages, and whose personality has endeared it to so many thousands of readers throughout the land.

W. H. WARD.

In the Vicksburg *Dispatch* of Sunday, February 13, appeared an article from the pen of Ida Clyde Gallagher, of Vicksburg, a very bright and gifted writer, in which she pays a feeling tribute to the character of W. C. Brann. The article in question has been widely read and copied. It was written while Mr. Brann was on his Southern lecture tour, and is peculiarly appropriate to this issue of the *ICONOCLAST*. I therefore reproduce it with pleasure:

“The development of all really great forces afford an interesting study for the mind capable of grasping and measuring them. The overflow of a river, the eruption of a volcano or the devastation of a storm arouse admira-

tion even while they inspire terror and awaken awe. But it is the purely human force, with its infinite variety, which charms while it enthralls. A man born and reared, as other men, bound by the same ties, subject to the same laws, fettered by the same conventionalities, to throw off the yoke of circumstances, break through the trammels of the conventional, grapple with and overcome every obstacle that lies in his path, until he reaches the summit of Olympus and bodily fronts the gods, or towers among men, like Saul above his brethren. We may envy him, as we ever envy the truly great, or be disposed to close his lips in death, because he tells us unpalatable truths, yet admire him secretly and in our hearts exalt him. We may not confess as much while he lives and labors, but when his lips are dumb in death, his breast pulseless, we lay our hatred and envy in the dust at his feet, and rear in marble a gleaming shaft to commemorate the virtues of the dead. The name of "Brann" has inspired this homily; Brann of the *ICONOCLAST*, the man whose praises are being sung; loved by half the world, by the other half condemned, whose whole life has been a battle and a march, who wars as did the Titans and if he gropes blindly at times ever struggles toward the light. This is the man who began his education while rearing a family, and went from behind the smokestack of a locomotive to the tripod of a daily paper. Who in a few years has risen to dizzy heights of fame, whose utterances are waited for and attended by more than half a million people, many of whom he does not and can not convert, but all of whom he impresses. A man who is said to be an ideal husband and father, a tender, loyal and devoted friend, yet whose entire existence is devoted to a warfare against existing evils, bitter as death, and uncompromising as the grave. You may not always be right, Mr. Brann, indeed, we shrewdly suspect you are

not, but we respect you and admire you just the same, because you attack boldly and fight fearlessly. Yes, we admire you, and shall not wait to whisper it to your tombstone either."

. . .

If the futility of brute force as an appeal to reason required an object lesson, it might easily be found in the fact that while the hand that wielded one pen lies motionless in death, hundreds of others have been raised up to fight under the same banner.

. . .

Several months ago a number of the students of the Baylor University, acting without regard for the laws of either God or man, attempted to mob the editor of the *ICONOCLAST* in an effort to bridle his pen. The hand which they sought to restrain has now been enjoined by a court whose order is irrevocable. In every state in the union men have come forward to take up a fight which Brann himself considered ended, and the object is accomplished. In reproducing tributes to the memory of the dead editor I have felt it my duty in several instances to blue-pencil certain passages which might have been considered as reflecting upon those who are innocent and unoffending. The moral here needs no pointing.

To his readers and admirers, who have uniformly expressed regret over the death of her husband, Mrs. W. C. Brann desires to return a woman's thanks for the kindly sympathy extended.

SIMPLE STATEMENT OF FACTS

BY W. H. WARD

CONCERNING the tragedy of April 1, in which W. C. Brann lost his life and I, myself, was slightly wounded, as a sensational event enough and more than enough has already been said in the daily press. I should not have mentioned the matter here at all, but I know the readers of the *ICONOCLAST* will expect a statement of the facts. I therefore give a subjoined account of the affair from the *Independent Pulpit*, published in Waco by J. D. Shaw. Mr. Shaw is well known to the people of Texas. There is not a man in the state who will doubt that his account of the tragedy is in absolute accord with truth and justice. In the extract referred to Mr. Shaw says:

LET THE PLAIN TRUTH BE TOLD

The lateness of this *Pulpit* affords me an opportunity to correct some false impressions with regard to the recent tragedy in which W. C. Brann lost his life.

That there should have been some errors of view among bystanders as to the various incidents in that deadly conflict is not surprising, and of these, trifling in their nature, I will not here write.

The idea that Brann was seeking a difficulty with Davis is certainly false. He had made his arrangements to go on a lecturing tour, had spent the day at his home, went to town about four o'clock that afternoon to get a shave, and on his return walked with his business manager, Mr. W. H. Ward, by the office in which Davis was sitting. Having passed the office a few steps, Davis stepped out and shot him in the back. This was the shot that killed

him, and it was after receiving it that he turned, drew his revolver and opened fire upon his assailant.

Now as to Mr. Ward: He left Brann's house some time after Brann did, had joined the latter a few minutes before the firing, and was at the time walking by his side. When Davis fired, Ward jumped at him in an attempt to get his, Davis' pistol, caught hold of it over the muzzle and was shot through the hand. Ward was unarmed, having left his revolver in a grip at Mr. Brann's house. His hands were gloved and he had no idea of a difficulty at the time.

I state these facts not through any feeling of prejudice, having never been mixed up in the Brann-Baylor trouble, but solely in the interest of the truth. I can understand how an excited observer, seeing Mr. Ward extend his hand to get Davis' pistol and seeing immediately the fire of the same, might have thought that Ward did the shooting, and it was this mistake that caused his arrest.—*Independent Pulpit*.

To this I will only add that neither Mr. Brann nor myself were in the slightest anticipation of trouble. He left home, having the boy to drive him down in his buggy, shortly before four o'clock on the afternoon of the tragedy. I awaited his return to drive to the train to meet my brother, whom I was expecting with a party of friends that evening. At twenty minutes to six o'clock he had not returned and I took the first car down, as several ladies who chanced to be at Mr. Brann's home will testify. I left the car at Fourth and Austin streets at about six o'clock, walked to Herz Bros., gave an order for some books, and met Mr. John Guerin, walked with him toward the depot, met Mr. Brann at the corner of Fourth Street and Bankers' Alley, chatted with him for a moment,

when Mr. Guerin walked on, and Mr. Brann and myself crossed the street and walked towards Austin Avenue. We had passed the place, where I afterwards learned Davis' office was located, about ten paces, when Davis came out and opened fire from the rear. His opening fire was the first warning of the trouble. We were walking side by side, conversing together, when the first shot was fired. That shot entered Mr. Brann's back, and caused his death. I will add that I was unarmed, and had not removed my driving gloves, which were taken off when my wound was dressed, and had been with Mr. Brann not more than three minutes when the shooting occurred. These are the facts, as substantiated by the signed statement of over a score of eye-witnesses, the same now being in the hands of my attorneys, Messrs. Baker & Ross, and C. R. Sparks. I do not wish to speak ill of the dead, therefore I shall have but little to say of Mr. Davis. My acquaintance with him was brief; I never met him but once—when he was shooting another man, *in the back*.

* * *

THE DEATH OF BRANN

BY WILLIAM MARION REEDY

MR. BRANN, who was killed in Waco last Friday, was a much greater man than even his admirers knew. He had many virtues which, in a way, his peculiar tactics in journalism belied. For instance, his paper was read, for the most part, by people who took a delight in his calling a spade a spade, and, in fact, in his seeking out spades to write about. This was not the true Brann at all. The man was clean-minded in his conversation. He thought cleanly. He lived cleanly as a gentleman should, though

he did not leave off sack. He was not a brawling, boisterous ruffian, reveling in the slums. He was essentially a family man and a student who "scorned delights and lived laborious days." His regard for the purity of women amounted almost to a monomania, and he lived up to his own preachment on all the various forms of integrity with much more strictness than people who affected to believe he was leper. Furthermore the man was an ascetic in his essential spirit. He had the true taste for the finely done thing in letters and if he did not devote himself to what might be called the more refined literary artistry, it was because he felt that there was danger of drawing too fine the lessons he thought it his duty to impart. There was no use, he said, in writing to the few. One should write so that all might read, running. He maintained that the way to instill principles in the people was to secure their attention first, and he did not hesitate to secure their attention by any device that seemed available. Therefore he felt himself justified in appealing to the lower instincts in men in order that, while they were all unsuspecting, he might inculcate something better. And so there ran through his publication the strangest contrasts of sweetness and salacity, of eloquence and bombast, of purity and pornography, of jewel-phrases and gutter slang, excerpts of enthralling poetry and brothel billingsgate. He pointed his morals with putridity and he adorned his really beautiful style with barbarities and banalities which make one shudder. He set his fine thoughts like jewels in compost. He ravished the classics to mix them up with sentences that stunk of the stews. The man seemed to indulge in special flights of poesy with no other purpose than to achieve a disgusting anti-climax of muckery and mockery. The person who read Brann intelligently was impressed most by this habit of irony in

the Waconian. It was of the essence of his iconoclasm. He had something in his effects in this line that was piteous. There was no denying his appreciation of the pure air, of the beautiful in life and nature, of the truth as thinkers see and feel it. It seemed to me that when he had soared up towards the ever vanishing Ideal, he reached a point whereat he turned in disgust and hurled himself madly back to the dungiest part of this dungy earth. There was a mighty dissatisfaction, even a despair, in Brann, and a touch of sadness in his writing as in his face. The more I read of his deliberate pandering to the literarily excrementitious appetite, the more I saw, or thought I saw, that he was afflicted with a mighty *ennui*, and was chiefly trying to escape from his own torture as one who knew not whether solace was to be found either in the spiritual or the earthly nature of man. Such a one as he might have been expected to take up any cause that assailed the existing condition of things politically and sociologically. While he was an ascetic his asceticism was only a wreaking of his own bitterness upon himself. He was a man in whom strong emotions were easily excited and he put into his writing all the passion which he suppressed in his dealings with his fellows socially. He never felt malice towards people whom he assailed most maliciously. He saw them simply as representatives of some fault in our social or political system, and he felt that he was doing his duty by his own conception of what the world should be, by pillorying them as object lessons of characters to be eliminated in his good time coming. When he saw a foul wrong he saw it personified in some man or woman. Then he went abroad in search of foul things to say about it. And he found them and he hurled them at the object, and he polluted the atmosphere for a mile around. When he wrote about the abstractions of poetry

and philosophy he wrote with a sweeping, swinging rhythm that thrilled anyone. He was master of the diapason. His ear was not attuned particularly to minor chords. He loved cyclonic clashes of words and he would strike out fecal flashes to illuminate them. His Correggiosity was at times overpowering. His vocabulary overcame him often, bore him away from his thought and landed him in some swamp out of which he was wont to extricate himself, to the great delight of the semi-educated reader by some quip or quirk equally meretricious and mephitic. Thus would he, metaphorically, throw filth at himself. He felt all the time that he was pursuing the best course, bending things he despised and loathed to better purposes. Mr. Brann believed that the country was, if not in itself decadent and degenerate, under the control of decadent, degenerate and depraved men. He believed that society was a social cesspool. He thought that most religion was hypocrisy. He believed that most wealth represented nothing more than the superior and diabolic genius of dishonesty. So believing he so preached and he preached with a vehemence that was in a sense vicious. His terrible irony made his work an engine of anarchy. Not that he meant anarchy at all, but because the people who were caught by his banalities could not differentiate sufficiently to extract the core of truth from the great superstructure of extravagances with which he hid it. Mr. Brann meant only to lift the world up, and one of his queer conceptions was that his own dragging down of things pure to the lowest levels of life and thought and feeling was calculated to make his multitudinous clientèle look upward. He was mistaken. He came to know it, too, for he said to me one evening, "I am only a fad. I'll pass away when my vogue is done, like Brick Pomeroy." He wished he could believe that the best way to help people up was to

take a stand and view a little above them. He said, when it was suggested that he try this tack, that he feared it was too late. Not that he wholly abandoned his belief in his own plan, but it seemed to me that he felt sorry that once attention could be attracted by being shocking it could only be held by a continuance of the shocks.

In my personal dealings with Mr. Brann I found him a person of almost feminine fineness. It was amusing to meet him after some particularly atrocious issue of the *ICONOCLAST*, either personally or by letter, and have him "roar as gently as a sucking dove." In such moods he revealed a character that was really sweet—though I must apologize for that misused word. He was impressed with the pity of life. He loved to toy intellectually with subtleties of thought. He had intuitions in art and poetry, and music touched him truly and deeply. I never have seen such a gentle man with women and his estimate of woman, either in conversation or writing, was a high and noble one. If at times he wrote so that his conception of virtuous womanhood was unpleasantly associated with ideas that revolted you, it was his peculiar belief that purity was all the purer for the contrast and antithesis. He loved children, too, and in his more familiar moods, according to his intimates, he was like one whose heart was as a little child. He cared no more for money after he began to make it than he cared in his Bohemian days when he was readier to give than to take. He loved his friends blindly. He did not hate his enemies, he despised them. He had all the manly virtues, courage, generosity, modesty. Yes, modesty; for egoism such as he had was not foolish pride. His egotism was only his own force asserting itself. His friendship was almost foolish. He praised too generously. He was inclined to help everybody he could and I am sure

that he never assailed anyone or anything that did not represent to him uncharity and snobbery. He was not envious. His mind was on the Texas scale; he knew no meanness. His was Kentucky origin and he was tainted with Kentucky's Quixotism. He loved liberty and he loved love. He was the friend of the people as he dreamed they should be. He was the advocate of the greatest enlargement of rights. With little of what he strove for in immediate political issues did I sympathize. He believed more in what is called socialism than I do, but he believed it most earnestly. He was the greatest force in this country, with his 80,000 issues of his magazine per month, for all the things that go with Free Silver. His following included all the thinking followers of Bryan and his work had no little effect, in its powerful music and color, upon many people to whom Bryanism represented the political abomination of desolation.

As to the manner of Mr. Brann's death there is only to be said that he expected it. He judged from the characters of those he attacked that they would assassinate him. He died as he expected to die, without any cringing to his enemies. Some people he attacked who did not deserve his vitriolic attentions, but he thought they did. In the main he scourged and sacrificed only those who deserved. The manner in which he was killed and the cause in which he was killed—the cause of an institution in which a girl was debauched in the name of Christ and turned out of doors to starve to the glory of religion—glorify him. He who fought in the open was shot by a sneak from behind. The sneak himself was shot in his act of cowardice. Mr. Brann was brilliant and brave. He partook of the qualities of the men who immortalized the Alamo. He was the first man who identified Texas

with thought. He loved Texas so well that he defended the code of private and public mobbery for righting wrongs. To that cruel coward code he fell a victim. With all his faults as I see them, I can think of him only as worthy of being buried in some high place, to the strains of Sigfried's Funeral March, and can only say, with Browning of the dead "grammarian"—

Here, here's his place, where meteors shoot, clouds form,
 Lightnings are loosened
 Stars come and go! Let joy break with the storm,
 Peace let the day send!
 Lofty designs must close in life effects:
 Loftily lying,
 Leave him—still loftier than the world suspects,
 Living and dying.

—*The Mirror* for April 7, 1898.

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PRIVATE VENGEANCE

A CONSIDERATION OF ALLEGED CHIVALRY

SOME person has sent me a marked copy of the New Orleans *Picayune*, the marked matter being an editorial substantially approving the manner of the taking off of Mr. Brann, the editor of the *ICONOCLAST*.

Granted that, as the *Picayune* declares, Mr. Brann wantonly attacked spotless reputation, that decency and purity were not sacred to him—an assumption, by the way, that is a rank injustice to Mr. Brann's memory—let us see about this matter of private vengeance which the *Picayune* approves.

Are there not laws in all the States against libel? Are

there not laws against publishing obscene and defamatory matter? If there be, then what justification can there be for private vengeance? What is the use of laws if men on any provocation may set aside those laws and set themselves above them and execute the person who may have offended, or who may be imagined to have offended them? If private vengeance is to prevail what is to prevent any person construing any criticism into a mortal offense and assassinating the critic, even though the critic be palpably and undeniably criticizing for the public good? When the individual is made the judge, jury and executioner of whomsoever displeases him, what becomes of law, of order, of civilization? There is not a day in the year that one could not justify the murder of a hundred editors, if the rightfulness of the killing were determinable solely by what the killers thought of the criticisms against them in the papers controlled by those one hundred editors.

If we can tolerate a state of society in which any man, for what seems to him good and sufficient reason, for anything from biting the thumb at him to jesting about his whiskers, may take the life of another, why shall we not tolerate the man who will take another's property because the taker deems the other has too much or has unjustly accumulated what he has?

What is the result of this sanction of private vengeance? It is anarchy. Pursued to the ultimate of its logic it means that every man is a law unto himself and the justice of an execution rests upon nothing but the opinion, or delusion, of the executioner. What one man might call a trifle might, to another man, call for blood. You could kill a man because his boots creaked or his eyes squinted or he wore the wrong shade of your favorite color in his necktie. Ridiculous? Not at all. Liking or disliking any

of these trifling things is only a matter of personal preference. They may be as distasteful to one person as the tone of an editorial is to another. If a man may rightly kill a writer, like Mr. Brann, why would it not be right for someone to kill any editor? At one time there was talk in the South of killing the late Joseph B. McCullagh for his editorials. How if Senator Hanna were to "go gunning" for the editorial "roasters" of himself, or for the malevolent cartoonist? Mr. Brann attacked hypocritic preachers, snide politicians, shoddy society people, shyster lawyers. He did it in, to me, an exaggerated manner, but he felt that such manner was necessary to arouse the people. Were Brann's blasts against Baylor University intrinsically worse, more a license of the press than let us say the assaults of the *New York World*, the *New York Journal* or the *Post Dispatch* upon Pierpont Morgan and the Trusts? And yet, if any Trust magnate, crucified as a blood-sucker on the poor, were to shoot the editor of one of these sheets, he would be hauled to the hangman's noose. The Trust magnate would be told he should have had recourse to law. But in the South, no—Mr. Brann was rightfully assassinated. No law for him! Why? Because Mr. Brann assailed a few Southern "josses." If Mr. Brann were justly slain then the next person who may dislike an editorial in the *Picayune* may kill its editor on the ground that the editorial—no matter how trifling in its imputation—is "carrion journalism." This law of chivalric private vengeance would justify a saturnalia of murder in every large city where gossip circulates in society. The chivalry of it! A man has written something he deems to be true and comments upon it as he deems it his duty in a quasi-public capacity. Everyone who does not like the article can "take a pop at him." But, says the chivalrous *Picayune*, the law of private

vengeance does not apply to anything save grave offenses in scurrility. Ah! The offensiveness of a criticism is only a matter of individual capacity for pain or humiliation. The trifle is only a trifle, because a man thinks it so. It may become a thing of importance at any time if you leave the decision of its importance solely to the judgment of the man who is going to resent it.

Private vengeance makes for the creation of a caste of bulldozers. Let it become known in a community that criticism is an invitation to Death, and who profits? Not the men of spotless reputation. Not the decent and pure elements of the community. Not at all. The ruffian gang in politics profits. The sanctimonious crooks profit. The seducer and betrayer, who is a dead-shot, profits. Every social and civic iniquity flourishes under this dominance of the law of private vengeance. All the people who deserve criticism are ready to shoot. They are the judges of their own spotless reputations. They will kill the man who spots it. So it is that in almost every Southern city there has grown up a class of political Brahmins absolutely secure from criticism that counts. Take New Orleans. The papers feared for years to breathe a breath of attack against the "spotless reputations" of its leaders. The story of the corruption that developed is too well known to require telling. After all, it is not the people of spotless reputation who are assailed in the papers. Whenever anyone is assailed the chances are there is ground for the assault, and there is at least a *prima facie* evidence that attack or exposure is necessary in the interest of public morality. Any reputation would be spotless if no one dared attack it. If it were high crime to assail people vigorously how would dishonor, debauchery, fraud and crime in high places ever be brought to light. If the right of private vengeance shall prevail in any community

then the ruffians and blackguards may pursue their nefarious ends unhampered because of the terror they inspire by threats to shoot their critics. This recognition of the right of the individual to punish, by the infliction of death, the person who has injured him, puts the community at the mercy of the worst elements in it. It is the extension of the barbarism of lynch law. It makes every man, who wants to be one, a mob. It develops the idea of savagery in revenge to such an extent that the individual executioner of the offender against himself does not hesitate to wreak his vengeance from behind. It promotes assassination.

Aspersions upon the virtue of women are certainly indefensible on any imaginable ground. They demand often a punishment which the law is inadequate to provide. They cannot be ignored. They constitute the exceptions which confirm the rule that it is well to let the law punish slanderers. And in general men are expected to protect to the last extremity the reputations of the women of their family and their acquaintance. The person who attacks publicly or privately the virtue of a woman deserves the limit of vengeance, for the publicity of legal proceedings toward punishment only aggravates the original wrong. Mr. Brann did not attack the virtue of girl-students at Baylor University. He attacked the administration of that institution and the killing of him was the result of a distorted view of the trend of his criticisms. If it were believed that he assailed the virtue of girl-students at Baylor he would not have a single mourner in the Southwest. And no man in any part of the United States can have a following of respectable people, if he defames women. The feeling of reverence for woman is so general that it is often a defense for personal violence against writers who never dream of

attacking feminine honor. Aside from the fact that death is too light a punishment for the man who attacks womanly chastity, the law of private vengeance is not sweepingly and invariably to be condemned. I am not liberal enough in recognition of the great fact of human nature to admit that the objection to private vengeance is mainly an objection to the recognition of the right of individual execution of the death penalty for any criticism. Men ought not to be shot for criticisms of public institutions. It would be foolish to argue against the fact that men occasionally feel called upon to resent criticism by an appeal to battle without weapons. The killing of critics at the whim of the criticized is the evil against which protest is made. Plain assault and battery is easily defensible on the ground that no one can be expected always to have his temper in control. It makes writers careful, and it is not followed by the regret which follows killing. Writers are expected to keep within bounds in their criticisms, and even then they are certain to generate ill feeling in the criticized and their friends, but so long as the offense is not murderous of reputation and mortally malevolent the private execution of writers is an offense not to be condoned on a mistaken interpretation of chivalry. For all sins of journalistic criticism, outside of the diabolism of blasting reputations for virtue, the law provides adequate remedy, and if it does not, then it were idle to say that the exasperated victims of criticism should not have recourse to their fists, although decent criticism, free from malice, addressed to people in position semi-public would not seem to call for violence under pretense of resenting something much worse. As a rule I should say that the criticism which does not call for extreme and desperate punishment calls for no notice at all, or if it does, in the case of men, there are laws, civil and criminal, that cover the case, with ample

punishment for the offense. This is the practical view of the remedies against "carrion journalism."

A public sentiment strong enough to support private vengeance is strong enough to support the law. There are laws for the punishment of slander. More rigorous laws could be enforced. If the people hate slanderers bitterly enough to kill them, then they should hate them enough to see that the laws against slander are enforced. The moral sentiment that can sustain the one could sustain the other. But the individual execution of vengeance is a turning away from the law. It is the fostering of the bully and the killer for drunken pastime. It is a bulwark for boodlers, blackguards, frauds and lechers. It gives rein to individual passion without limit. Such chivalry is barbarism.—*Pasquin*.

* * *

BRANN, THE FOOL

BY ELBERT HUBBARD, EDITOR OF THE PHILISTINE

It's a grave subject. Brann is dead. Brann was a Fool. The Fools were the wisest men at Court; and Shakespeare, who dearly loved a Fool, placed his wisest sayings into the mouths of men who wore the motley. When he adorned a man with a cap and bells it was as though he had given bonds for both that man's humanity and intelligence. Neither Shakespeare nor any other writer of books ever dared to depart so violently from truth as to picture a Fool whose heart was filled with perfidy.

The Fool is not malicious. Stupid people may think he is, because his language is charged with the lightning's

flash; but they are the people who do not know the difference between an incubator and an egg plant.

Touchstone, with unfailing loyalty, follows his master with quip and quirk, into exile. When all, even his daughters, have forsaken King Lear, the Fool bares himself to the storm and covers the shaking old man with his own cloak. And when in our own day we meet the avatars of Trinculo, Costard, Mercutio and Jacques, we find they are men of tender susceptibilities, generous hearts and intellects keen as a rapier's point.

Brann was a Fool.

Brann shook his cap, flourished his bauble, gave a toss to that fine head, and with tongue in cheek, asked questions and propounded conundrums that Stupid Hypocrisy could not answer. So they killed Brann.

. . .

Brann was born in obscurity. Very early he was cast upon the rocks and nourished at the she-wolf's teat.

He graduated at the University of Hard Knocks and during his short life took several post-graduate courses.

He had been wage-earner, printer's-devil, printer, pressman, editor.

He knew the world of men, the struggling, sorrowing, hoping, laughing, sinning world of men. And to those whom God had tempted beyond what they could bear, his heart went out. He read books with profit, and got great panoramic views out into the world of art and poetry; dreaming dreams and sending his swaying filament of thought out and out, hoping it would somewhere catch and he would be in communication with another World.

Discreet and cautious little men are known by the company they keep. The Fool was not particular about his associates; children, sick people, insane folks, rich or poor

—it made no difference to him. He sometimes even sat at meat with publicans and sinners.

He was a Mystic and lived in the ideal. This deeply religious quality in his nature led him into theology, and he became a clergyman—a Baptist clergyman.

But no church is large enough to hold such a man as this; the fool quality in his nature outcrops, and the jingle of bells makes sleep to the Chief Pew-Holder impossible.

So the Fool had to go.

Then he founded that unique periodical, which, in three years, attained a circulation of 90,000 copies. This paper was not used for pantry shelves, lamp lighters, or other base utilitarian purposes. It cost ten times as much as a common newspaper, and the people who bought it read it until it was worn out. All the things in this paper were not truth; mixed up amid a world of wit were often extravagance and much bad taste. It was only a Fool's newspaper!

In this periodical the Fool railed and jeered and stated facts about smirking Complacency, facts so terrible that folks said they were indecent. He flung his jibes at Stupidity, and Stupidity sought to answer criticism by assassination.

Texas has a libel law patterned after the libel law of the State of New York. If a man takes from you your good name you can put him behind prison bars and place shutters over the windows of his place of business.

The people who thought Brann had injured them did not invoke the law. They invoked Judge Lynch——

A mob seized the Fool, and, placing a rope about his neck, led him naked through the October night, out to the Theological Seminary, which they declared he had traduced.

There they smote him with the flat of their hands, and spat upon him. It was their intention to hang the Fool, but better counsel prevailed, and on his signing, in terrorem, a document they placed before him, they gave him warning to depart to another State. And on his promising to do so, they let him go.

But the next day he refused to leave; and his flashing wit still filled the air, now embittered through the outrage visited upon him.

His enemies held prayer-meetings, invoking Divine aid for the Fool's conversion—or extinction. One man quoted David's prayer concerning Shimmei: "Bring Thou down his hoar head to the grave in blood!" And others still, prayed, "Let his children be fatherless and his wife a widow."

But still the Fool flourished his bauble.

Then they shot him.

That hand which wrote the most Carlylean phrase of any in America is cold and stiff. That teeming brain which held a larger vocabulary than that of any man in America is only clay that might stop a hole to keep the wind away. That soul through which surged thoughts too great for speech has gone a-journeying.

Brann is dead.

No more shall we see that lean, clean, homely face, with its melancholy smile. No more shall we hear the Fool eloquently, and oh! so foolishly, plead the cause of the weak, the unfortunate, the vicious. No more shall we behold the tears of pity glisten in those sad eyes as his heart was wrung by the tale of suffering and woe.

His children are fatherless, his wife a widow.

Brann the Fool is dead.—*The Mirror*.

April 14, 1898.

WILLIAM COWPER BRANN

BY J. D. SHAW

WILLIAM COWPER BRANN was born in Humboldt Township, Coles County, Illinois, January 4, 1855. He was not raised in the home of his parents, though his father, Rev. Noble Brann, survived him, and is still living. His mother having died when he was two and a half years old, he was within the next six months placed in the care of Mr. William Hawkins, a Coles County farmer, with whom he lived about ten years. As to his childhood experiences on the Hawkins' farm nothing is now known. They were probably such as are common to children raised in the country. Of Mr. Hawkins he always spoke kindly, referring to him as "Pa Hawkins." His nature was not suited to farm life, however, and he finally made up his mind to see more of the world, hence without ever having disclosed his resolution to any one, he quietly walked away one dark and cheerless night, carrying in a small box under his arm all that he then possessed, and leaving behind him the friends of his childhood in the only place he had ever known as his home, thus entering upon the active struggle of life at thirteen years of age, without friends, destitute of means, and almost entirely uneducated.

The first position he obtained was that of bell boy in a hotel. Later on he learned to be a painter and grainer, then a printer, a reporter, and finally an editorial writer. He was energetic, industrious and painstaking in whatever he undertook to do, therefore always employed. Early in his struggle he realized the need of an education, in the acquirement of which he applied himself with eager diligence. Nature had endowed him with keen perceptive powers, a retentive memory and great mental vigor, by

means of which he soon accumulated considerable knowledge. Every moment that could be spared from his daily toil was spent in reading books of science, philosophy, history, biography and general literature. In this way he became thoroughly informed on almost every important subject, as will be seen by the contents of his writings.

On March 3, 1877, at Rochelle, Illinois, he was married to Miss Carrie Martin, who, with their two children, Grace Gertrude and William Carlyle, is now living in the beautiful home, here at Waco, from which he was buried April 3, 1898.

During all the years, from the time he left the hospitable home of Mr. Hawkins, in 1868, until after he had successfully launched "*Brann's ICONOCLAST*," he suffered the harassing annoyances of extreme poverty, in the endurance of which he was cheerful, hopeful and diligent in the equipment of his mind preparatory to the work he always believed he would some day be able to accomplish.

Beginning his literary career as a reporter, he was soon made an editorial writer, in which capacity he became well known throughout Illinois, Missouri and Texas. As such he was versatile, forceful and direct. There was no needless repetition of tiresome circumlocution in his composition. He possessed an inexhaustible vocabulary, from which he could always find the words best fitted to convey his meaning at the moment they were most needed, and every sentence was resplendent with an order of wit, humor and satire peculiar to a style original with himself.

In July, 1891, he issued at Austin, Texas, the first number of "*Brann's ICONOCLAST*." Only a few numbers appeared, when it was suspended and he resumed his editorial work, then on the *Globe-Democrat*, of St. Louis, Missouri, and later on the *Express* of San Antonio, Texas.

It was in connection with his first attempt to establish the *ICONOCLAST* that he delivered a few lectures that were well received. In later years he went upon the platform again with every prospect of a successful career in the lecture field.

In the summer of 1894, he settled here in Waco, and, in February of the following year, revived the *ICONOCLAST*, which was successful from the first issue, having reached, at the time of his death, a circulation of ninety thousand copies. It was through the *ICONOCLAST* that his genius found full scope for development, and that he became best known to the public. In its columns he dared to be himself. There was now no restraint imposed upon him by timorous publishers. It belonged to him, and in it he gave full swing to his own thought. It was this intellectual freedom, sustained by the magic power and personality of a real genius, that gave to it such widespread popularity.

Mr. Brann has been classed as a humorist. This he was, and of a type peculiar to himself but he was not content with merely having amused or entertained the people, he aspired to arouse public sentiment in the interest of certain reforms. He was a hater of shams and defied every form of fraud, hypocrisy and deceit. He made of his humor a whip with which to scourge from the temple of social purity every intruder there. He joined in no partisan schemes for place or power, but, confident of his own ground, he would stand alone in the defiance of popular humbugs and frauds. This heroic independence, while admired by many, made him a mark for the envy and hatred of such as feared him, and in the end proved to be the cause of his death.

But with all his uncompromising hatred of shams, there beat in the bosom of W. C. Brann a warm and generous

heart for the world at large, and no man was ever a more devoted friend to the poor and needy. No beggar was ever turned away from his door empty handed, and no worthy cause ever asked his help in vain. His religion was to do whatever he believed to be right, and to defy the wrong even though it should be found parading in the garb and livery of righteousness.

Mr. Brann was fond of nature. He loved the mountains, the lakes, the rivers and the billowy sea. He loved to walk amid forest trees and watch the birds fly from bough to bough and warble their songs of love, but in all the wide, wide world, his home life was the most sacred object of his devotion, and when prosperity gave him the means to do so he found great delight in making it beautiful and pleasant. He was fond of his friends, but the love he bore his wife and children was sublimely beautiful, tender and affectionate.

His sudden death was a shock not only to his immediate friends, but to the hundreds of thousands who knew him through the *ICONOCLAST*. Walking quietly along the street, talking with a friend, he was shot in the back by one T. E. Davis, a partisan on the Baylor side of the Brann-Baylor trouble.

After receiving, without warning, his death wound, Mr. Brann turned upon his assailant, drew a revolver and vindicated his courage by delivering his fire with such deadly aim as to leave Davis in the throes of death, which came to his relief about twenty hours after the fray.

Mr. Brann received three wounds, from the first of which he died at 1:55 A.M., April 2nd, surrounded by his family and many sympathizing friends.

The impression has gone abroad that Mr. Brann was without friends and admirers in Waco. The falsity of this impression was made manifest by the funeral attend-

ance, said, and generally believed, to have been the largest ever seen here.

He was a believer in religion, therefore it was not improper that a religious service was held, conducted by Rev. Frank Page, D.D., of the Episcopal church, though the writer, acting in accordance with the wishes of the family, spoke a few words at the grave.

In Oakwood Cemetery the body of Brann was laid to rest in the embrace of our common mother earth, and under a mound of floral offerings, which though profuse and costly were but a feeble expression of the sincere grief that struck dumb with awe the thousands upon thousands who had learned to love him with an affection accorded to few men.

. . .

My position as to Mr. Brann's style of journalism has been freely expressed, and while he was still alive. I do not approve of all he saw fit to write, nor of the spirit in which he wrote, but that he was a real genius and a benefactor of his race cannot be denied. It was with him, as it is with all men of his type, he made strong and bitter enemies, still his friends and admirers were numbered by thousands, I may safely say hundreds of thousands.

The purposes, direction and character of the *ICONOCLAST* were in many respects different from those of this Pulpit, nevertheless there was between Mr. Brann and myself a strong tie of friendship that, so far as I know, never suffered the breach of a single moment, and I sincerely mourn his loss as a personal friend whose kindly greetings were to me as glimpses of the sun on a winter's day.

Of humble birth, beset by poverty and environed by many difficulties, he applied himself to the study of literature with such diligence as to acquire abilities possessed

by few, and when once equipped for the field he occupied with such consummate skill, no power of prejudice could keep him from rising like a star of the first magnitude. Alas! how soon that star has been obscured and by what ignoble means! But, against great odds, its brief existence was characterized by a brilliancy that no prejudice or hatred can ever obliterate.

Having dealt candidly with Mr. Brann while living, I will not now ignore the fact that he had faults, and his inability to overcome these marred, here and there, the splendor of his intellectual achievements. His faults, though, were of a kind that may be permitted to pass into the grave with his body. His virtues were many, and for these he was loved, despite the imperfections he could not always control. His services to mankind were numerous and they were rendered with a devotion as ardent as that of a lover; for these he will be remembered, nor can any power rob him of his fame as a literary genius—a poet, a humorist and a satirist.

SPEAKING OF BRANN

DIED FIGHTING APRIL 2, 1898

WHERE now is all his thundering?
He has "fall'n on stillness" in the Spring,
And even echo answers not,
"In that dim land where all things are forgot,"
His surging sentences, his cadenced chimes
Of speech that through the seven climes
Wooed the many to rapt listening.

Soothed by the wind of the dead men's feet,
He lies in slumber senseless-sweet.
His fame, his wife's and children's tears,
The issue that made up his manly years,
His hates and loves the burgeoning Earth receives,
And list, "a little noiseless noise among the leaves"
Of southern springtime pity does entreat.

A fighter's faults were his, but strong
The blows he struck at thronèd Wrong;
Beauty he loved as ever love the brave;
The April air breathes beauty o'er his grave.
Truth he pursued. Lo, he has found her now:
She kissed the kiss of peace upon his brow.
His ears are filled with Silence's sweet song.

Fighting he died, marched into the Night,
His banner blazing with his bravery's light.
"Shot from behind," the story goes,
To glorify him and to damn his foes.
The foes he fought were Cowardice and Fraud;
They have prevailed again, but, O Lord God,
Thou wilt raise up still others for Thy fight.

Rejoicing loud is in the House of Sham,
Bigots to themselves make deep salaam,
Shoddydom rubs its ringed hands in glee,
The Ogre's scandal-scourged at each pink tea,
Pecksniff's pray that he has gone to swell
The galaxy of bravery and brains in Hell—
Great joy in small souls all not worth a damn!

But where men think, feel, as men can,
“*Bon voyage* through the dark, good man!”
They call and take up his pen-lance
And brandish it again 'gainst Ignorance
In power fortified with a myriad lies
And every great-heart, fine-soul cries
As pledge of fealty, “Here's to you, Brann!”
What tho' he hear no rumor of our hail!
What tho' we follow searching for that Grail
A bettered world with less of woe and pain,
And better gods than Privilege and Gain,
Out in the darkness, by assassins sped,
'Tis better far to join defeated dead
Than share success with him whose soul's for sale.
—WILLIAM MARION REEDY, in *St. Louis Mirror*.

* * *

NO LOVER OF GOOD LITERATURE SHOULD BE
WITHOUT THE COMPLETE EDITION
OF BRANN'S WRITINGS

This book, a selection of articles written by Brann in the defense of Catholics and Catholicism, reveals but one side of Brann's marvelous ability. Brann was a moralist, humanist, novelist and humorist all rolled into one—the most emphatic factor for right and justice of his time.

Every side of his brilliant mind shines with the bright, enduring light of truth. No wonder then that, though his articles were lost for twenty years after his tragic death, time could not obscure them.

You have felt the power of his pen as he wielded it in the defense of the religion which is your life. Every word you read has vitality and force; the remarkable power of Brann has endowed them with living fire.

Elbert Hubbard called Brann the Wizard of Words. He said of him: "He took the English language by the tail and snapped its head off." One clergyman wrote: "I would rather have Brann's writings than any other book except the Bible."

No matter to what purpose he turned his magical art, be it religion, politics, art, or life itself, Brann wrote in words that thrilled the multitudes of his time, as it will thrill you.

What he wrote was vivid. He could make his words as sharp and cruel as a rapier. He could make them as soft and as caressing as a mother's touch. He could make them thunderous with anger, or gentle as love. And

through it all runs a strange, silent tune of poetical stateliness.

Whether he wrote in the flowered tongue of eloquence or descended to the argot of the shop and street, his message holds you enchanted. Open any of Brann's books and you will read through to the last page. The marvel of his mastery keeps you spellbound.

Brann tore off the sham draperies of Virtue—snatched away the purple cloak of Hypocrisy—threw aside the mock mantle of Modesty—laid bare the blinding nakedness of Truth. With the fury of an avenging angel he hurled himself upon every fake and fraud in Christendom. With a boldness that outraged convention, struck terror to the hearts of the timid, blasted the lives of the guilty, he revealed the shame of the great and mighty, the rich, the titled, the powerful.

Society was shocked at his merciless exposures. The guilty, branded with their infamy, hung their heads in dishonor. They cried out to stop him—they invoked the powers of earth to stop him. Whatever was wrong or deceitful felt the scourge of his vitriolic pen. His mockery laughed to scorn the foolish and frivolous. All that was good and true and just had his whole support. No power of wealth, position, or might could make him move one jot from his self-appointed stand. He lived for righteousness; he fought for it; and he gave his life that Truth might be supreme!

No wonder that his name has been hailed as the greatest light that ever flashed across the literary horizon. No wonder that the fame of his work has found an undying place in the hearts of the living. If you are a lover of the vital in literature—if you want literature that stimulates—that lives and breathes with human fire—you must read Brann.

Here you have before you a single facet of this diamond of Journalism. You will read this book over and over again; and at every reading find something new to give a thrill. Read Brann in his entirety. His collected works in 12 volumes (over 3,000 pages) contain every article he ever wrote, and every speech he made, in his short but brilliant career. The pleasure you enjoy in this single volume can be magnified twelvefold.

In Brann you have a master-cast of Mark Twain, Balzac, DeMaupassant, Poe, and Dickens. All that you like in each of these can be found in Brann. Your library will never be complete until you have on its shelves the 12 volumes of Brann's complete works.

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